

Beyond the Borealis

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Beyond the Borealis

by [B0N3D4D1](#)

Summary

You know out of the seventeen years he's been alive these last few months have surely been the strangest. First, they were literally kidnapped on their way home from the convenience store, he just wanted a soda and a bag of chips. Then he finds out his kidnapper isn't even human, yeah they were shocked too. The next two months were spent locked in a glass box while his kidnapper basically tortured him. After those two months of hell, he finally caught a break, escaping onto some random planet when the ship they were on crash-landed.

Anyway, Ranboo managed to make it out alive, relatively unscathed. All he needed to do was sprint to those blue trees and hide amongst the foliage, he'd be safer there than out in the open like he was. Just as Ranboo got himself prepped to run a hand grabbed the back of their collar, yanking them up off their feet. The teen yelped and struggled, he couldn't get caught this quickly! They refused to be dragged back to that glass box and back to life as a lab rat for some creepy alien! Who knows when he'll get another chance to escape that hell? He couldn't risk going back and being trapped there again!

Notes

TW's::

Blood

Wounds/Injury

Referenced Torture

Mentions of Needles (Moderate)

Panic Attack

Implied/Referenced Kidnapping

Accidental Kidnapping

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Freed to be taken

You know out of the seventeen years he's been alive these last few months have surely been the strangest. First, they were literally kidnapped on their way home from the convenience store, he just wanted a soda and a bag of chips. Then he finds out his kidnapper isn't even human, yeah they were shocked too. The next two months were spent locked in a glass box while his kidnapper basically tortured him, Ranboo never wanted to see needles or those white walls again. Even thinking about them brought a chill to their bones.

After those two months of hell, he finally caught a break, escaping onto some random planet when the ship they were on crash-landed; knocking out the power. With no power his glass box was left unlocked, meaning he booked it the second the locking mechanism clicked. Escaping the ship was pretty hard, having to dodge the rest of the crew and his kidnapper himself. His kidnapper was definitely one of the weirder aliens they've seen; head a pure white sphere that floated over the rest of his body, they had no neck, they wore form-fitting clothes whenever in the glass box with them but outside of it, he wore a dark green cloak-like outfit. The guy gave them chills.

Anyway, Ranboo managed to make it out alive, relatively unscathed; only having cut his arm against some debris while slipping through a hole in the ship. Honestly, they should have been concerned if this planet even held any oxygen or some other breathable air before exiting the vessel but they were hyped up on adrenaline and panic to have coherent thoughts. Thankfully whatever was in the air was breathable, having had to pause after sprinting away just to gulp down breaths as his chest burned. They were never an athletic person so sprinting for who knows how long was definitely an exhausting experience, add in the fact he's barely been out of that glass box for two months and the meals they got were rather bland and barely filling, it made sense why he felt so weak.

They had been hidden away behind some random buildings, judging by how run down they were he'd guess these were more ruins than buildings. Their back was pressed up against a wall, breath still heaving while their heart threatened to beat right out of his chest. He couldn't stay there, who knows how long it'll be before his kidnapper realizes they escaped. No doubt he'd chase them down, the alien visited him at least every day those two months; no way they'd just let him escape so easily. Once they caught their breath they'd get even farther from the ship, just far enough to find a better hiding place.

Quietly they peeked past the corner of the crumbling wall, spotting the trail of smoke and distant silhouette of the crashed ship. He'd need to time everything perfectly so none of the crew spotted them, if they did he was screwed. The ravenette swallowed before exhaling, okay they could do this. All he needed to do was sprint to those blue trees and hide amongst the foliage, he'd be safer there than out in the open like he was.

Just as Ranboo got himself prepped to run a hand grabbed the back of their collar, yanking them up off their feet. The teen yelped and struggled, he couldn't get caught this quickly! They refused to be dragged back to that glass box and get jabbed with unknown substances, back to life as a lab rat for some creepy alien! Who knows when he'll get another chance to escape that hell? He couldn't risk going back and being trapped there again!

His struggling was fruitless though, whatever grabbed him had them completely helpless. It was only when they were turned could they see their captor. Ranboo was expecting the ball-headed

alien, or one of the others that always hovered at his sides; the mushroom and fire aliens. But no this was a new alien and Ranboo wasn't sure if that was a good or bad thing.

This alien was large, like really really large. The guy must have been close to nine feet tall, all muscle, and was no doubt able to easily squish Ranboo like a bug if he wanted. The teen froze as they looked over the alien who was still holding them above the ground. The closest thing Ranboo could compare this alien to was a pig, he was pink like one and had large tusks jutting from his mouth. They weren't a fan of the large sharp teeth and how he could clearly imagine how they could be used to rip him apart.

The pig-like alien looked over them as well, a few grunts and snorts coming from them. Ranboo was just getting used to the echoey sounds sphere guy made and what they meant, how were they supposed to understand pig guy here? In the end, it didn't matter because pig alien started walking, manhandling them so he was holding them like a football. That brought Ranboo out of their frozen shock, weak noodle arms pushing against walls of muscle in a desperate attempt to escape. It was pointless, they wouldn't be able to break free unless pig guy let him.

The ravenette went limp, limbs dangling as he watched the ground move below them. That was also when he noticed pig guy's hooves, cloven just like a pig. Did aliens have pigs out here? He hoped so, they really missed bacon. Not like sphere guy would give him any even if they did, no all Ranboo got was some weird slush that tasted like cardboard. He huffed, resigning himself to their future locked in the glass box and new needle holes and bruises littering their body.

Ranboo was thoroughly confused when it has been at least an hour and pig guy had yet to bring him back to the ship, they couldn't even spot the ship or smoke trail anymore. So if pig guy wasn't bringing them back to the ship then where were they going? Wait. Was this another kidnapping? Seriously, again?! He couldn't catch a break. At least those five minutes of freedom were somewhat nice, he'd have preferred more though.

Occasionally pig man would grunt at them or make chuffing noises, Ranboo had no idea what any of it meant but he hoped the alien was describing how he'd kill them, or worse how he'd cook them. The teen was all noodle limbs, no meat, and would surely be a pathetic meal. They remember some biology lesson that mentions pigs and how they would eat almost anything, he prayed alien pig men weren't the same; he'd rather not become a meal today.

Eventually, another ship came into sight, wonderful a new prison, hopefully this one had better food service. The ship was large, a dark maroon color outlined in golds. It would be beautiful if it wasn't Ranboo's new cage. They blew hair out of their face, frustration, and exhaustion making them feel even worse than before they got recaptured. The pig man once spared them a glance before continuing on his way, maybe Ranboo could convince the alien to let him go? Not like it worked with sphere guy but it was worth a try right?

"So like, I don't suppose I can convince you to let me go huh?"

They glanced up to see if there was a reaction, he got a glance and then a chuff. That didn't answer his question. Judging by the fact he was still dangling in the alien's hold he'd guess that either; one he didn't understand them or two that they did understand but weren't going to release him. Either way, it wasn't the answer Ranboo wanted.

"I'll take that as a no then."

Pig man brought them to the ship, his free hand laying over the metal. A glow formed under his hand before the sound of creaking metal started up, seams of the ship opening up. Well, that's one way to board an alien spaceship. Once the ship's side was open pig guy walked in, the wall closing up as soon as they were both fully inside. That would make things harder, if the exits were coded for certain aliens then he was stuck until someone opened the door for him.

The ravenette flinched when the pig alien made a loud almost roaring noise, it was pretty terrifying. He glanced down at them before looking forward again, a set of footsteps were echoing down the metal walkway, getting louder as they got closer. Oh great, another alien for Ranboo to deal with, honestly there was probably a whole crew on board but he was kind of hoping to only deal with one new alien today.

The new alien that approached was definitely eye-catching, two sets of large charcoal wings were spread behind them, black feathers were dusting their face, dirty blonde hair, and piercing blue eyes. The new alien had an aura of danger around them, Ranboo definitely didn't want to mess with them; not like he wanted to mess with any alien he's seen so far but still.

When the bird alien spotted them in pig man's hold they paused, head tilting to the side as their wings tucked closer to themselves. Chirps and warbles came from their mouth, eyes glancing up at Ranboo's captor. Pig man grunted at bird man, some conversation taking place that the teen had no chance of understanding. Bird alien came closer, it became obvious they were a lot smaller than pig alien, probably no taller than six feet. So while still tall to human standards they were still smaller than Ranboo who stood at six foot seven.

Bird man was soon face to face with them, noses practically touching. The ravenette recoiled, what was with aliens and not respecting personal boundaries? Was that just not a thing in space? Bird man pulled back a bit but was still too close for comfort, they raised a hand before poking his cheek with a long black claw, chirping quietly. The teen remained still, he didn't want to accidentally get cut with the sharp talon, their eyes still watching the limb as if it would strike them at any second.

Pig alien made a chuffing noise and the bird alien backed off, Ranboo released a breath they hadn't even noticed they had been holding. The two aliens had another conversation over the oblivious human, neither concerned about Ranboo's confusion. Suddenly they were moving again, this time further into the ship. Bird man was walking on their other side, whistles and calls coming from them while they 'spoke' with pig man who responded with grunts and snorts. He was starting to get even more frustrated at the lack of understanding, at least with sphere guy they knew what certain sounds meant and could figure out what was happening, with these two it was like those two months were just starting over again.

Eventually, they entered a room, it looked almost like a lounge room. Things Ranboo could picture were couches sat pressed against the back wall, tables with random unnameable things scattered across them, some other furniture Ranboo couldn't identify, and some odd circle of bedding in the far corner. He'd guess this was the alien's equivalent of a living room, but like bigger than a normal human one. They were snapped from their thoughts as pig alien manhandled them again, hands now under his armpits. The alien's hands were able to wrap fully around his chest, which was definitely concerning. But instead of being squished or dropped they were instead lowered to the ground, released from the pig alien once his feet were firmly on the ground.

He didn't dare move, sure they could run but the only exit was behind the two aliens who were currently blocking the closed door. Plus if they ran the aliens would probably give chase which would be terrifying and probably result in Ranboo having a heart attack. So they remained frozen

where they stood. It was silent for a few seconds before bird man chirped at them, a following chuff coming from pig man. What did they want from him? Did they want them to run so they could chase him down? Yeah, not happening. Ranboo did their yearly exercise earlier in the day, they were sprinting for no reason. If the aliens wanted to grab him again they could do it without chasing them down, he's already accepted that they weren't escaping for a good amount of time so it would be best to cooperate. Sphere guy always made their life so much worse whenever he fought back or tried to run, so he adjusted and stopped trying to fight things or run from sphere guy unless absolutely necessary, like during their escape.

Something brushed up against their back which in turn caused them to jump away, they didn't mean to freak out so obviously but whatever touched them wasn't a hand or hoof. The ravenette spun so they were facing the two aliens now, unsure what either would do next.

Their next moves surprised him though; pig man crouched down so he looked smaller with bird man following right after. What? Pig alien chuffed again, it was quieter than before which was strange to say the least. Bird man chirped at him as well, wings lowered so they were basically resting on the floor. What were they doing? Was this some weird alien ritual for kidnapping? Sphere guy didn't do this so that theory was probably wrong. If they had to compare these actions to normal human interactions he'd say they were trying to appear smaller, less threatening. But that couldn't have been it right? Why would either alien care about appearing non-threatening, wouldn't they want the opposite?

After a few minutes of no one moving pig man moved from a crouch to just sitting down on the metal floor, grunting at the bird alien who did the same. Okay strange again, what were they planning? To get their defenses down before striking? Maybe trying to gain trust just to use it against him later? Either way, it was obvious neither were about to hunt him down, so slowly Ranboo took a step back, eyes locked on the two for any movement. Neither moved, just simply watched them slowly back away. Again weird reaction but not unwelcomed. Once the ravenette deemed himself far enough away they glance across the room for half a second before his gaze snapped back to the aliens who still hadn't moved from their sitting positions.

The teen took a risk to look away from the two for longer to instead look over the room more. It wasn't clean per se, more like a room people actually lived in. It was nothing like the glass box or white room, which had little to no furniture and was always in pristine condition; Ranboo's pretty sure they will never stop smelling whatever cleaning chemicals sphere guy had the rooms cleaned with. When it became obvious neither pig nor bird man were going to get up and chase him down the ravenette explored a little further into the room.

The first thing they moved towards were the couch-like objects, placing a hand on the cushion. They retracted their hand instantly when the cushion started sinking, slowly placing it back and watching in fascination as the material molded around their hand. It was kind of like memory foam, soft and strange but still interesting. They messed around with the strange material for a few seconds before glancing back to make sure neither alien moved. They hadn't, instead they were 'talking' to each other quietly, eyes landing on him a few times. So he was still being watched but not observed, another thing sphere guy never did; he always observed them with whatever they did or was beyond creepy.

Ranboo shook their head to get rid of the thought, finding something else to focus on. The bedding in the corner made them curious but if that was one of the alien's beds he'd rather steer clear of the area. So instead they made their way to one of the tables, poking at a few of the random items that were scattered across the surface. Nothing looked familiar but they expected that, it all just looked

like junk to him. They picked up some random thing, fiddling with it as if that would help identify what it was.

They hissed when some sharp edge sliced their hand, dropping the object before looking over the wound. It wasn't bad, just stung and would probably bleed for a bit but nothing life-threatening. There was the sound of movement and Ranboo's head snapped up and towards the sound, spotting the two aliens approaching rather quickly. So this was the part where Ranboo messed up enough that the aliens were now going to apprehend him and drag them to a new glass box or some other torture room. He had a good... or somewhat a decent life, seventeen years could be considered pretty long for some species right? They just hoped the bird and pig alien would make his death quick and painless, that was a doable request, right?

The teen squeezed their eyes shut and tensed, expecting to be grabbed or in some amount of pain but instead there was nothing. Peeking open an eye they were greeted with the bird alien's talon-covered hands hovering around his own, coos and chirps coming from them as their wings puffed up. Glancing over to their other side was the pig alien, chuffs and grunts coming from them as they dug around under their long red cape. What was happening? The pig alien found whatever they were looking for, pulling it out. It was... a roll of bandages? Huh?

The pig man handed over the bandages to the bird alien, huffing quietly to them. The bird was still cooing at him, one hand holding the bandages while the other was held out to them. Were they offering to bandage his cut? It wasn't that bad, and it would heal on its own so why bandage it? Still, he hesitantly placed his hand on theirs, ready to snatch it away at any hint of danger. But the bird alien was gentle when wrapping their hand, coos and chirps escaping them the whole time. Huh. That was not what Ranboo was expecting.

When the bird was done they released his hand, chirping up at them. If they were willing to be helpful and patch them up then they'd do the same for his arm, right? Silently and slowly Ranboo rolled up his sleeve, biting his tongue when the fabric pulled at his cut. It wasn't horrible but it wasn't pretty, large and jagged, and now bleeding again after being reopened by the removal of his sleeve. They offered his arm to the bird alien, trying to ignore how their wings raised and spread out. The bird alien warbled before gently grabbing their arm to move it around, looking over the wound with sad chirps and coos. The pig alien was also chuffing at them, hovering over them in a slightly intimidating way.

Next thing he knew he was being lifted again, immediately struggling to break free. What did they do now?! They'd wrap one injury but not the other?! That's stupid! Ranboo didn't do anything wrong and now they're going to get punished for asking for help!

"Let go! I'm sorry okay! Just let me go!"

His pleading fell on deaf ears as he was carried out of the alien living room. He was still squirming, kicking his legs out in an attempt to get the pig alien to drop him. But the alien had a good grip under their arms, keeping them mostly still. The bird alien was still cooing at them as if that would comfort him, plot twist it didn't.

A new door was opening, leading to a much cleaner room with pristine white walls. Oh no. Not again. Their struggling picked up, getting more desperate in his attempts to escape. They didn't want to get jabbed with things that would make him feel sick or like he was dying, not again. His breathing was picking up, vision fading in and out as their panic grew. He didn't want to do this again, he had escaped and was free but now they're back in this hell.

Ranboo was placed down on some white table, the cold shocking him for a moment before tears started to form. He shouldn't have shown the cut, he shouldn't have even entertained the thought that they would help him. And now they were paying for that naive trust. The ravenette curled into themselves, hiding away their arms behind his knees. He didn't want to be pricked and messed with, not like he could actually fight off the giant pig alien if they truly wanted to grab him. So Ranboo kept his limbs close and tried not to focus on whatever was happening around the room, all he knew was there was a lot of movement.

Something touched his shoulder, flinching at the touch but not daring to open up. More coos and chuffs were heard around him but he didn't dare move, he wasn't willingly offering them anything anymore. Another touch to their shoulder shocked them, but this one remained. It was a grounding pressure and it gave them something to focus on, it wasn't helping his anxiety though. As gently as possible their arm was pulled out of their cocoon, his breathing picked up even more.

He expected the tiny prick of a needle or the slice of some tiny knife but instead they felt a damp cloth. What? Peeking out from under their bangs they watched curiously as the pig alien gently cleaned their wound, a soft rumbling coming from them. They nearly jumped when something touched their head, only tensing up instead. A hand was running through their hair, talons gently scratching at their scalp. More coos and chirps being directed at him, it was somewhat soothing.

Maybe these two weren't like sphere guy. Maybe they weren't going to use him as some guinea pig or pin cushion. Maybe he truly did escape that hell and was actually somewhere safe for once. He'd have to wait and see, he couldn't trust these two aliens just yet. It was obvious he wasn't able to leave though so this was still technically a kidnapping, but maybe these aliens weren't actually that bad.

They hoped that was the case.

Heads or Tails?

Chapter Summary

Reese's Puffs
Reese's Puffs
Eat 'em up
Eat em' up
Eat em' up
Eat em' up
Reese's Puffs
Reese's Puffs

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Blood
Wounds/Injuries
Mentions of Death
Mentions of Torture
Mentions of Needles (Minor)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The whole time his arm was being tended to Ranboo watched, still distrustful that things wouldn't be injected into them at any moment. But the pig alien just cleaned up his wound, wrapping it before releasing their arm. Once free the ravenette pulled their arm back into his cocoon, eyeing the pig man as if daring him to try and reach for the limb again. He didn't, instead the alien just stared back at them chuffing and rumbling. Bird man's hand was still tangled in their hair, wings rustling behind them.

These two were strange for aliens, at least from what Ranboo has experienced. For one they weren't actively trying to keep him restrained, sphere guy always made sure Ranboo was either attached to something or being held down by some alien whenever not in the glass box. Yet these two were just hovering around him, bird guy's hand was on them but it wasn't an attempt to keep them still. Then again this could all be some trick to keep their guard down, he wouldn't doubt it honestly.

Using the heel of their hand they wiped at his eyes to rid them of tears, he despised the feeling of water on their face. This action brought more concerned chirps and grunts from the aliens surrounding him, the two getting even closer to them. What was with aliens and not understanding personal space? Was that just not a thing? They tried not to flinch back when one of bird man's talons came close to their eye, black fingers wiping away a tear. The bird alien warbled at them,

head tilting as their eyes flicked over him. Ranboo would say they looked concerned, which was more than strange.

They felt a puff of hot air, jolting them as they turned to be face to face with the pig alien. That was way too close, why was he so close? The pig man watched him for a second before pulling back and chuffing at the bird alien who in turn chirped back. Again the two were having a conversation Ranboo wasn't able to understand, it was like he almost wasn't even there. Which was usually what the teen wanted but now it just felt awkward. They could probably slip away and neither would notice... wait. That was actually a possibility.

Moving at a snail's pace the ravenette slowly slipped off the table thing, watching the two alien's the entire time. At first, neither moved to stop him, they just continued their conversation while Ranboo made their escape. He got maybe a few steps away before pig man glanced over at them, causing him to freeze in place. They weren't sure if the pig alien was going to chase them or just watch him. A few more seconds of staring happened before the bird alien noticed Ranboo's disappearance. They squawked before frantically looking around until the pig alien grunted, those blue eyes landing on the human once more.

There were only two options here; run and pray they didn't get caught or follow along with whatever the aliens wanted from them. Oddly enough he didn't run, just waited for one of the others to move first. The bird alien was the first to approach, which the teen was somewhat grateful for. Between the two the bird alien was a lot less intimidating even with that aura of danger surrounding them compared to the pig alien, but that could probably just be because of how tall the pig man was.

The blonde bird grabbed their hand gently, chirping the whole time before softly tugging them towards the exit. The ravenette preferred this method much better than being carried around everywhere, at least this way he felt a bit more in control. They followed after the bird alien, trying to ignore the presence of the pig man behind them. The bird was cooing and chirping the whole time they walked to wherever they were leading him, looking rather pleased with themselves. They stopped in front of a wall, and if Ranboo had to guess he'd say this was another hidden door and not a normal wall. They were correct.

The bird placed their free hand on the wall, the other still holding onto Ranboo's own. Again the place they touched glowed before the wall split open and revealed another room, this one less intimidating than the white room. This room was a dark grey, boxes lining the walls, big appliances placed around, and a rather large table-like thing in the center of the room. Bird man tugged them along into the room, more chirps directed at him. Either this guy was extremely talkative or these were just random noises, not like they could tell a difference. He was just starting to understand that the noises had certain tones that helped identify what the alien's moods were.

They were led over to some counters? He'd guess they were counters or just random blocks of metal they just had for some reason. The ravenette didn't get a chance to question it much, one second they were looking around the room and then the next they were being lifted again. Limbs flailing at the sudden change of altitude before he was plopped onto one of the counter things, confusion and slight fear being the only things they could feel at the moment. The bird alien flapped their wings before hopping up next to them, an amused warble leaving them. Glad to know the bird man thought his mini freakout was funny.

The pig man reached over and opened one of the boxes on the wall, were those cabinets? He'd assume they were strange alien cabinets, filled with things Ranboo couldn't name even if he wanted

to. Pig man was grunting and looking over at them and the bird alien occasionally as he searched, the bird replying with chirps and warbles.

Why the two were distracted Ranboo took the time to look around properly, the room wasn't huge but it wasn't small either. The ceilings were tall, they almost made the teen feel small so they can't imagine how the bird alien feels. The floors were metal, lines, where two pieces of metal were welded together, were all across the floor with no discernable pattern. The 'door', that's what he'd be calling the weird opening walls, was left open so the ravenette could clearly see the 'hallway' from his position.

Glancing back at the pig alien they noticed the guy had pulled out a bunch of items and placed them on the counter, and he was still pulling things out. What was he doing? They looked over the items, most were boxes or cylinders with pictures and alien writing that Ranboo couldn't read. After a few more items were brought out the pig man stopped and looked to them, the human had no idea what he wanted from them. The alien picked up a box, opening it up while the bird man grabbed some disk, handing it over to the pig alien.

The contents of the box were dumped onto the disk before the pig man offered it to Ranboo, who was thoroughly confused by now. Glancing from the disc to the pig alien and then back they hesitantly took the offered item, unsure what to do with the thing next. The two were watching him closely making Ranboo incredibly nervous, what was he supposed to do with this? On the disk were a bunch of purple triangles, no bigger than a grape, they looked rather dry as well. So what was he supposed to do with these purple triangles? Stare at them? He glanced up at the pig alien in hopes he'd give some clue on what to do with the items.

Pig man chuffed before taking the disc back, dumping the items back into the box before dumping some of the contents of another box onto the disc, handing it back to Ranboo. Again the teen just stared at the items before looking back at the pig alien, this time the bird chirped before the other alien took the disc back. This repeated a few times yet Ranboo still couldn't figure out what they wanted from him, they weren't getting mad though so that was a good sign.

One of the cylinders was opened next, the contents being dumped onto the disc-like every other item before it. But instead of some dry random shaped things, it was some kind of jello thing, the blue jello object wiggling as the disc was handed back to them. Curiously the teen poked the item, the jello-like thing wiggling as his finger touched it. Interesting, did aliens even have jello? They pressed their finger into the odd item before pulling it back out, some of whatever it was stuck to his finger. He brought his hand up and sniffed the blue residue, it didn't smell horrible. The closest thing Ranboo could describe it as was fruity, which fruit he had no idea.

His next actions would be considered stupid and extremely dangerous, but after two months of nothing but the same old boring cardboard flavored sludge can you really blame him for wanting to taste something different for a change? Hesitantly they licked their finger, the flavor was definitely fruity but once again he couldn't name it. It was citrusy and had a hint of sourness but other than that it wasn't half bad. They glanced back at the two who were still watching him, now just a bit closer. He still had no idea what they wanted from him, so assuming the process would be repeated they handed over the disc again to the pig alien. He took the disc with a questioning grunt, was that not what he wanted them to do?

They glanced over at the bird alien when they chirped at him, head tilting as their wings fluttered behind them. They looked confused, at least the teen thinks that's what they were expressing. The disc was handed over again, a new object placed on the center of the disc. This one was a lot easier

to identify, some kind of dried meat. Meat from what Ranboo wasn't sure they wanted to find out. Taking the disc again they glanced back to the pig alien, was he offering food this entire time? Were those items before the jello also food? Was he allowed to eat this? Silently, while maintaining eye contact with the pig alien they grabbed the jerky-like food item, waiting for a second to see if he'd stop them. When no movement was made they took a bite of the dried meat, which honestly wasn't too bad, a bit chewy and with a weird seasoning but definitely better than cardboard sludge.

The bird alien chirped happily at them, hand ruffling their hair softly. So this was what they wanted from him? To eat something? Weird but he wasn't going to complain, getting to eat real food again was definitely something he was more than okay with. The pig alien chuffed at them before handing over another jerky piece which Ranboo gladly accepted, munching on that as well.

It was around the fourth piece that a new creature emerged, like literally. The creature emerged from the vents, or what Ranboo would assume is the vents. The new being was tiny, like maybe a few inches tall at most. The new alien and he made eye contact, Ranboo just stared at it while it stared back. They did not want to deal with another alien, two was already way too much for one day. The bird alien followed his gaze before warbling at the new alien who buzzed back, their cloak opening up into moth-like wings. Was this an oversized moth alien? Space moths?

The moth alien flew over before landing in the bird man's hand, looking back at the human curiously. The ravenette wasn't really sure what to think of the small alien, they seemed like barely a threat just because of their height; Ranboo could probably squish them if he wanted to. The moth buzzed at the bird who in turn chirped back in reply, meanwhile the pig just handed him another piece of jerky. Since neither the pig alien nor the bird alien were making a big deal about the arrival of the moth alien he'd guess the new being was actually supposed to be there, though they had no idea why he was in the vents.

A weight landed on their head, causing them to tense up before a white and blue tiny head appeared above them. The moth guy was on their head, currently buzzing at them. But what was really concerning was the fact that Ranboo couldn't see any eyes on the alien, just a dark blue and white face devoid of eyes. How did he see anything? The alien buzzed more at him before glancing back over to the bird alien, again Ranboo was left out of the conversation he was ninety percent sure was about them.

Eventually, Ranboo was grabbed once again by the pig alien, shocking them but before they could struggle much they were placed back onto the floor. This time the pig man was the one to take their hand and lead them out of the alien kitchen, or what Ranboo would assume is the alien kitchen. The bird man followed closely behind, the moth guy sitting on their shoulder still buzzing away. Again the ravenette was led to a new room, this one looked more like a bedroom than anything. All it was missing was a bed, instead there was something closer to a giant beanbag in the center of the room.

The pig man released them before gently pushing them forward into the room, the teen unsure what the alien wanted from him now. They glanced back only to see the door closing, leaving him alone in the room. They stood frozen for a second before running up to where the door once was, attempting to get it to reopen. Sadly the door remained shut, just a blank metal wall. He huffed, of course, he'd be locked in some room again. At least this place was better than that glass box, this one actually had a place to sleep.

The teen walked over to the beanbag-like bed and fell onto it, he hoped the aliens would just leave them be for the rest of the day or night; it was always hard to tell time while in space. They curled up on the strange bed, it was similar to the couches from earlier, molding around them. Ranboo

yawned, feeling the exhaustion from the day weighing down on him. It would be best to get some sleep before any of the aliens came back, he'd hear if they entered the room anyway since the doors were loud enough to wake them. Closing their eyes Ranboo let themselves drift off, sleep light just in case they needed to wake up quickly.

It only felt like they had been asleep for a few minutes before they were awoken, but instead of expecting to hear the sound of the door opening it was basically silent. So if they weren't woken up by noise then what had brought them back into consciousness? He got his answer soon enough when a sudden piercing pain started up in their lower back, feeling as if his skin was almost burning. The ravenette attempted to push himself up but nearly cried out when the pain exploded with his movement, having to grit their teeth to keep themselves quiet. Clenching the bedding tightly they slowly attempted to turn so he was lying flat on his stomach, feeling like every micro-movement was tearing his skin apart.

Once on their stomach, he was practically panting, what the hell was wrong with them?! Tears pricked at their eyes as they tried to push down the pain, it was barely helping. As quickly and as non-painfully as possible they removed their hoodie, the fabric feeling as if it was constricting around them. Another wave of pain hit them before they could stifle their cry, tears falling freely as the teen tried to get a handle on their breathing. The ravenette felt like he was going to be sick, the pain feeling almost too much.

The creak of metal started up and Ranboo wanted to scream, he didn't want the aliens to come back now; of all times why now? Couldn't they leave him alone and let them suffer in peace? Sadly his prayers were left unanswered as soon the sounds of bird cries and squeals started up, two figures appearing at the corner of his vision. They wanted to yell at the two to leave, he doubted they would understand but he didn't want them around him while he felt like he was literally being torn apart. Something touched his back and he screamed, jolting and causing even more flaring pain to shoot up his spine.

"Go away."

He growled out, teeth clenched as he glared at the bird alien who was looking extremely distressed. A hand was on his back again, pushing against him and making the burning pain increase tenfold. The bird alien was cooing at them, probably trying to calm them down but Ranboo was trying to ignore everything happening currently. He'd guess that the pig alien was the one pushing on their back since he was out of sight and they could clearly see the bird man in front of them. The pain became even worse, now feeling as if his skin was literally trying to rip open.

They could feel warm liquid trail down their sides, Ranboo didn't dare look back knowing that if he did they'd be able to see that the warmth was warm blood. They cried out again as the ripping feeling increased before dulling, their body trembling as they gulped down air. The bird alien was wiping away their tears while cooing softly to them, he leaned into the comfort tiredly. But apparently, they weren't done yet, a sudden tugging feeling started up. More sharp pain started and they whined, hearing the pig alien chuffing at them softly.

The pulling increased and with it the pain started up again, whatever the pig alien was doing was the reason the pain was coming back and Ranboo was ready to throw hands. Sadly he was exhausted and couldn't even push himself up let alone fight a giant pig alien, so instead he made his displeasure obvious; growling and crying out whenever the pain became too much.

After a few more minutes of torture, the pig alien pulled on something hard and Ranboo screamed, black dots dancing around their vision. After that, though the pain was now just a dull throb, still painful but not like earlier. The bird alien was petting their head, soft coos and chirps coming from them. The ravenette just wanted to pass out, become one with the void and not feel any of the pain for a while. Something damp and soft touched their back, eyes looking back in an attempt to spot the foreign object. The pig man was holding onto something dark and soaked in blood, using some cloth to wipe at the thing.

Right before Ranboo passed out his brain was able to name the foreign thing, a tail.

Chapter End Notes

Sneegsnag is sus

No way home

Chapter Summary

Oddly enough this is a fluff-filled chapter

These are rare for B0N3 fics so enjoy it while it lasts

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

None :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing Ranboo registered was the all-over ache of his body, it felt as if every single muscle had been strained and was now screaming at him for putting them through such torture. They then noticed how they could feel a chill in the air, they probably just left their window open last night or something. The next sensation was the feeling of someone playing with their hair, fingers running through the locks in a calming motion. It had almost pulled him back to sleep, keyword being almost.

Chirps and whistles were quietly heard around him, but they didn't sound like a normal bird's call; they sounded more otherworldly than the common robin he'd heard outside his windows in the morning. And when did someone sit in their room just playing with their hair? That was probably the strangest part.

Prying his eyes open Ranboo glanced around the room, not daring to try and move knowing that the second he did it would just make that ache flare. They glanced up and spotted who was making the bird-like noises, bird man. Memories slammed back into him and he groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as if that would force them back into unawareness; it didn't work.

The bird alien's hand paused and an inquisitive chirp left them, feathers brushing against his shoulders. Oh yeah, he flung his hoodie off at some point, leaving him in his ratty tank top; no wonder he was feeling chilly. Something fluffy brushed his ankle, eyes glancing back to spot whatever touched him.

They froze as they spotted the foreign limb, a long black tail that split into two was resting next to them; tips twitching like a cat's. Guess that wasn't just some horrible nightmare caused by stress, honestly he's had even weirder dreams while being stuck with sphere guy. Still a tail? Why was there a literal tail attached to him?!

Another chirp came from above them, mismatched eyes glancing up at the bird man. He was getting better at reading their moods, the bird man was watching him curiously, head tilted as their feathers puffed up before relaxing. It was then they noticed that their head was laying on top of bird man's lap, causing them to tense. Why was he so relaxed? This was a strange alien that played a part in his second kidnapping! They should not be falling asleep on them!

As he attempted to push himself up and away they had to stifle a cry at the pain that radiated from their lower back. Still, they managed to push themselves up onto their knees, huffing as he attempted to ride out the wave of pain that followed the movement. Taloned hands cupped his cheeks, tilting their head up to meet the eyes of the bird alien.

A soft warble was directed at them, he'd almost say it sounded concerned. But again that couldn't have been right, these two... three aliens were nicer than sphere guy and his friends but they were still aliens and were extremely dangerous. Ranboo already knew he would be dead the second bird man or pig man attacked them, moth guy he could probably take but it wouldn't surprise them if even the five-inch tall alien could take him down in seconds.

"What's up with you guys and touching? Like is that some weird alien thing I'm not privy to or does my skin just feel funny to you guys so you keep touching me?"

He got chirps in reply, taloned thumb rubbing against his cheek. They didn't expect an answer but honestly, they would have liked one, Ranboo's touch-starved ass could only endure so much before he became putty in their hands, and that was the last thing he wanted. If they got dependent on these aliens then he was screwed, but the positive attention made their skin buzz, and the need to just go limp was getting way to overwhelming. So he pulled away, the immediate chill of the lost contact made them shiver.

Slowly and painfully he pushed himself over to the other side of the 'bed', spotting his discarded hoodie on the floor. The article of clothing has seen better days but it was still soft and warm, and it was a godsend when he was left in the glass box with nothing to use as a blanket. Turns out space is freezing and sleeping on metal floors did not keep him warm, so to combat this he used his hoodie for warmth.

They attempted to reach for the fabric, fingers just brushing the material before he gave up. If they tried again they'd either fall onto the floor or scream at the pain of simply moving around. Thankfully their struggle was rewarded, bird man moved off the 'bed' and picked up their hoodie. He held his breath as taloned fingers ran over the material, they didn't want those sharp claws poking holes in one of the only pieces of clothing he had left. But bird man was gentle and no new holes were created in the teen's hoodie.

The fabric was handed over and the ravenette gladly took it, shuffling to pull it over their head. Clothed fully once more they fell back into the cushion below him, groaning at the increased pain level. Could he just never move again? Was that a thing they could just do? Because that sounded like the best option at the moment.

A tingling sensation started up on... well, he wasn't really sure where they were feeling that but it was definitely something they could feel. Head whipping up and around they spotted the bird alien running a hand over one of the split tail parts, the other half curling around their wrist. He wasn't sure how he felt about that, it didn't hurt per se but it was definitely uncomfortable; kind of like when your hand falls asleep and it touches something else. Not painful but not pleasant either.

The bird alien was detangling hair... fur? Whatever it was. They were removing knots in the tail, tugging gently with soft coos and warbles. Ranboo was going to assume the bird alien was just extremely talkative and was currently rambling about who knows what. And since Ranboo hasn't had a proper conversation in months he might as well pretend they can understand the strange feathered alien.

"You kind of sound like a bird, but like if the bird was actually some otherworldly entity. The noises kind of echo in my head but like in a nice way? Is that on purpose or just a thing you do?"

The bird man glanced up at him before their eyes were back on his tail, the tail... they didn't like thinking of it as his. The alien warbles back in response, what the ravenette would assume was a smile dancing across his face.

"What do you guys even want from me? A lab rat like sphere guy? A funny creature to watch stumble around and try not to have a heart attack? No way you're being nice just to be nice, no one is nice for no reason. Everyone wants something in the end, so what do you guys want?"

More chirps and warbles followed, not giving the teen any actual answers. He huffed, dropping his head onto their arms. They hated how calm they felt, it was strange to feel relaxed after living through two months of straight stress and anxiety, just to now feel like cooked spaghetti; all limp and such. They should be freaking out, trying to get away from the bird alien. But he was sore, exhausted, and the bird wasn't actively hurting them. No instead they were petting the tail and just causing fuzzy tingling feelings, which was honestly distracting them from the dull pain.

With eyelids growing heavy every second they remained awake it was getting harder to not just drift back into sleep, but he didn't want to go back to sleep just yet. While they still felt relaxed it wasn't the same as feeling safe, and Ranboo was very uncomfortable being so vulnerable while an alien was still in the room with him.

He was left in that hazy half-consciousness that bordered on being awake but also asleep, drifting while listening to bird warbles and coos. They were only pulled out of the feeling by the sound of the door opening, clunking footsteps coming closer. They opened an eye to spot the newcomer, blurs of pinks and reds were visible and made it easy to tell this was the pig alien. The pig man grunted before walking over, a hand ruffling their hair. Quiet 'conversation' happened above them, almost pulling him back into that half-asleep state.

A weight landed next to their head, opening an eye again they spotted the moth alien. The tiny being 'stared' at them, tiny antennas twitching as he buzzed. Now that the moth was closer he could actually see the tiny patterns painted across his cloak wings, whites and blacks swirled in patterns even making one that looked almost like a skull. The moth alien grabbed onto his finger, having to use both hands to hold onto the digit. It was kind of funny how tiny the guy was, Ranboo wondered how long it took him to just get from one room to the other.

The moth guy was looking over their finger, buzzing quietly. They had no idea why a single finger was so interesting but it's not like he could question it and get an actual answer. So they just huffed and closed their eyes again, fully ready to drift in that hazy realm. It was only then that they noticed the gentle sway of the ship around them, easily recognizing the feeling of a spaceship mid-flight. Welp, there goes any chances of escape for a while, at least until they land again. The teen has no idea if this ship has escape pods or how to operate them, and he is actually quite a fan of breathing so shooting himself out into space was also not an option.

They groaned into their arms, he was stuck on a spaceship with a bunch of touchy aliens who didn't want to leave him alone, a new limb attached to him that they have no idea why it's even there, and with no clue what the future holds for them. Why'd they have to go to that convenience store at night and get themselves kidnapped all over a bag of chips he can't even remember the flavor of and a soda bottle that was probably more sugar and caffeine than actual liquid? He could have just sucked it up and stayed home, safe in their bed and not millions of miles in space going who knows where.

Ranboo has pretty much given up on getting back home, let alone Earth. He's accepted the fact that they'll probably die out here and no one back home will know. He wonders if anyone even noticed they were gone, they would hope so. At least he hoped they would be a bit worried over a missing teenager, but by now he has probably been forgotten about. That was a pleasant thought, that the life of Ranboo Belvoi could be forgotten in the span of two months.

They were pulled from their thoughts at a buzzing chirp to their left, tilting their head to see the moth alien looking over them curiously. Another buzzing chirp came from him, antennae twitching before a tiny hand landed on their face. It was so unexpected that it caused the teen to let out a quiet snicker, the moth man's cloak wings rustling with a loud happy buzz. They could hear the pig alien chuff softly and the bird man chirp contently at them.

Maybe these three weren't that bad, he could probably learn to deal with them as long as they remained passive as they have been so far. With those final thoughts, Ranboo actually let himself drift off, feeling the safest they have since leaving the Earth's atmosphere.

Chapter End Notes

Have some soft shit before I make y'all hurt

What the hell is a Tryskl?

Chapter Summary

Hey friends
Two updates in one day?
Surely that's not an ominous omen for what is about to come right?
:)

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Blood
Weapons
Mentions of Death/Murder
Mentions of Violence
Mentions of Choking/Suffocation
Death Threats
Human Trafficking (Talk about selling Ranboo)
Mentions/Attempted Amputation
Wounds/Injury

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next two days were spent mostly in the 'bed', the general soreness fading into more of an annoyance than actual pain. The tail, he still refused to believe it was his, was extremely sensitive; anything that touched it felt almost overwhelming. And hitting it against something hurt like hell, they smacked it against a wall by accident and they nearly cried at the feeling. It needed to go.

Ranboo wasn't sure how he was going to rid himself of this extra limb, he doubted any of the three aliens would offer up a solution seeing as all three were infatuated with the thing. Bird man liked petting it, pig alien just liked watching it move, and the moth alien liked to hang off of it. The teen was not a fan of the new addition, wanting to get rid of it as soon as possible. Luckily a chance presented itself on the third day of his second kidnapping.

The pig alien had taken to carrying him around again, depositing them once in whatever room he wanted them in; aka the kitchen or living room. Today happened to be an alien living room day, the pig guy placed them down before plopping himself on one of the couches. Ranboo would guess he was reading some book, about what Ranboo didn't know since the words just looked like a child's scribbling. But with pig man distracted the ravenette was free to explore the room without being watched like a hawk the entire time, which meant they could get into stuff much easier.

One thing the teen noticed about the ship they were currently on was the fact there were weapons practically everywhere, some even lying on the ground. At first, this fact was terrifying but now it was now a common sight, and it was just what he needed currently. Finding the easiest to lift blade the ravenette grabbed the handle, trying to figure out the best and quickest way to remove the foreign limb. Sadly he only got nicked before the weapon was ripped from his hands, an angry pig man grunting down at them. If they thought the pig alien was intimidating before he was dead wrong because the alien currently towering over them was so much more terror-inducing.

Their hood was grabbed and they were lifted, legs kicking out in a desperate attempt to escape. The pig alien didn't release him though instead he was carried out of the alien living room and into a new room like a scruffed kitten. The whole walk to the new room was filled with angry grunts and chuffs, terrifying the human even more. The aliens had been rather peaceful these past few days but now he might have pushed his luck a bit too far, and now they would pay for it. Once in the new room, they spotted the bird alien who was writing something down on the alien equivalent of paper, only looking up when the pig alien grumbled and held Ranboo out.

It had become obvious there was a hierarchy on the ship, oddly enough the bird alien was on top while the pig and moth alien were underneath them, with Ranboo of course being at the very bottom. So the pig alien was tattling on them, he wasn't even sure what was so wrong with what they had been doing! Sure it would have hurt and probably bleed but that was fine. Was it because he'd get blood on the floor? It's not like it would stain or anything, and he could have cleaned it up later.

The bird man stood up before rushing over, hands cupping their cheeks and moving his head side to side as if inspecting him for any damage. The teen huffed, swatting the hands away. He was frustrated, every single thing he did was monitored and the second they weren't and could actually remove the foreign tail he was stopped and basically yelled at.

Pig man deposited him onto the ground before walking over to a storage area built into the wall, digging around as he looked for something. Meanwhile, the bird alien was cooing and holding them close while running a taloned hand through his hair, the ravenette just endured the treatment since they learned rather quickly that pulling away from the bird alien made them chirp sadly and look like a kicked puppy; which made them feel extremely guilty. Eventually, pig man found what he was looking for, turning around with... was that a dog harness? In the pig alien's hand was a bright yellow dog harness, or well some alien harness that Ranboo was pretty sure was pulled out for them.

Sadly he was correct in their thinking. After several minutes of struggling with two very strong aliens, there was a bright yellow harness clipped around them, said strong aliens watching him curiously. So while maintaining eye contact Ranboo reached up and unclipped the harness, he wasn't some dog and they refused to be leashed like one. This freedom lasted maybe five seconds before they were once again being manhandled by both aliens, this time the harness was clipped behind them. This was one of those moments where the ravenette cursed his long noodle arms, not being able to reach the clip that would free them no matter how much they twisted.

The bird and pig alien were chirping and chuffing at him, obviously entertained in their struggles. Ranboo was going to find a way out of this and then find somewhere to hide so neither alien could attempt to reattach it to them. At some point during his struggling the moth alien appeared, buzzing as he sat on the bird's shoulder. The teen barely paid them any attention, still focused on escaping the brightly colored harness.

In the end, they didn't escape. Instead, they were picked up again by the pig man and carried out of the room. Oddly enough he wasn't brought to a new room or one of the previous rooms, instead he was carried over to the wall they originally entered the ship through. Was he about to be thrown out into space?! They had to know he'd die out there right?! Pig guy wasn't going to just toss him out there right?!

When the door started opening the teen squeezed their eyes shut, holding their breath as his mediocre life flashed in front of their eyes. They expected to feel the chill of space, maybe a suction-like feeling but it was instead rather warm. He was lowered and the ravenette scrambled, they did not want to be dropped out into space! But instead of emptiness, their shoes hits solid ground, causing them to peek open their eyes to see what they were standing on. Instead of the void of space, he was met with red grass-like plants below him and an orange sky above them. When did they land? Shouldn't he have felt when the ship breached a planet's atmosphere? On sphere guy's ship, he constantly felt the turbulence as it would usually knock him into walls or the floor.

Wait.

They landed. And he was outside the ship. With no alien holding onto him. With this realization Ranboo booked it forward, he fully expected the pig guy to chase after him but what they didn't expect was to get yanked back by the harness still wrapped around them. Landing on the ground rather hard the teen glanced back and followed the line that was attached to him back to the pig man's hand, he had forgotten about the stupid harness. They were starting to feel really bad for the leash kids back on Earth right about now. The leash was pulled, dragging the human back towards the ship and its crew. It looked like one of those crappy retractable leashes that got recalled constantly because they kept snapping and smacking people's hands, this one looked tougher though. He needed to figure out how to remove the harness if he wanted any hopes of escape, that or to get pig man to let go of the other end of the leash.

With crossed arms the teen grumbled to themselves, this sucked. He was practically a leashed dog at the moment, confined to the length of the leash in the alien's hand. Tiny hands gripped onto his jeans, the small moth alien climbing up onto their lap before burying himself in their hoodie pocket. For some reason the moth liked hiding in their hood or pockets, Ranboo couldn't even imagine why but the tiny guy just chilled and wasn't causing any issues so they didn't really mind all too much. The bird alien walked over, ruffling his hair before continuing forward, the pig alien following right behind.

Before the ravenette could even question where the two were going they were spun around and dragged backward, the harness putting an uncomfortable pressure across their chest. They huffed and resigned themselves to being dragged around by the two aliens who were conversating behind him. This went on for a few minutes before they had enough of smacking into rocks and the like, standing up and walking behind the two. There were moments Ranboo debated wrestling the leash out of pig man's hands but they were shot down almost instantly when he reminded himself that the pig man could easily grab them, meaning the human had no chance of getting that leash from him. The moth man migrated up to their hood at some point, sitting on their shoulder and buzzing quietly. The teen had to remind himself the alien was there and not some fly, having to restrain the urge to swat at the buzzing insect by their ear, they didn't want to pick a fight with the small alien.

Soon enough the area they entered grew more crowded with new aliens, some Ranboo couldn't even describe. He stuck close to the two he did know, they were safer than the new creatures. Bird man seemed pleased with the fact that the teen was practically at their heels now instead of dragging their feet, pig man just grunted at them before looking forward again. The group stayed

on the outskirts of the crowded area, something Ranboo was grateful for. Eventually, they stopped, the moth alien hopping down from their hood before holding out a tiny hand. The pig alien handed over the other end of the leash to the moth, who in turn held onto the item with a buzz. Were they seriously letting the tiny alien hold onto the leash? Ranboo could probably drag the moth behind them as they escaped. Not their smartest decision.

And just like that the bird and pig started walking away, leaving him alone with the moth. After a few seconds of just standing there watching the two leave Ranboo attempted to run once more, slamming back to the ground after only getting a few feet away. They groaned before looking back to the moth who looked way too pleased with Ranboo's miserable attempt at escaping. He was then pulled back, leaving a trail in the dirt behind him. How was something so small so strong?! That should not have been possible! Forget Ranboo's chances against the moth alien because those chances were now in the negatives, he wouldn't be able to fight off any of the aliens now.

They must have been sitting there for nearly an hour now, the moth eventually moved back to their shoulder and was buzzing happily. The teen just wanted to go back to the ship, screw trying to escape they were hungry, tired, and now hot. But it was obvious he was stuck here until the other two returned or the moth led them back, which he doubted would be anytime soon. The moth's buzzing quieted for a second, the ravenette thought nothing of it at first. A shock zapped them behind their ear causing them to jump and yelp, hand moving to cover the area. What the hell did the moth alien do to cause that?! He glared at the alien, making his displeasure known. The moth buzzed at him a few times before the sounds started forming words that sounded as if there was a buzzing overlayed on top of the words.

"buzz buzz woah buzz buzz buzz sorry buzz buzz won't touch it again."

What?

They simply stared at the small alien, did they hear that correctly or was he just getting heatstroke and was currently hallucinating? The moth alien just stared back for a second, opening his mouth to 'speak' again. But instead of the normal buzzing, he had started growing used to actual words stumbled out.

"Well okay then, I won't touch the chip attached to your head anymore. Noted."

Okay, those were definitely words, like actual English words. Wait, chip? Their fingers ran over the area that had zapped them, the feeling of a small piece of metal was sticking out against their skin. When did that get there?! Did sphere guy put that in them?! Why hadn't they noticed it earlier?! If whatever moth alien did made it so they could understand him did that mean the aliens would understand them too?!

"What did you do? Why can I understand you now?"

The moth alien just 'stared' at them before a tiny hand tapped his cheek, the moth's cloak wings flitting before resting comfortably once more.

"Aw it's alright buddy, that probably hurt but it won't happen again. I'll even tell Phil and Tech to not touch it, they may wanna look at it but they'll be gentle. Make sure it's not something that's hurting you."

"I feel like you don't understand me at all right now tiny bug man..."

The moth alien tapped his cheek again, giving no acknowledgment that he understood the human at all. They huffed, great. He could understand the moth alien but the moth alien couldn't understand him, just their luck. The silence didn't last long, moth man started talking about random things; some words were still buzzes which Ranboo found a bit odd but it's not like he could ask about the other about it. After a few more minutes of moth guy's rambling another alien made their way over, the teen tensing up and feeling the need to run away immediately. They remain still though, sat on the ground watching the alien warily.

The moth alien stood on their shoulder with crossed arms, leash still held firmly between their two hands. It would have been a hilarious sight, seeing as the leash was basically the size of the alien, but currently, Ranboo was trying to resist sprinting away. It wasn't helping that even the moth alien seemed tense, facing the newcomer while standing straight.

"Pardon the intrusion my good sir, but I couldn't help but notice your intriguing pet here." Okay one rude, Ranboo wasn't a pet. If anything he was a prisoner, attached to a leash, and.... oh my gods he was a pet. The realization was definitely a shock but it made sense looking back on how the aliens acted around him, he was some weird alien pet. They zoned back into the conversation, now being able to understand everything he could finally get a grip on what the hell was happening around them. "-and my employer would be highly interested in purchasing them. Money isn't an issue, just name a price."

What.

No way. Was this alien actually trying to buy him?! Did aliens just buy people like that?! Was there some market of aliens who sold other aliens just because they could?! Was he about to be sold to this random alien?! They stared at the new alien, eyes wide. The alien wasn't even looking at them but instead watching the small moth alien on their shoulder. Now would be the best time to get out of here, but before he could even make an attempt to move the moth replied.

"Hmm I don't know man, you'd have to offer a pretty large amount of cash... not sure if you could afford it."

Oh my gods he was literally being haggled for.

"Four million tryskl, I'm sure that's more than enough-"

"Pffft, Nah that's chump change. You'll have to do better than that buddy."

Ranboo was internally freaking out, was that all he was to these aliens? Some walking price tag?! Was that why they were nice to him?! Because they wanted to sell him to the highest bidder?! They should have known better, they shouldn't have allowed even a smidge of trust to form for these aliens. Now they were about to be sold off for who knows what! What if it was a fate worse than his time with sphere guy!? What if they'd kill him and make him into some rare delicacy for some rich douchebag!?

"Five-"

"Man you're going to need to do better than that."

The alien grumbled, obviously getting frustrated at being denied so easily. He opened his mouth, a mouth full of razor-sharp teeth that Ranboo was pretty sure could rip them to shreds in mere seconds, to offer some other amount before another figure approached.

"Hey Tech is grabbing something real quick then we can head back out... uh am I interrupting something?"

Bird man! It was sad that Ranboo felt comforted by the feathered alien's arrival, especially for all they knew they could accept one of the offers. The money alien, honestly the teen had no idea how to describe the guy other than sleazy and terrifying, straightened up and took on that cocky attitude he had at the beginning of the conversation.

"No of course not my feathered friend, am I to assume this is one of your companions and pet?"

"Yup! That they are!"

Bird man's wings puffed up, the alien sounding proud and happy to talk about them and the moth alien.

"Wonderful, perhaps I can discuss this issue with you instead-"

"Phil this guy is trying to swindle me."

"No! I would never I was simply offering a large amount of money for your pet here-"

The bird alien's demeanor changed instantly, wings spreading wide as they stepped forward until they were practically chest to chest with the other alien. It would have been a funny sight seeing as bird man was half the height of the other alien, but Ranboo was still trying not to freak out over the fact his life was in the hands.... or talons in this case, of an alien he met less than four days ago.

"I do not care what amount of money you offered, Midnight is not for sale. Now I suggest you leave before you get hurt."

Midnight? Who the hell was Midnight?

"Easy Elytrian, I meant no offense. I was simply offering to pay a large sum-"

"I said no, now leave."

The alien looked from the bird man to them before making a 'tsking' like noise and backing off, turning and walking away. The bird alien was still puffed up and stared down the retreating alien, only when they were out of sight did they calm down. Their wings lowered before tucking to rest against their back, feathers relaxing. The bird alien turned towards them and it was like their mood flipped instantly, anger gone in a flash.

Taloned hands cupped their face, squishing their cheeks together. "Oh, Midnight I'm sorry! That man was probably terrifying for you!" They were pulled into an embrace, four wings wrapping around them and feathers tickling against their skin. Wait was he supposed to be Midnight? What? Why was that the name they chose to call him? "But it's okay now, the bad man is gone and if he tries to come back I will rip out his spleen and force it down his throat. And then I'll watch him choke on it before-"

"Phil you're going to scare them."

Honestly, that was the type of voice he could picture pig man having, all rough and monotone. Still intimidating as all hell, but at least now they'd be able to understand when he got yelled at.

"Techno! We need to leave this godforsaken planet immediately! Some assbag was trying to convince us to sell off Midnight!"

The pig man, or Techno? Was that his name? Anyway, Techno grunted to the bird man, Ranboo thinks their name was Phil? Phil released the human, wings fluffing up and twitching. Finally being able to understand these three was proving them to be a lot less threatening than before, still scary but at least now he'd have warning before they freaked out at him. Suddenly something was shoved in front of their face, the smell of something sweet hitting their senses.

"Can they even have that Tech? What if it makes Midnight sick?"

"If they can't eat it then they won't. Simple."

Hesitantly the teen accepted the offered food, or what the alien said was food. All three aliens were watching them curiously, he wasn't a fan of all that attention placed solely on them. Slowly they took a bite of the sweet thing, it had the same texture as a flaky biscuit with something powdery sprinkled on top. The flavor tasted like a mix of cranberries and raisins, a weird mixture for sure. Still, it was food and they weren't going to waste food, even though these aliens would offer food almost constantly Ranboo was never sure when that resource would be taken away.

The human licked their fingers once finished, tail thumping by their side. He almost forgot about the thing, they still wanted it gone yet they doubted Techno would allow them near any of those weapons again. His attention was grabbed by Phil's voice, the bird sounding excitable and happy.

"They liked it! Just look at their tail, it's wagging happily!"

The teen grumbled, they'd grab the thing but that would be pointless since it wouldn't stop the subconscious movements. They'd find a way to remove the limb without the aliens noticing, then they wouldn't be able to stop them. It was a foolproof plan.

After a few more minutes the two aliens informed the moth, who was apparently called Sneeg, that they were good to head back to the ship. Oddly enough the ravenette found himself strangely excited to get back to the ship, which was absolutely terrifying. He didn't want to see the ship as a safe place, somewhere he looked forward to returning yet here they were; walking behind the other two with their tail swaying happily behind them.

Ranboo was growing attached.

They were completely screwed.

Chapter End Notes

Ranboo can finally understand our crew yet they have no idea what the hell Ranboo is saying
They are all in for a fun time

Nightmares are just Dreams with no Happy Endings

Chapter Summary

It's time for the pain to start
We'll start off slow before I hit you guys with the real heavy shit
:)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Needles (Major)
Human Experiments
Blood
Wounds/Injuries
Unconsensual Drug Usage
Unconsensual Body Modification
Kidnapping
Dehumanization
Implied Dysphoria
Mentions of Death/Murder
Mentions of Amputation (Talk of it, doesn't happen)

Added Summary in end notes!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

How many days has it been? Two? A week? A month? A year?

He didn't know.

The only way they could count the days was by the number of bruises and tiny holes littering his arms, and even then this method wasn't always reliable. Sphere guy usually stuck to one injection a day but there was always the occasional extra one thrown in, they never knew when those days would end up being. Ranboo's gotten used to the glass box, it wasn't large, maybe the size of a bathroom but empty. The floors were metal and always freezing, the whole ship was freezing. It made the teen think this ship just didn't have heating or something, that or they just kept his area cold to save on heating bills. Did spaceships even rack up heating bills? Was that a thing?

Either way, it didn't matter, he couldn't ask for the aliens to turn the heat up, not like they would even if they could understand him. Sphere guy didn't seem to care about them whatsoever, as long as Ranboo was alive and relatively healthy he was content. And whenever they were sick or feeling like death all sphere guy did was watch them with his creepy blank ball head. Once the ravenette

was no longer ill sphere guy would take a vial of their blood before disappearing for the rest of the day, leaving Ranboo alone in his glass cage.

That's where the teen found himself now, sat cross-legged on the floor staring at sphere guy from behind the glass. A common practice between them, the two simply watching each other before sphere guy broke the staredown. A code was punched into a screen by the entrance to the glass box, the material sliding up into the ceiling; Ranboo had no idea how that worked. Three steps and sphere guy loomed over them, he could never tell if the guy was looking at him or not but it always felt like eyes were on them whenever sphere guy was around.

They were hauled up by his arm, the alien's grip tight. The human was used to this procedure by now, knowing that trying to break the other's grip wouldn't work and would instead make the guy hold on even tighter. So they stumbled after sphere guy, the alien was only slightly taller than him; maybe by three inches or so. The closer to the white room they got the more he could feel his stomach drop and body tremble. The white room was the worse room on the ship, out of the two Ranboo saw at least. Another code was punched onto a see-through screen before part of the wall was sucked into the ceiling, a loud swish noise following the movement.

Inside the room everything was white; the walls, the floor, the ceiling, even the furniture. Two figures were standing in the room, one with a head of fire and the other with a giant mushroom on his head. Sphere guy usually had one of these two around, on rare occasions both would be waiting in the white room. If both were here today then it was definitely going to be a long day, one Ranboo wasn't mentally prepared for.

The teen was dragged inside before being shoved over to the fire guy, they had never been a fan of fire so being around the alien who was literally made of flames was just a tad terror-inducing. The fire alien grabbed him before picking them up and placing them on one of the white tables, hand gripping their shoulder so he didn't run. Honestly, if fire guy didn't have a hand on them they would have ran the second they could, he's tried before but in the end he always ended up getting caught and dragged back. After that one of the aliens always had a grip on them, keeping them stationary until released.

Mushroom guy came over next, holding a tray full of sharp items Ranboo was hoping were not intended for them. The tray was placed down onto a separate table, the mushroom alien turning back to them. Fungus guy grabbed their arm, pushing the sleeve up before grabbing one of those cursed alien needles. The things were curved! They hurt like hell! Still, the thing was stabbed into them, the teen flinching at the pain before settling. Moving with the thing still in his arm would just make it hurt worse, so staying still and waiting was usually the best outcome; anyway fire guy still had a death grip on his shoulder.

Whatever they wanted to inject him with was pushed inside them before the needle was removed, but instead of being dragged back to the glass box like usual he remained sitting on the table. Strange, was there going to be another needle jabbing him again or...? Their unspoken question remained unanswered. Fire guy still held onto them, mushroom guy was messing around with the sharp objects, and sphere guy was just watching silently.

It was about a minute later before the ravenette started feeling dizzy, vision blurring around them. Everything felt fuzzy, the teen feeling like he wasn't truly in control of their body. They were pushed back so they were laying on the table, eyes trying to focus on the ceiling above them. He could easily hear sphere guy's echoey noises even though it felt like he was hearing everything underwater, and just like they thought a white ball was hovering over them. They tried to move, to

get away, but their limbs refused to cooperate and just remained limp against the table. Fear was starting to flood his system, his sense of fight or flight was screaming to flee but it was as if their body wasn't their own.

The ravenette's head was tilted, hands gripping their chin. He was straining to see behind them, to see what was happening around them. Their breathing was picking up, terror growing when they spotted what looked like a miniature dagger in sphere guy's hand. The sharp metal was coming closer, starting to leave his vision. An involuntary whine left them, they could feel tears starting to form at the corners of his eyes. They squeezed their eyes shut, tensing up at the feeling of cold metal touching their skin. The blade pushing against their skin and-

"Midnight! It's time to wake up!"

The loud sound of the metal door opening and Phil's boisterous wake-up call had the teen scrambling, limbs tangling around the space blankets he was given the day prior. Next thing he knew he was faceplanting onto the metal floor, groaning as their mind tried to fully wake up.

Right.

He wasn't on sphere guy's ship anymore, he was currently on Phil's ship as 'Midnight'. At least now he could actually remember when they got the chip Sneeg had mentioned a few days ago, sucks the memory had to come out through a nightmare. Honestly, they expected nightmares would come back with a vengeance soon, it had been nearly a week of dreamless sleep. They pushed themselves up to their knees before glaring at the bird who just watched them innocently, one of these days he was going to end up chucking something at the alien if they kept waking him up like this.

Suddenly the alien was rushing over taloned hands cupping his cheeks, warbles escaping them. He kind of wished to go back to being clueless on what the aliens said, it was a whole lot easier than being embarrassed by every other word one of the aliens said to them. Ranboo figured out that certain words or just noises in general just didn't translate to whatever chip was in their head, like right now.

"Holy shit mate! What *chirp* happened!? Why are you bleeding! Are you okay *chirp*?!"

"I'm fine, I'm not bleeding-"

A few drops of red landed on the metal ground, oh... guess he was bleeding. Thinking about it their nose was sore, he must have smacked it a bit too hard when they landed. He didn't think it was broken, it didn't feel broken at least.

"Shhhhh, it's okay Midnight! We'll fix you right up!"

He glanced at the bird alien, they sounded concerned and scared. He raised an eyebrow before flinching at the loud call Phil made, yelling out for Techno. Wait... If they were calling for the pig alien then that meant... oh no not again.

Soon enough the pig man was walking quickly over, eyes flicking over them before once again a hand wrapped around their hood and hauled him up into the air. Their limbs flailed as he attempted to not feel off-balance, tail smacking against the pig alien and himself. The appendage wasn't as sensitive as it was when it first arrived, the thing has been slammed into walls and stepped on; mostly by him, they are pretty sure they just built up a tolerance or something.

Just like they thought Techno carried them once again, he still wasn't sure why the alien decides Ranboo's legs just don't work and he needs to carry them everywhere instead. He didn't bother struggling much, sadly this was becoming normal for the teen nowadays. Phil was hovering around as they walked, chirps escaping them as they tried to reassure him that he would be okay. The human was positive they would be okay, their nose wasn't even bleeding that much yet the bird looked freaked; wings puffed and flapping behind them while their taloned hands trembled.

The teen just wanted to go back to sleep, maybe spend the rest of the day in bed instead of whatever the aliens wanted them to do today. Sadly whatever exhaustion they had fizzled out the second they recognized where they were heading, having figured out which room was the white room and avoiding it like the plague. His struggling picked up once more, hands reaching up in an attempt to get the hooved hands to release his hood.

Of course, this didn't work so Ranboo used their one trump card. As quick as possible they slipped out of their hoodie, landing on the ground before sprinting in the opposite direction of the white room. Ignoring Phil's shocked squawk and Techno's confused 'heh?' the teen ran. He wasn't sure if they could outrun the two aliens but he was hoping their shock would give him enough time to find a hiding spot before getting recaptured. After a few seconds he could hear the thundering footsteps chasing after them, the bird alien's yelling for him to stop, and Techno's hooves slamming down on the metal flooring.

Having a basic layout of the ship memorized they were able to find the alien kitchen, thanking whatever alien gods there were that the door was open. The ravenette's socks had little to no traction on the metal so of course, they slammed into the doorway, but it barely stopped him. He wasted no time in rushing over to one of the larger storage boxes on the opposite room, pulling it open and shoving himself inside; door being pulled close behind them.

They kept their breathing quiet as the sound of rushing footsteps became louder as they got closer, only pausing in what Ranboo would assume is the doorway. Their tail flicked by their side, nerves and adrenaline buzzing through their veins.

"Sneeg! Have you seen Midnight *chirp*?! They slipped out of Techno's hold *chirp* when we were bringing them to the medbay, they were bleeding and-"

Shit Sneeg was in the kitchen, meaning he most definitely saw them run in here. Which also meant he knew they were hiding in the storage box, he'd call them out in a second. His tail smacked against their leg furiously, hand grabbing the limb to still it and make as little noise as possible.

"No Phil, I haven't seen 'em. Did you check the common room?"

Well, that was a straight-up lie. But why was Sneeg lying for them? There was no reason for the moth alien to lie about where the teen was, he would get nothing out of it. Yet still, the two believed him, footsteps rushing away after thanking the tiny alien. After waiting a moment, just in case the two came back after seeing no Ranboo in whatever room they were searching, before slowly opening the storage door and peeking out.

Sure enough, the moth was lounging on one of the counters, munching on some green chip thing. The alien spotted them before a soft buzz came from them, biting off a piece of the chip and crunching away. Cautiously the human slipped from the storage box, watching the moth to see if he'd call the other two back to collect them.

Eventually, they made their way over to the moth, tail flicking curiously behind them. He could feel the blood drying on their skin, wiping the back of his hand under his nose to get rid of the red liquid. Guess their nose had stopped bleeding at some point.

"You owe me now Mid."

They frowned at the alien, they didn't owe him anything. He didn't ask for Sneeg to lie about where they were, they hadn't even seen the tiny alien during his desperate escape.

"I didn't ask you to lie for me."

"Yup! So now you can take the fall for the next time I mix up the wiring again."

The human huffed, he couldn't even argue against it since the alien wouldn't understand him anyway. The moth handed over one of the chips, they took it before taking a bite. A lot of alien food was indescribable, the best he could do was compare it to earth foods though it was never an accurate description.

The next ten minutes were spent sharing a bag of chips with Sneeg, the moth rambling about how the ship worked and such; stuff Ranboo had no chance of understanding. Sadly he was found by the two they had run from, Phil nearly tackling him to the ground once they spotted him. The bird merely hugged him tightly while 'reprimanding' them for running away; it wasn't much of a scolding as the alien was petting his head the whole time and baby-talking.

Thankfully he wasn't dragged to the white room, once they noticed there was no longer any blood freely flowing out of him the two aliens calmed down. Did aliens just not get bloody noses? Well lucky them then. Techno even gave back their hoodie, the ravenette slipping it back on the second it was in their hands again. Being left in a tanktop was extremely uncomfortable and was starting to make their brain buzz in a not-good way, though being covered with the familiar fabric of his hoodie made that buzzing go down immensely.

For a few hours they were left to just wander, Techno had picked up almost every single sharp item and hid them away where Ranboo couldn't find them. It was just a bit frustrating, he'd have to find another way to remove the appendage. Maybe he could 'accidentally' get it caught in one of the doors, it would hurt like hell but the teen figured it would be worth it in the end once the limb was no longer a part of them.

At some point, the pig alien had cornered them and that cursed harness was attached to them again, he was going to burn the thing as soon as he could. They were dragged out of the ship, apparently they landed again without Ranboo's knowledge, and plopped down onto the ground. The teen was ready to be dragged to where ever Techno was planning on bringing them to but the alien just nudged them with his hoof, the ravenette just staring at the hoof as it touched him.

There was the noise of foliage rustling behind them, sending him up to his feet in a second. What the hell was that. Ranboo wasn't dumb, they knew he was technically on some random planet that could be filled with things that would gladly eat him as a snack. So he was justifiably wary of the noise, stance ready to run the second he spotted any danger.

What they didn't expect was to freeze once they spotted the creature emerging from the mass of foliage in front of them. A giant mass of white fur, six paws filled with claws, and a maw that had sharp teeth poking out of it paused to stare at them. The beast was tall, like taller than Techno tall.

Needless to say, they were absolutely terrified yet too frozen to move, his feet were almost glued to the spot he was standing.

The thing stared before lowering down, it almost looked like it was about to lay down but Ranboo was sorely mistaken. The creature pushed off the ground and charged, the ravenette's body forced him to move; sprinting away and back towards the ship. They didn't get far before a large paw was slamming them onto the ground, breath being forced out of them. Above him was a huge muzzle, jaws slightly open and showing off the abundance of teeth the creature had.

There was no doubt in the human's mind, he was definitely about to die.

Chapter End Notes

Welp looks like Ranboo Belvoi is going to become a snack for some large alien monster
Sucks for him

Summary::

The chapter starts out with Ranboo being back with sphere guy, in the glass box. Sphere guy shows up and drags Ranboo out of the box and towards the white room. Ranboo follows along willingly, knowing he can't escape sphere guy after trying for so long. Once in the white room, we see fire guy and mushroom man, something that happens occasionally but not usually normal. Mushroom guy injects them with something before backing off, fire guy is still holding onto him so they don't run. After a few minutes, Ranboo starts to feel dizzy and gets pushed down onto the table, basically unable to move willingly. Sphere guy comes over and we get to see that this was a memory of when Ranboo got that chip in their head. Turns out it was a nightmare. Phil wakes them up, accidentally scaring him into falling off of the bed and onto the floor. Ranboo ends up with a nosebleed and Phil flips, calling Techno to come help. Techno shows up and just picks Ranboo up and starts heading to the ship's white room, Ranboo noticing where they were going struggles to escape. He manages to slip out of their hoodie and books it to the kitchen, hiding in one of the storage boxes. Phil and Techno were chasing after him, pausing in the doorway to ask Sneeg if he's seen them. Turns out Sneeg was there just eating some chips and vibing, he lies and says no so the other two rush off to another room. Ranboo slips out of the storage box once the coast is clear, unsure why Sneeg lied for them. Sneeg offers Ranboo a chip and they just share a bag of chips, it's nice. Phil and Techno come back and are relieved to find Ranboo no longer bleeding, Techno returns the hoodie to Ranboo and they gladly accept it. Without the clothing article, they were starting to feel uncomfortable so they are happy to have it back. They are left alone for a while before Techno comes over and wrestles the harness back on them. Ranboo is of course not happy about this. Techno drags him off the ship and onto a new planet. A noise is heard and Ranboo freezes, unsure what made the noise. Turns out it was a large white beast, six legs and sharp teeth. No one moves for a second before the beast is tackling Ranboo. The chapter ends with Ranboo believing he is about to die by being eaten by this white beast.

And that is what this chapter was about!

:D

Third time's the charm

Chapter Summary

A mix of Fluff and Angst

I had so much fun with the second part~
Man, I love writing BtB!Phil.

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Blood

Wounds/Injuries

Kidnapping

Mentions of Needles

Violence

Weapons

Cursing

Mentions of Death/Murder

Dehumanization (Kind of Accidental)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

You know out of all the experiences he's gone through these past two months he didn't expect to go out like this, it was more believable that sphere guy would accidentally kill them. But no, it would be by a giant space beast. With eyes squeezed shut Ranboo prepared for the on slot of teeth tearing into him, or maybe claws ripping them apart, either way, he'd be dead any second...

Any second now...

Any..?

Peeking an eye open they spotted the beast still looming over them but the thing wasn't trying to eat him, it was just kind of staring at them. Why did it have four eyes?! That's excessive! Now that they had a second since the creature had yet to kill them, they looked over the beast more. It had short floppy ears, two tongues, many many teeth, it would almost look like a bear if he squinted, and maybe in the right light, it could be considered cute.

The creature blinked, all four eyes closing at the same time before those two giant tongues assaulted their cheek. The teen sputtered, trying to push the giant head away from their face with little success. The thing was licking them, slobber sticking to him. Nasty. Eventually, the thing stopped before laying down, paw still keeping Ranboo pinned but it was now joined by a large

head. A shadow fell over them, the human glancing up to see Techno standing above him looking pleased.

Did he know this would happen? Was it entertaining to watch Ranboo fear for his life?! Well, it wasn't fun for him! It was downright terrifying! His hair was going to get even more white strands if this kept up. They glared up at the pig alien, blowing their bangs out of their face so their glare was on full display. The pig man looked from him to the beast, hooved hand landing on its head and petting it like it was some dog. How the hell is he petting a giant beast that could probably tear him apart?!

"Good girl Steve. Steve meet Midnight, Midnight Steve."

Steve... The beast's name was Steve... Ranboo could almost laugh at the name choice, and he thought the name they gave him was stupid. But Steve? Really? Wait... was Steve some pet they had? And they just decided to bring Ranboo here to meet Steve? Wasn't that a waste of gas... or whatever fuel spaceships use? They don't know, this wasn't really something he was interested in. Tubbo would probably know... Not that they could ask the brunette, man Tubbo would have probably had a blast being in space. Minus the who abduction thing, and needles, and then the second abduction, oh and don't forget the new development of being treated like a pet. Yeah looking back maybe Tubbo wouldn't have had a blast.

Steve moved suddenly, releasing the human she had trapped. Said human sat up slowly before using their sleeve to get rid of the beast drool on their face, gross it was even in their hair! They were interrupted by a wet nose pressing into their side, almost knocking him over. Using a hand to keep himself upright he glanced over to the beast, now that she wasn't actively trying to maul him Steve seemed kind of nice. Well for a giant space alien murder beast at least.

Since Techno could pet Steve that meant he might be able to as well, and Steve looked really soft. So hesitantly the ravenette lifted a hand and placed it on her muzzle, petting Steve gently. Steve was incredibly soft, Ranboo would gladly let himself bury into the beast's fur in a heartbeat but sadly it seems there were other plans. There was a tug on the harness, they glanced back at Techno who was watching them back.

"Come on Night, gotta meet the rest of 'em."

The rest?

Turns out the rest was actually a lot easier, he didn't get tackled this time but that could have been because they stayed back behind the giant pig and space dog. Yup, Steve was now a space dog. Ranboo didn't make the rules, she acted like a dog so it made sense to refer to her as such. There were three other giant beasts, all snow-white like Steve, and in between some of those space dog legs were the more bundles of white. Oh, Ranboo was definitely going to die this time, but they would be okay with this death because hidden behind legs were tiny balls of fur. Space puppies!

None of the other space dogs or puppies came close though, Ranboo would be lying if he said he was disappointed in this fact. They really wanted to pet one of the space puppies, if Steve was soft they can't imagine how soft a space puppy would be. Their tail was wagging furiously behind them, giving away exactly how they felt. He glared over when he heard the pig snicker, Ranboo was debating the best way to inconvenience the alien without getting caught; he'd get revenge someday.

"Floof! Come!"

Floof? Okay, maybe Midnight wasn't a bad name to be given, especially if all their pets had dumb names. They glanced back at the beasts, so which one was Floof? They got their answer soon enough when instead of one of the three big space dogs bounding over one of the space puppies was sprinting over, tripping over their legs once but still excitedly running over. He was going to die of cuteness, Floof was so tiny. How did such a tiny thing grow into a behemoth like Steve?! Floof was the size of a normal Earth puppy but fluffier, and with extra limbs but still absolutely adorable.

Techno picked up the tiny creature once it came close enough, the space puppy was attempting to lick the pig's chin but was just inches short of making contact. The pig turned to him, Ranboo's tail picked up speed as he watched Floof. They weren't just going to get close, he liked being farther away from the aliens since this one, in particular, liked picking him up. But he really wanted to pet Floof.

The pig alien walked over, only having to take like three steps. Why was he so damn tall!? He crouched in front of Ranboo, even when crouched he was a few inches taller than Ranboo which was completely unfair. Was this how Tubbo felt around him? Tiny? They were pulled from their thoughts by Techno's monotone voice, another introduction.

"Midnight this is Floof, Floof this is Midnight. You need to be gentle they are fragile."

They weren't sure if that was directed towards him or Floof, either way, Ranboo wasn't going to hurt the space puppy. They'd die for Floof if needed, and he was one hundred percent serious on this matter. Floof looked to him with their two tongues hanging out of their mouth as they panted happily, Floof was too pure for this world. Slowly they reached to pet the space puppy, watching to see if Techno would try and stop them or yell at them. He did neither and soon Ranboo's hand was being slobbered on, tiny puppy teeth biting at his hand playfully. Their tail was practically whipping behind them at this point, smacking into his legs and kicking up dust.

Things changed quickly though, Floof was ripped away from Ranboo and the teen froze. What did he do?! They didn't hurt Floof right!? What if Floof got sick because they ingested his weird human germs!? They'd feel horrible if they just accidentally gave a space puppy some terminal illness. Their tail stopped wagging as their anxiety grew, he screwed up.

"Floof! What did I just say? You need to be gentle. Phil would kill me if Midnight got hurt."

Huh?

He thought... Floof, tiny space puppy... hurt them? Because of the play biting? How weak did these aliens think he was?! Was this because of the nose bleed thing? Floof didn't even break the skin! He's fine!

Techno was standing at his full height now, scolding the space puppy and Ranboo was having none of it. Would this get him killed? Maybe. Was it worth it? Realistically, no. But they were serious when they stated they'd die for Floof. So after hesitating for only a second the ravenette reached up and smacked the pig's arm, gaining his attention. And when the alien leaned closer to address him they snatched Floof, holding the space puppy close. They even took a few steps back to be out of reaching distance, watching the pig who seemed shocked before standing straight again, walking towards them.

"Floof, I know we just met but if I die I want you to know I don't blame you." The space puppy had no words to add, merely licking his face instead. "Now Techno, remember you said Phil would kill

you if I get hurt so that means you can't hurt me right?"

They knew the alien had no idea what he was saying but their nerves were getting the better of them and they were rambling, a bad habit to have honestly. He'd been doing so good at breaking it too.

"Cuz' if I die and Phil finds out then he'll come after you, that's what you said. And like you haven't actively hurt me yet, plus you freak the second you see blood. So that means you won't kill me right? Oh gods I hope I'm right."

Techno was soon looming over them, and Ranboo stared back at the pig alien. Swallowing they took a small step back, he'd run if they didn't know that he'd just be dragged back by the leash still in the alien's hand. A hooved hand grips their wrist and pulls it forward, the teen stumbling a bit but still holding Floof close to their chest. Instead of being dragged or lifted his hand is just examined, hooved finger running over the already disappearing teeth marks.

"See I'm fine. Perfectly fine with no new injuries, so can you let go?"

The pig alien glanced at him before huffing, releasing their wrist. They knew the alien didn't understand him but it was nice pretending he did, even for a few seconds. Ranboo was kind of getting sick talking to himself, trying to engage in conversation with one of the aliens usually led to being baby talked or just stared at.

"Just be careful. No roughhousing, and Floof no more biting."

Did Techno really expect him to start wrestling with such a tiny creature? Really? Yeah no, he wasn't going to do any of that. They were definitely going to play with Floof though, he didn't care if this was some pet playdate or whatever, Ranboo missed playing with animals and he wasn't passing up the opportunity to play with a space puppy. So the human placed Floof back onto the ground before plopping down as well, the space puppy already climbing into his lap.

Time passed quickly, Ranboo was having a blast just sitting on the ground and moving his hand back and forth for Floof to chase. Steve, at some point, layed next to them with her head resting in their lap. At some point, Floof ran off only to come back with some blue stick, which was strange but they knew when a puppy wanted to place fetch and who was he to deny Floof of this?

It was such a simple thing really, Floof had grabbed the stick and was chewing on it. So Ranboo did what he'd do to get a dog's attention, they whistled and Floof came bounding back over. They didn't know it wasn't just Techno watching them, that both Phil and Sneeg came out of the ship at some point and were also behind him. Next thing he knew there were taloned hands cupping his cheeks and squishing them together, his head was pulled so they were face to face with the bird alien. It shocked the human for a second, squirming away from the alien.

"Midnight! Do that again! Can you say other words!? Say, Phil! Fa-ill, Faaa-iilll."

"Phil?"

Their voice was a tad slurred due to being squished, but he still said the alien's name even if he was extremely confused on why. Phil on the other hand kept saying his name dramatically, trying to get Ranboo to repeat it back which he was doing so why was this continuing?

"Phil, give it up, Mid obviously isn't going to say your name because they can say bagel."

When did they say bagel? He didn't say bagel, and if he did why would they be able to understand that specific word?

"But this means we can teach Midnight to say other words! What if they're like those fyskets? And they can mimic our words?!"

What the hell was a fysket and why was he being compared to one. Also, why was Phil still holding their face, just let them go back to playing fetch with Floof. But sadly the bird alien wasn't giving up their insistence of Ranboo saying their name, which he repeated until he got bored and frustrated. The human huffed before slipping free of Phil's talons, attention going back to Floof who was gnawing on the blue stick. They could feel Phil's eyes still on them, it only made him a bit nervous.

Going back to their game of fetch he got through a few more throws before having to whistle again to get Floof's attention back, the space puppy was as easily distracted as an earth puppy. The second Ranboo whistled Phil was in front of him, wings flapping happily. Arms pulled them into an embrace, a quiet 'oof' escaping him as four wings surrounded him.

"Yes, good job Midnight! Say more words!"

Do they mean his whistling? How the hell were his whistles words? Whatever, they'd entertain the alien for a bit just so they'd leave him alone. So Ranboo whistled again, wincing at the excited chirp Phil released. Ow, could they not do that when so close to his ear?

"Try saying, Phil! Or Techno! Oh! Imagine if they can say their own name!"

Ranboo had absolutely no idea what his whistles meant to Phil, but apparently, they were words and they made the bird man happy. This continued for a bit before Techno said they need to get going, something about having another stop to make. Which sadly meant they had to leave Floof and Steve, he got attached to the space dog and puppy. But they could understand why Floof couldn't come with them, the space puppy would grow as big as Steve eventually and he doubted Floof would fit on the ship once that size. Still, he was reluctant to leave, they literally had to drag him back to the ship.

The uncomfortable harness was left on, but at least the leash wasn't attached anymore. Once Ranboo was able to remove this thing it was over for the aliens, they'd be able to drag him around no longer. But first, they needed to remove the thing, then he could gloat. Yet their pasta arms refused to cooperate, fingers just brushing over the clips. They even tried to get the thing caught in hopes it would either rip or unclip, in the end, they just ended up stuck before one of the aliens rescued them while chuckling at his situation.

Ranboo had been just laying on the floor staring up at the ceiling in the living room, or what the aliens called the common room. He was extremely bored, Sneeg had crawled into their hoodie pocket a while ago, they are pretty sure the tiny alien was sound asleep by now. They have been massaging their hands for the past hour or so, for whatever reason his fingers and palm were sore. He doesn't think he did anything to hurt them, and they were no open wounds, so the human had no idea why they felt the way they did. It was only when the door opened to reveal Phil holding that damn leash that the teen figured out they landed again.

After a few minutes of struggling Ranboo was being dragged off the ship, grumbling the whole time. Apparently, Techno was staying back on the ship this time, which was completely unfair if you asked them. Why couldn't they stay on the ship too? He didn't want to be dragged around to

wherever Phil decided they went, they just wanted to be bored on the ship. The bird alien dragged them to another somewhat crowded market-like area, aliens bustling around them.

At some point Ranboo got sick of being pulled around, instead just following after Phil. Their hands were stuffed in their pocket, mindful of the sleeping alien that was currently cuddling one of their fingers. It was perfect blackmail material yet he couldn't use it if no one understood them, he'd need to find a way to convince these aliens that he was actually talking to them and not whatever noises they must have heard.

They had been walking for a bit, the teen had grown bored of looking at whatever was being sold. Phil had stopped them in front of a stall-like place, haggling with the shop owner for some strange items that just didn't get translated correctly; the human just heard chirps and warbles when the items were named. They had been kicking at the green dirt, honestly, why were these planets so colorful? Did aliens think Earth was strange with green grass and a blue sky? Probably honestly.

Something bumped into them, they barely got a second to register it before a large hand was basically covering their face. Panic seized him, hands flying up in an attempt to pry the hand off. There was the sound of something ripping, the harness slipping off of them and onto the ground. They heard Phil squawk before a thud, the hand covering their face moved to wrap around their chest. How big was this alien if the thing could wrap a whole ass hand around them?! He noticed a smaller alien had some blade that was locked with Phil's own blade, when did they get that?!

Suddenly they were being lifted, the hand squeezing their chest and making it hard to breathe. He squirmed and struggled, desperate to break free from whatever had him in their clutches. Phil and the smaller alien were clashing blades, it looked like Phil had the advantage and would probably take down their opponent in minutes. Sadly Ranboo wasn't going to get the chance to see who won this fight exactly since whatever alien had him decided to book it in the opposite direction, taking them along for the ride.

Oh hell no! He wasn't getting kidnapped for a third time! What was with aliens and abducting people!? Shouldn't that just be a stereotype!? He can see why there were so many movies and shows about aliens abducting people, it all made so much sense now! Still, he was freaking out and trying to break free from a giant hand was near impossible, and the alien was moving so fast that even if they managed to escape being dropped at this speed could potentially kill them.

The alien ran towards a small ship, or maybe it was better to call this thing a pod. Wait now wasn't the time to debate what to call the thing he was about to be thrown into! The alien only released them to toss them on a metal platform, before the ravenette could attempt to stand and escape 'bars' appeared around and formed a cage. He uses the term 'bars' lightly, they were closer to tiny pillars of electricity, he wasn't going to touch them to find out.

Rumbling from the ship signaled the fact that they were about to leave, his fear only growing stronger. They were finally getting somewhat used to living with the three aliens and knew some of the stuff to expect from them, and now they were being taken to someplace new once again. Was this just his life now? Being ripped from one place just to get thrown to another and then repeat the process? They hoped not, getting kidnapped sucks. This ship at least had a window they could look out of and watch as he left the planet, which was kind of nice. Who was he kidding, it was horrible and they hated every second of this.

One thing they didn't expect was to see a mass of black speeding towards them, what the hell was that thing?! It was huge, like almost the same size as a pick-up truck! And it was heading right

towards them! As the thing got closer it was easier to see what it was; a giant black bird-like creature. Four large wings propelled it forward, large beak opening only to let out an ear-piercing scream. Ranboo had to cover his ears at the sound, only hearing the alien piloting the ship to start panicking. Which didn't make him feel like this would be a safe getaway, which was concerning because that made the chance of accidentally dying a lot higher.

The ship was speeding away but the bird thing was gaining ground or sky? Whatever it was getting closer and it was extremely anxiety-inducing. The thing was soon on them, talons wrapping around the ship, shaking it roughly. The human had to stick to the ground so they didn't accidentally slide into the electric bars, that would be a horrible way to die; at least with a crash landing, there was a chance of survival.

"Fucking Elytrians..."

Elytrian? Wait didn't that alien that wanted to buy him call Phil an Elytrian? But that thing was huge compared to the tiny bird alien! But it did have four wings... and Phil was with them earlier... and has threatened to kill people in some *interesting ways*... Holy shit was this Phil?! Was Phil really chasing down an alien ship for them? Okay maybe it wasn't for them specifically, like Phil could just be mad about his pet being stolen but Ranboo was going to pretend it was for them.

Phil, or what they assumed was Phil, was latched onto the ship. Their beak was slamming into the front window, glass starting to crack. It honestly looked like Phil might break through, but right before their beak shattered the glass the giant alien slammed down his fist on a button. A loud shrill sound sounded before another piercing scream came from Phil, the alien plummeting back down to the planet. Holy shit! One of Phil's wings was smoking, as the other three attempted to keep them airborne.

The last thing they saw before the void of space was around them was Phil desperately trying to fly towards the ship but they were instead falling. They really hoped the alien would be okay, screw it he was attached and they didn't want the other to be hurt.

He was hoping they'd care enough to come find him, even if it would be practically impossible since space was basically endless. Still, he couldn't help but hope they meant enough to the three aliens that they would come for him. It was a stupid hope but they clung to it like a lifeline, he'd rather be Midnight for them than go wherever they were headed now.

The human pulled their legs close, wrapping arms around their knees. With their face buried they held back tears, this sucked they just wanted to go back home. He wanted to go back to Earth, back to his shitty room, back to listening to teachers drone on and on about things he'd never need to know, back to pulling pranks with Tubbo. He wanted to go home. They wanted to listen to Sneeg ramble about ships and other sciencey stuff he'd never understand, back to listening to Techno grumble as he read his books, they even wanted to go back to Phil's warm hugs...

They wanted to go back to Phil's ship.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoy that cliffhanger you gremlins /pos

Making new friends in the strangest of places

Chapter Summary

So many new characters show up this chapter!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Kidnapping

Restraints

Dehumanization

Mentions of Past Nonconsensual Body Modification

Cursing

Mentions of Death/Murder

Choking/Suffocation

Violence

Mentions of Taxidermy

Unsettling Body Horror (One character is basically just floating eyes and a mouth)

Wounds/Injuries

Human Trafficking

If someone needs a summary please let me know and I will add one!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The pilot was silent as they flew the ship, the only sounds were the soft buzzing of the bars and the humming from the ship. It's been about twenty minutes since they left the planet, only stars and void surrounded them. He had no idea where he was going or why, at least with the other two kidnapping incidents they figured out what the aliens wanted from him. Sphere guy wanted a lab rat, Phil's group saw them as a pet, but what about this alien? Anyway, why abduct him out of all the other aliens roaming around?

They weren't sure he wanted an answer to that question, maybe being ignorant would be for the best. That way their anxiety wouldn't fester, yet he was still anxious. Their nerves were buzzing, tail twitching nervously. He uncurled at some point, sitting cross-legged and picking at one of the holes in their jeans, the threads pulling open the rips even more. Something moved against their stomach and he nearly screamed, only managing to stay quiet after figuring out what was moving about; or rather **who**. A tiny form was starting to climb out of their hoodie pocket, antennas twitching tiredly.

"Hey Mid, whe-"

They grabbed the moth alien quickly, glancing over at the pilot to see if they heard anything. Meanwhile, Sneeg was squirming in his grip, even though he could probably easily get out of it. The pilot didn't turn around or even acknowledge the noise, the human sighed out in relief. If Sneeg was found who knows what would happen, for one their only hope of contacting outside this ship or wherever they went would be gone and that couldn't happen.

Turning so their back was to the pilot they released Sneeg, letting him sit in the palms of their hands. The moth alien huffed but stayed quiet thankfully, he looked around, his antennas giving away his confusion. Now how did Ranboo get Sneeg to stay quiet but also contact Phil and Techno without alerting the pilot? Sneeg was looking down at his wrist, pushing buttons on a contraption clasped to him. A quiet buzz came from him and Ranboo was ready to grab the tiny alien again if he tried to make too much noise, their anxiety was rising now that he couldn't get caught with Sneeg here.

"Fuckin' jammed, figures."

At least the alien was whispering, the teen wasn't sure how well Sneeg would appreciate being grabbed again. The moth glanced around again before climbing up the ravenette's sleeve, peeking over his shoulder. They were about to pull him back out of sight, the pilot would spot the blue alien easily, but Sneeg glided back down before landing back onto Ranboo's hands. His tiny arms were crossed and he remained silent, they were really hoping the alien was thinking of an escape plan for both of them and not just himself. It would be so easy for Sneeg to slip past the bars and escape, leaving Ranboo to their fate. Yet the small alien stayed, silently thinking in their hands.

If Ranboo had to guess it's been almost an hour since they left the planet, and for some reason, the pilot never noticed Sneeg, even when the alien buzzed occasionally. But it seemed that was the last of their luck. The ship rumbled and the teen recognized the feeling of landing, it was similar to sphere guy's ship. Their tail smacked the metal plate under them, nerves acting up once more. As quick as he could the human practically shoved Sneeg back into their pocket, ignoring the offended buzz coming from the alien. Sneeg could be mad about it later, right now Ranboo was trying to survive and Sneeg being with him would be a huge help in their plans.

The ship landed, the pilot getting up and stretching. The giant alien glanced at them and the human hunched into himself, some defensive instinct telling them to appear small and maybe the threat would leave him alone. Yeah, it didn't work. The alien pressed a button and the bars of electricity faded, the teen took only a second before attempting to sprint away. They got maybe a foot before one of giant alien's hands was around their throat, lifting him off the ground. The human kicked out and struggled, gasping for breath as he was carried off the ship in a literal chokehold. Ranboo was desperately clawing at the hand, trying to get it off any way they could.

"You're gonna kill the thing if you keep holding it like that."

A new voice sounded, the human being dropped a second later. All Ranboo knew was that they were in some building, probably the space garage or whatever the name for it was. They held their burning throat as they coughed and sputtered, he was definitely going to die here. A pair of boots appeared at the corner of their blurry vision, tears already slipping down his cheeks. A taloned hand grasped their chin before forcing their head up, eyes locking with dark blue ones. This alien looked similar to Phil, if Phil's wings were gold and their hair was jet black, but they had four large wings sprouting from their back.

The alien looked them over, tilting their head from side to side curiously. He made a 'tsk' like sound before releasing Ranboo, the teen attempting to back away but was stopped by a taloned hand wrapping around their throat. He froze, the alien was putting pressure but not enough to restrict their breathing, still it was terrifying to have talons that close to your neck.

"I don't get why Schlatt likes these kinds of things, it's not even pleasing to look at."

Okay, that was just rude, he may have spent two months in space but they looked pretty good... Ah, who was he kidding he looked like a mess, but still the alien didn't need to be a dick about it. And who was Schlatt? Was that the person who was in charge of the kidnapping? The feathered alien glanced back at the giant one before speaking again.

"Well hurry up and restrain the thing, Schlatt is a busy man and you are already late."

Well, that didn't sound good. He'd attempt to run but those talons kept them still, they really hoped neither alien could hear the buzzing coming from his pocket, and if they did he hoped they just assumed it came from him. Giant alien guy rummaged around in some random box before pulling out a metal thing with two cylinders attached, they had an idea what that was and he wasn't liking it. Sure enough giant alien man came over and grabbed their arm roughly, clicking one half of the metal thing on their wrist before doing the same to the other side. They had to bite the inside of their cheek to stifle the cry of pain as the giant alien held onto their wounded arm.

Once restrained the talons left his neck, grabbing onto the metal between their hands instead. The alien didn't even bother to give a warning before they were being dragged along, scrambling to get to his feet and follow after; being dragged by the arms was not a pleasant feeling so he'd rather not do that. They silently followed after the feathered alien, giant alien guy was right behind them like they expected him to run. Which was fair, they would be booking it the second they could, handcuffs or not.

The group stopped in front of a door, like an actual metal door with a doorknob and all. A taloned hand knocked on the metal, the door opening less than a second later. Standing in the doorway was a large ram, three horns curled on his head, rectangle pupils, he even had hooves like Techno. The ram alien was only a bit taller than him, and that was mostly because of the top horn.

"You're late Q."

"The delivery pilot was behind schedule, but the thing you wanted is here."

Q, weird name but whatever, lifted the hand holding their bound hands. The ram looked at him before tilting its head curiously, he took a step forward as Q stepped to the side. He had a hand on his chin as he looked over Ranboo, the teen attempting to lean back so the other wasn't as close. The alien's hooves clicked as he walked around them, the teen curling up a bit at the feeling of eyes on them. A hand grabbed their tail and he jumped, limb squirming to escape the hand holding onto it.

"It's definitely strange like Rov said, twin tails are rare in most species. It's tall as well, but it looks weak, like a breeze could break it. It's interesting."

He wasn't a fan of being looked at like an item, they think being considered a pet was better than this. The ram ran a thumb over the fur on their tail, sending chills up their spine. He really disliked ram alien guy, who he'd take a wild guess and say this was probably Schlatt.

"Go put it in the trophy room, I already had the boys set up a container for it."

The ram man waved them off, slamming the door behind him as he reentered the room he came from. Q wasted no time turning them around and towards the 'trophy room' as Schlatt had said, the feathered alien remained silent the whole way there. The room they entered next was lined with various items, no bare spot was on any of the walls. There were jars, things pinned up like taxidermy mounts, cages, and random items Ranboo couldn't name. Q led them over towards the cages, the teen growing extremely uncomfortable with the situation. On one hand, he wasn't thrown into a cage but on the other, this could be considered worse.

Towards the back was a mostly empty section, the only other thing was a large green glass container. But attached to the floor was a metal circle attached to a thick metal coil, and they were heading right towards it. The human attempted to not be pulled over there but again the alien was stronger than him, honestly it was unfair at this point. Once close enough Q released his hold on their restraints and Ranboo took their chance, getting maybe halfway towards the room's entrance before talons wrapped around their throat and dragged them down. Above them was Q, teeth bared at him and wings spread.

"You fucker, this is why I hate it when he wants something alive. It always tries to run or escape, it's annoying."

Well, that seemed like the logical solution in this kind of situation so, of course, they'd attempt to escape, he'd probably try again the second he could. Q dragged them, by the neck this time, back over to the empty area. With his free hand, the feathered alien removed the handcuffs, only to replace it with the metal band attached to the floor. At first, it looked way too big to fit around the ravenette's wrist, which would make his escape a whole lot easier, but then the thing shrunk until it was wrapped snug on their arm. The alien released his hold on their throat with a groan, turning and heading towards the exit.

Ranboo had stepped on the metal coil and attempted to snap the thing, which of course didn't work and just hurt their wrist. He had maybe a five-foot radius with the restraint, not close enough to reach anything on the shelves lining the walls. They looked around, trying to spot any areas he could use to escape, pausing when they felt movement from their pocket. Right! Sneeg! They moved back towards the wall, crouching in the corner before slipping their hand into their pocket. He waited until Sneeg grabbed onto his fingers before pulling the tiny alien out, they doubted the moth wanted to be manhandled anymore than necessary.

The moth huffed before looking around, hopping off of the teen's hand and onto the floor. Sneeg didn't stray far, maybe a few feet before returning to Ranboo's side. They hoped the moth was also trying to think up an escape plan, and he would hopefully have one soon. The alien grumbled and muttered before climbing back up until he reached their shoulder, tiny hand landing on their cheek.

"Well Midnight, looks like we are in some deep shit huh? But fear not, for I Sneegsnag, will figure out a way out of he- what the hell?!"

They were confused on why the moth switched tones so quickly, tiny hands moving to their neck instead of his face. Sneeg was muttering curses as they pushed on their neck, cloak wings fluttering out of anxiety. They only got an answer as to why after spotting the red on Sneeg's white hands, their own hand reaching up to touch their neck. Pulling his hand back they spotted a few drops of blood but nothing that seemed life-threatening, they tried to seem calm in hopes it would convince Sneeg he was perfectly fine; sore and hyped up on adrenaline but still fine.

The moth was unconvinced, pushing their hood up against their neck to stop the bleeding. Really, what was up with everyone thinking he was fragile enough to die from even losing a drop of blood? Eventually, the bleeding stopped, it was just a few dots where Q's talons poked a bit too hard, and Sneeg calmed down. The moth stilled seemed anxious though, keeping a tiny hand pressed to their neck.

"Wow! I haven't seen one of your kind in centuries!"

The sudden voice shocked them, the ravenette flinching as they looked around. His hand reached up to cover Sneeg, just in case whatever alien spotted them didn't see the moth. But the room was empty of life, no one entered and there was no alien standing close by. Could aliens be invisible? If so he was screwed.

"Oh! You won't find me over there silly! I'm right next to you!"

Their head whipped around, the human locking up at the sight they saw. In that green container were two eyes and glasses, a large grin was just floating. Honestly, they were surprised he didn't just faint right then and there, floating eyes and mouth were extremely terrifying.

"Hello, human from Earth! I am Cornel Cornelius Cornwall, but I prefer to be called Charlie or Slimecicle. What is your name human from Earth?"

"...Ranboo?"

"Hello, Ranboo from Earth!"

Wait. This alien actually said their name... which means he was understood... Holy shit! Finally, someone can understand him! Their tail was thumping excitedly, the moth on their shoulder was just looking from them to Slime.

"You can understand me!"

"Of course, I can Ranboo from Earth, human speech is rather simple to understand. Does your Inchling companion from Orgina not understand you Ranboo from Earth?"

They shook their head furiously, a bright smile forming on their face at the fact they can finally have an actual conversation with someone. He didn't even care how Charlie could understand him, just that the... slime alien could.

"No! No one understands me, and I only started understanding everyone else a few days ago. It's been hell man, wait... if you can understand me can you translate what I say to Sneeg? Uh, my inchling companion?"

"Sure thing Ranboo from Earth! I can translate for you to Sneeg from Orgina."

Okay now, what did he need Sneeg to know, well for one that they can understand him perfectly fine, another would be working on an escape plan, after that they can work on other things. The teen relayed what he wanted to be said to Charlie, the slime repeating it to Sneeg.

"Hello, Sneeg from Orgina! I am Cornel Cornelius Cornwall, but please call me Charlie or Slime! I have an important message from Ranboo from Earth! Ranboo from Earth says; I can understand you and have been able to for a few days, we have some things to talk about later. But first, we

need to think of an escape plan. Are you able to contact Phil or Techno? I know you said something about jammers on the ship but is it the same here? That is what Ranboo from Earth said."

They watched the moth alien who was just staring at Slime, "Who the fuck is Ranboo?"

The human smacked their hand to his forehead, seriously!? That's what the alien got out of all of that?! That's one of the minor details of what was said, they could talk names later first he would like to not be chained to the floor.

"Ranboo from Earth is the human you are sitting on top of! They are very nice!"

"Wait you mean Midnight?"

"Ranboo from Earth said their name was Ranboo when I asked, not Midnight."

Sneeg stood frozen for a second before his cloak wings spread, four tiny hands squishing their cheeks together as the small alien looked over them. Wait, four? Sure enough, the moth had four arms, but they've only seen him use two. Did he just not use the other two for some reason?

"Wait! You're sentient!?"

"Yes?"

The moth glanced over at Charlie whose grin grew. "Ranboo from Earth said: Yes?"

"Holy shit, I knew you seemed a bit too smart. Techno's going to flip his shit, and Phil! Holy shit, Philza is going to probably molt out of shock!" The alien let out a laugh that sounded closer to a buzz, before pausing again. "Wait, if you've been saying stuff this whole time why haven't we understood you sooner?"

"I can answer that one Sneeg from Orgina!" The two glanced at the slime alien, his glasses had somehow turned themselves upside-down. "All communicators aren't registered to understand humans, but there is a solution! Humans have a similar dialect to glyphians, which you would need to manually set since glyphians are a secretive species and asked for their language to not be one of the default languages. There are many other languages that need to be manually turned on, but right now you should fix yours so it can understand Ranboo from Earth, Sneeg from Orgina."

The moth removed two hands from them to mess with the machine on his wrist, antennas twitching as he buzzed quietly.

"And that will let me understand Mid- Ranboo?"

The slime hummed in response, they still weren't over how weird Charlie was, but not in a bad way. No, Charlie was nice and cool, but he was still strange and a tad unnerving. Sneeg's buzzing picked up, cloak wings returning to rest against his back but it was obvious he was still excited.

"Say words at me! Just anything!"

"The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

"Holy shit."

Chapter End Notes

Cornel Cornelius Cornwall my beloved <3

Achievement Unlocked:: Beans

Chapter Summary

Fun times ahead!

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Blood

Mentions of Self-Harm (Breaking one's hand)

Wounds/Injuries

Non-Consensual Body Modification

Panic Attack

Cursing

Yelling/Arguing

Self-Gaslighting

Mentions of Death/Murder]

Possible Body Horror (I'm not sure if it's qualified as such but:: Thing growing from hands that shouldn't be possible)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Holy shit."

All four of the tiny alien's hands squished his cheeks, the moth practically buzzing in excitement. Ranboo couldn't blame him, they were pretty happy about the fact someone could finally understand them after two months of nothing. And now Charlie didn't have to translate for them, which made planning their escape a whole lot easier. But he couldn't really work on said plan while being squished by a small alien, so he poked Sneeg.

"Dude, personal space."

Oh gods he's been wanting to say that, and be understood, for days. The moth took a second to register what was said before releasing them, two arms hiding underneath his cloak-like wings. There was a lot Ranboo wanted to talk about with the moth, a lot of complaints actually. But first; escape plan.

"Now that you can understand me we should find a way out of here, not a fan of being chained to the floor." As if to prove a point the teen raised his arm, the coil swaying slightly at the movement. "Sneeg. Are you able to contact Phil or Techno?"

"It's really weird hearing you actually talk, not gonna lie-"

"Not the time Sneeg."

"Right, right."

The moth messed around on his wrist device, which was probably a communicator of some type, one with extra functions that the human didn't know about. Sneeg started frowning, pushing more buttons before cursing under his breath. Well looks like that was a 'no' then, or Sneeg just didn't know what he was doing. Which was doubtful, the tiny alien could talk their ear off about electronics and such.

"It's jammed. I'd need to get to a control room and connect to that before being able to send anything out."

"Do you think you could find a control room?"

"I mean probably, but it would take a bit and you're kind of stuck here."

Sneeg had a point, Ranboo wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. The human huffed as he looked at his wrist, a really dumb idea popping into their head. There was a slim chance this would even work, and he's only seen it in movies so who knows if Hollywood was lying. But! It was still an idea.

"Sneeg." The moth glanced at them, antenna flicking to show he was listening. "Do you think if I break my thumb I could squeeze out of this cuff?"

"What the hell!? Are you really that suicidal!? No, we aren't doing that!"

"I'm just saying, it's an option."

"No."

Well, there went his plans, how else were they gonna get rid of the cuff. There was nothing to cut the coil if it was even cuttable which Ranboo doubted. And the cuff wasn't going to slip off, his hands were too big for that. It would be wonderful if it had a lock on it, they remember Tubbo teaching him how to pick locks a while ago after they accidentally got locked out way too many times. But no, the thing was solid the whole way around. It really looked like breaking his thumb was the only option.

They looked to Sneeg, the alien was frowning at them and was obviously upset Ranboo even suggested the idea. It's not like it wouldn't heal, sure it would hurt like hell but at least he'd be rid of the cuff and free to just leave. Still, the moth didn't look ready to cave, if he had eyes they would have most likely been glaring at them.

"Well, what's your plan?"

"If I can get to the control room I can call Techno and Phil, get them to come pick us up."

Okay yeah, that plan seemed a lot better than his. Techno could probably snap the coil easily, the dude was huge and strong as hell. But Sneeg's plan involved him leaving for an undetermined amount of time, which Ranboo wasn't a huge fan of. Still, they'd much rather be alone than trapped in some alien's house or wherever they were. So Ranboo agreed with the plan, the moth alien then

jumped off their shoulder before glancing around the room. After spotting whatever he was looking for the alien moved to one of the walls, easily scaling the thing. When could he do that?

Sneeg climbed up to a vent, slipping in through the slates and disappearing. The teen leaned back against the wall, already feeling his anxiety grow now that Sneeg was gone. At least they had Charlie to talk to, the slime alien was actually extremely friendly and cheerful. Funny enough it was helping Ranboo's own nerves calm down so they weren't roaring but instead a buzz under his skin.

"Wow Ranboo from Earth! Your life is all sorts of crazy!"

"You're telling me, I just wanted a bag of chips and some soda. It's completely unfair, I didn't even get to enjoy my snacks! I dropped them when sphere guy grabbed me, he owes me six bucks for making me waste perfectly good food."

Charlie's laugh was interesting, it sounded like a laugh but with bubbles. The ravenette couldn't help but laugh along with him, it was infectious. The slime listened to their complaints and struggles, he was a great listener for a giant container of green goo.

"Ranboo from Earth, I have a question." The teen hummed in response, eyes going from the ceiling to his new friend. "Are your hands hurting you Ranboo from Earth? You keep rubbing them."

Sure enough, when they glanced down he was rubbing the pad of his thumb over the palm of his hand, trying to massage away the ache that was growing. They didn't want to worry Charlie though, he was fine anyway. So they said as such to the slime, it was hard to tell if he bought the lie or not since he was just a pair of eyes and mouth; with a pair of glasses. The human moved the conversation onto a different topic, something about some alien species. Ranboo just nodded along and listened to Charlie as he explained the basic biology of an alien he said was called a hoorb, which the teen didn't laugh at whatsoever.

The human was growing worried, Sneeg still wasn't back and it's been a while. Could he have been caught? Would they even know if the moth got caught? Probably not. So if Sneeg got captured then Ranboo was helpless, he couldn't go help the small alien. That also meant that Ranboo would be stuck here until the next alien abducts him, they figure if it's happened three times already it will happen again. He hopes the next one doesn't lock them up somewhere or eat him that was always a possibility. Maybe they could catch a ride back to Earth, just leave space and all its craziness behind him. That would be nice.

"Ranboo from Earth, you and Sneeg from Origna are attempting to escape Schlatt from Reytro correct?"

"Yup."

"Where do you plan on going after escaping? Back to Earth?"

Honestly, Ranboo hadn't thought about what happens next, they kind of just assumed he'd go back with Phil and them. But if they could understand him now, would they even want him tagging along? Before it was just three guys and their pet, now it would be four. What if they disliked them after finding out he could understand them and talk with them? Then he was screwed. They could drop him off on some random planet and tell him to screw off, or just not let them on the ship at all. And there was that anxiety again.

"Ranboo from Earth you are doing the hand-rubbing thing again, are you sure you aren't hurt?"

What would he do then? Hitchhike? Charlie said communicators had to be programmed to understand him, so they'd go back to not being understood. Which made hitchhiking rather difficult. And what if some alien spots him and just grabs them? Then the kidnapping cycle begins all over again. They weren't ever getting back to Earth, were they? Just his luck stuck in space with no way to get home. It sounded like the plot to a dumb space drama movie. They were screwed, he was-

The teen hissed, removing his thumb from his hand. They broke the skin, blood starting to bubble up. Wait, he shouldn't have been able to break the skin, they weren't using his nail. If anything it should bruise or turn red, not bleed. And it hurt, that ache was burning now. They attempted to wipe away the blood but when his fingers brushed against their hand they recoiled, fingertips stinging and burning. What the hell?

Both hands were red, both stinging but he was powerless to try and stop the pain. Touching them hurt, touching anything hurt. He tried to pull his sleeves over his hands, hoping the fabric would be soft enough to ease some of the pain. It wasn't, if anything it made things worse. He attempted shaking his hands out, maybe they just fell asleep or they touched something and were having an allergic reaction.

Their hands started to feel wet, blood now starting to flow out of cuts on his fingers. When did that happen?! They didn't cut themselves, they would have noticed sooner if he had. Still, the blood continued and the pain started to get even worse, the teen gritting their teeth as a whine escaped their throat.

"Ranboo from Earth, I believe the blood is supposed to stay inside your body not outside."

"Yeah. That's what I was thinking."

His words were clipped, not wanting to snap at the slime alien, he didn't deserve that. Still, he couldn't focus on Charlie's words, mind too focused on trying to stop the pain and bleeding. Their hands felt as if they were burning, almost like they were on literal fire. At some point they started crying, tears falling onto the floor beneath them. This was worse than the tail, at least with that it was only one area instead of two extremely sensitive areas.

He wasn't sure how long they just sat there trying not to scream while watching their hands bleed, completely lost on how to fix the problem. They must have zoned out, only coming back when tiny hands touched their own, a cry escaping them as they pulled back. Sneeg. Sneeg was back. That was a good thing. That means he found the control room and called Phil and Techno. Which means they were going to get out of here. They just needed to wait. And- shit that hurts.

Sneeg was buzzing around them, anxiety rolling off of him in waves. It wasn't helping their own nerves, if anything it was making them worse. The moth kept trying to touch his hands or fingers, tiny hands trying to help but he was just hurting them more. They're pretty sure they snapped at the alien at least a few times, trying to keep him away but Sneeg was one stubborn bug.

It was only after the bleeding slowed did they even let Sneeg close, the moth inspecting their hands without touching. He wore a frown, wings twitching as he thought. The human sniffled, growing concerned with the alien's silence. Did he know what was wrong with their hands? Could he fix it?

"I'll need to wipe away the blood, I can't tell how bad it is."

Well, that was going to hurt, but if Sneeg could fix it then the brief pain could be worth it. So he nodded, the moth just stared at him while waiting for an answer. So Ranboo agreed verbally, the small alien buzzing before glancing around. He scurried off for a second before returning with some piece of fancy-looking cloth, they almost felt bad about the fact they were about to ruin it with his blood. Key word being almost.

Slowly and gently Sneeg cleaned off their hands, the ravenette hissing when he pushed a tad too hard. The more the moth wiped the blood away the more Ranboo's stomach dropped, instead of stained hands there were circular things sprouting from his fingertips and palms. They weren't supposed to be there, that wasn't normal. Sneeg seemed to pick up on their growing distress, hiding their hands under the cloth before speaking to him.

"Ranboo, hey look at me." The teen looked over at him, tears ready to start flowing again. "You're okay, they're just paw pads. They won't hurt you."

Wrong they already did.

"But why are they there? They aren't supposed to be there!"

He was growing hysterical, fear of the unknown consuming him. If his hands weren't currently throbbing and stinging they would have clenched their fists, maybe even punched a wall. Who knows, not Ranboo that's for sure. Their answer seemed to confuse the moth alien, the human almost laughed; out of hysteria or just because it was funny he didn't know. Charlie was the one to answer the other alien's unspoken question.

"Humans don't have paw pads Sneeg from Origna."

"Then why does Ranboo?"

"I'm not sure, I was also curious about his tail but it's rude to ask such questions."

"Humans don't have tails either?!"

No duh, if he had a tail they wouldn't have just randomly grown one or try to remove it every chance he got. Still, this fact seemed to confuse the small alien, Ranboo would love to explain human anatomy after he figures out why they have freaking pads on his hands! Was this because of some really weird reaction to something? Was that a thing that could happen in space? Was it sphere guy and his weird injections? Why couldn't they not have things growing out of them, was that too much to ask for? Apparently so it seems!

"Ranboo, you need to cal-"

"You better not be telling me to calm down Sneegsnag. I think I'm allowed to have a mental breakdown after growing weird shit from my body on some alien planet, after being kidnapped three times, and stuck in space for over two months. I'm not going to just calm down."

They were pissed, his hands hurt, they had new body parts that terrified him, and he just wanted things to stop happening to them. Could life just not bother him for a few days? Give them a break? They were full out panicking now, breathing strained and heart slamming against his ribs. They just wanted to go home.

"Ranboo from Earth, should we leave you to your panicking?"

"No Charlie, just give me a second and I'll be fine."

Neither alien tried to speak to him after that, something the teen was grateful for. It gave him time to calm their racing heart and remember how breathing is supposed to work, it also allowed him to push the rest of his panicking down so they could focus. He was getting pretty good at that these days, which didn't seem like a good thing or a healthy thing. But they were still going to continue doing so since it worked. They took a deep breath before releasing it, the pain in their hands was slowly easing. Still, his nerves were sensitive and the fabric laid over them wasn't really helping right now.

The cloth slipped off when Ranboo moved his hands, the human getting a good look at the new addition to his body. Most of the blood had been wiped off, leaving mismatched pads behind. The right was a dull olive green, sticking out against his pale skin. The left was a muted red, he wasn't sure if they were still stained with blood or if that was just the color. Either way, it didn't belong on their hands, just like the tail that was currently tucked up against them. These would be harder to remove if they even could be. The things looked like they went below his skin, they have to dig the things out if he wanted to get rid of the pads.

Glancing over he spotted Sneeg, the tiny alien was watching them. He didn't look mad or anything, they'd almost say the alien looked concerned. He'd question it later, let their mind overthink everything after he wasn't attached to the floor in some alien's house.

"Sneeg." The alien perked up, inching closer. They moved their arms away from his legs, the moth taking the invitation and climbing up to sit on his knee. "Did you manage to call Techno or Phil?"

"Yeah, they were pissed. But I sent out the cords of this place so they should be here soon, it might take a bit. Seems we're kind of far out."

The human hummed in response, that was good. If Phil and Techno were going to be here soon then they would be leaving soon, which Ranboo was grateful for. Wait. What about Charlie? No way the slime was here willingly right? He was in a tank for gods sake! Ranboo wasn't just going to leave the guy behind, but it wasn't his ship. They didn't really have permission to even ask but he didn't want to leave his new friend behind in some ram alien's house, that would just be cruel.

"Charlie."

The slime made a glooping noise, glasses floating sideways. They hoped Sneeg and the other two wouldn't be mad that he even asked the other this, but it was too late to back out now. And anyway if they kicked him off the ship at least Charlie could be with them, so that would ease their worries a fraction.

"Wanna escape with us?"

Chapter End Notes

We love BtB!Charlie here <3

Ranboo needs a nap

Chapter Summary

<3

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Blood

Violence

Kidnapping

Body Horror

Unconcesual Body Motivation

Dehumanization

Self-Harm (Minor)

Restraints

Wounds/Injuries

Mentions of Self-Amputation

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Being Eaten

Panic Attack

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Wanna escape with us?”

The slime was silent for a few moments, Ranboo was starting to think he somehow offended the alien with their question. Was that a weird question? What if Charlie didn’t want to escape with them specifically? What if Charlie was here out of his own free will?

“Ranboo from Earth.” The human flinched, being pulled from his thoughts by the alien’s voice. Charlie waited a second before a wide grin formed. “I would very much like to go with you and Sneeg from Origna!”

Ranboo could feel their own smile grow, their tail thumped against the ground. This was great! Now if he got kicked off the ship Charlie would still be there. The slime seemed to like them enough, they doubted he’d abandon them on a random planet.

“Why are you doing that?”

The teen glanced at the small alien, slight confusion on his face. Were they doing something weird? His tail stopped its movements, curling closer to them instead.

“Uh, doing what?”

“That thing with your face, showing your teeth. Are you upset he agreed? I thought you were asking because you wanted Charlie to come with us?”

Huh? Did... did Sneeg not know what smiling was? They figured smiling was universal, but apparently not. Did he have to explain smiling to the moth? What other common expressions would they have to explain? And why would he be upset at Charlie for agreeing? If they didn't want the slime to come he wouldn't have even asked.

“No? I’m smiling. It means I’m happy? Do you guys just not smile?”

The moth’s antennas twitched in confusion, how does one not know about smiling? How else did they tell if someone was happy without asking them?

“Sneeg from Origna, smiling is a common human action. It is meant to show joy and happiness. Humans can also bare their teeth in aggression, but it is easy to tell the difference after seeing the two expressions a few times. Humans are such strange creatures, even I don’t know everything about them.”

The tiny alien seemed to process that information a lot easier than the human’s explanation, which was fair, Ranboo had no idea how to explain such a simple concept. Thinking back it would make sense why Sneeg’s never seen someone smile, they never smiled on the ship; the closest he got to a smile was with Floof. Wait, could they ask to see the space puppy again? Would Techno let them? He really liked Floof, and they missed the tiny fluffy alien.

“So it’s a normal thing? You’re not like picking a fight or something?”

“Why would I pick a fight with Charlie or you? You could probably snap me like a twig and Charlie could like... drown me in his goop or something.”

“I wouldn’t drown you Ranboo from Earth! My goop is not meant for that purpose!”

The human smiled again, a small huff coming out of them. He doubted Charlie would actually try to kill them, the alien seemed way too nice to do something like that. They liked Charlie, he was just so positive and cheerful that the ravenette couldn’t help but have his mood raised by just talking to the alien.

“Thank you, Charlie, I appreciate it.”

“You are kind of weak. And you get really bad injuries super easily.”

“I haven’t been badly injured? I mean the worse would probably be my hands now but before that I was fine.”

Sure he wasn’t the strongest, especially compared to these aliens with super-strength, but they weren’t weak either. And when were they injured? Sure there was his arm, which was healing nicely might he add, the tail, which healed pretty quickly, and now their hands, which still hurt but the pain was subsiding. So when was Sneeg talking about?

“Dude you start bleeding for no reason! Why do you think Phil hovers around you? It’s like your suicidal! You literally tried to cut your tail with a sword!”

“Look the tail isn’t supposed to be there, I was just trying to fix the problem. And I don’t bleed for no reason, I only start bleeding after getting cut or smacking my face into something. Most of the time it’s not a big deal-“

“Not a big deal?! Ranboo, blood is supposed to stay in your body! What if you bleed out? I’m still concerned about how much your hands bled...”

Okay, obviously there was a bit of a misunderstanding here. Ranboo wasn’t going to bleed out over a cut or nosebleed, they could die to infection but that’s not what they’re talking about right now. Sneeg was under the impression that any injury could mean death, but why?

“I mean it hurt a lot but I won’t die from this, at least I hope not. But my point is, bleeding doesn’t mean I’m going to die. I’d need to lose a lot of blood before that.”

The moth didn’t seem to believe them, wings flicking as he looked from their face to their hands instead. He looked like he wanted to look over the limbs again, his gaze lingering for a few seconds. The teen sighed but offered the tiny alien his hand, watching the whole time just in case Sneeg poked something he shouldn’t. They didn’t want to jump and end up flinging the moth across the room by accident if they could even do that.

“Humans are hardy beings, they are stubborn and hard to kill.”

"Yeah, I'm starting to figure that out. I thought it was a little strange how quickly the skin around the base of your tail healed, I just figured it had something to do with your species. But now your hands are doing the same thing, the skin is already mending itself and closing the ripped parts."

Well, that wasn't normal, sure they thought the tail thing was some alien stuff so it just didn't follow the basic rules of human biology, but now their hands were doing the same? Sure enough, looking down at his hands revealed mostly scabbed over wounds, the injury looking about a week old. What the-

"I'm going to guess this isn't normal then. I'm not good at this medical stuff, that's Tech's department. For now, just don't touch anything. It would be bad if you started bleeding again."

Ranboo wasn't planning on touching anything for a while anyway, no need to tell him twice. Sneeg still didn't seem satisfied in his searching, the teen offering their other hand which the alien took in his tiny hands. He gave the other limb the same lookover, taking time to check each digit. They figured he was overdoing it just a tad, but they remained silent.

A thought occurred to them, one he probably should have thought about before asking Charlie that question. How the hell were they going to lug a seven-foot-tall tank around while escaping? Could they fit him in something smaller? Would that be okay? Or would Charlie find that offensive? He can't just carry the alien-like he can with Sneeg, so how were they bringing Charlie back?

"Uh, Charlie?" The slime made a weird humming squishing noise, Ranboo would assume that was meant to inform them that he was listening. "Can you leave that tank?"

"Oh yes! Don't worry Ranboo from Earth, I can escape with you and Sneeg from Origina. There is a latch on top of the lid, once that is opened I can goop my way right out."

The human looked to Sneeg, the inchling's antenna twitched before he released their hand. The alien seemed to understand their silent question, hopping off of his lap and starting to climb up the

tank. Soon the moth was out of sight, already on the lid of the container. There was the sound of a click before the sound of whooshing, the small alien gliding back down to the ground.

Charlie's eyes, mouth, and even glasses disappeared as the green slime pulled itself out of the tank. Charlie slid down the side before landing with a 'squelch' sound, a large pile of green goop was just on the ground now.

"Uh... Charlie-"

Before Ranboo could question if the slime was alright the pile squished itself until it was mostly vertical, the liquid-like form shuddering and wiggling around. The next few seconds would probably haunt his nightmares for at least a month, maybe longer since his luck was never in their favor.

The pile shifted until it had limbs, two legs, and two arms, honestly Charlie looked like a human. If, you know, humans were completely green and looked a little goopy. Otherwise, the alien looked the most human Ranboo has seen since entering space.

"I hope you don't mind Ranboo from Earth but I chose to mimic your form, it seemed more efficient than Sneeg from Origna's form."

"Yeah, no problem?"

What was he supposed to say to that? It was obviously a compliment but it was such a strange thing to be complimented on that it left the human confused. Thankfully they didn't need to remain confused for long, or at least not confused over Charlie.

Alarms started blaring, the lights dimming and switching from their blinding white to crimson red. Well that didn't seem like a good sign, at least Ranboo is pretty sure sirens and red lights meant bad things everywhere. The moth alien hopped back onto their lap, crawling up his hoodie until he was perched on their shoulder.

"Looks like our ride is here, it shouldn't take them long to show up."

"Will they be okay? This Schlatt guy seems like the type to hire more than enough protection..."

Look, that giant alien was huge and Phil had fought with another alien on that one planet, blame him for being a bit worried. And those were just two of the aliens that could be roaming around, what if there were worse ones about?

"What Tech and Phil? Yeah of course they'll be fine. Those two have gotten out of worse situations before, I swear those two are cursed to always cause trouble."

The teen hummed in response, fingers gently pressing on the new pads attached to him. They were tingly and stung a bit, as long as they didn't press their hand up against something or smacked it into a wall he'd be fine. Sneeg ended up gently smacking the back of his hand, telling them to stop messing with the pads. They huffed at him, they weren't going to hurt themselves just poking the things; plus they felt funny so of course, he's going to mess with them.

Charlie had sat down next to Ranboo at some point, legs spread out in front of him, grin still plastered to his face. The slime was entertained by just pointing his feet, even the human started

focusing on the movements. That is until they jumped up as the door to the room ripped open, the metal flying across the room and crashing into one of the shelves; items falling all around.

Sneeg had managed to hold onto their hood and stay on his shoulder, antenna twitching as he moved so he had a better hold of the fabric. Charlie didn't even flinch, he just glanced up before tilting his head. Ranboo wanted to run, but the pressure around their wrist reminded him of how painfully trapped he truly was.

A large dark creature entered the room, creeping closer. The thing was huge, probably close to twenty feet or so. He may not be able to see it well with the red lighting but Ranboo knew a threat when he saw one, and this thing was definitely a threat. His free hand started trying to push the cuff off themselves, tugging at it in a desperate attempt to break free.

Sneeg was trying to say something to them but Ranboo's brain was focused on escaping that the alien's voice didn't reach them. The thing kept getting closer, seeming to speed up once it noticed the group of three. Nothing he was doing was working, the cuff wasn't releasing them. The teen was tugging, pushing, and scratching at the restraint, only freezing when a large shadow fell over them.

Charlie didn't seem bothered at all, Sneeg was still trying to talk to them. Ranboo's ears were ringing as he stared at the giant thing just standing in front of them, staring right back. Where were Techno or Phil?! Were the sirens going off for this thing instead of the other two aliens Ranboo was starting to be okay around?

"Chick."

Huh? The thing called him a chick? They weren't a bird, at least he didn't think he was. The thing let out a series of chirps and warbles, large talons emerging from the shadows. They wrapped around the cable, snapping it almost instantly. Ranboo would have ran the second he was free but the thing had spread its wings and had them completely surrounded.

The next thing they knew a large beak was approaching them, this time he turned to run. Run where? He didn't know, but they weren't sticking around to get eaten. Of course, they got maybe three steps away before he was being lifted off the ground again, limbs flailing in his panic. The thing turned to leave, the slime alien standing up and following right after them, he was getting kidnapped for the fourth time; great. Charlie didn't seem to care about the giant alien thing carrying them, he merely walked beside it. It was only when Sneeg tugged on their hair that the teen remembered the moth alien was still on their shoulder.

"It's fine, you're fine. Phil's not gonna drop you or anything."

Phil? Wait... was this Phil? He only caught a few glances at the alien when they were attacking the ship, but were they always this big? Why was the bird alien so terrifying?! They're going to have a heart attack if this continues. Still, knowing that this was Phil and not some scary-ass alien helped calm their racing heart.

The elytrian brought them outside the building, the sirens muffling slightly. Now Ranboo could actually see the alien carrying them, black feathers were covering their form, four large wings, two being used to move forward while the other two were tucked against their back, and when Ranboo glanced up they could see Phil's blue eyes glancing down at him. When they made eye contact the bird chirped, feathers puffing before settling.

Well now that the ravenette was pretty sure he wasn't going to get eaten it was a lot easier to calm down, it also helped that Phil lowered them back down to the ground. Once back on solid ground the teen glanced back at Phil, the bird warbled at them.

"Phil's not good at talking over their instincts when they are like that."

Right, Sneeg was still there. Ranboo glanced to his shoulder at the smaller alien, grateful he had answered their unspoken question. The human was going to ask another question but before he could even open their mouth a screech sounded from not too far away. He had to cover their ears at the noise, it was almost as piercing as Phil's call back on the ship.

There was a thud a few feet away, and when Ranboo turned to look they were shocked to see another Phil. Well a golden Phil, the bird thing was huge as well though smaller than the one behind him. Phil's feathers puffed, wings spreading, and they smacked their beak shut to make clicking noises. The golden bird looked to them before mimicking the posture, beak clicking as well.

"Oh wow! It's been a while since I've seen two elytrians fight! Ranboo from Earth you are a very lucky human to experience this!"

"Charlie I'd rather not experience it, two giant birds fighting is not something I would like to see!"

Ranboo would like to be as far away from an upcoming fight as possible, he did not want to be in the middle of this. Still, they were caged by two giant wings while the other two flapped, kicking up dust and wind. The clicking was getting louder as well, a piercing scream came from the gold bird before they lunged. Phil didn't hesitate, charging as well. Talons interlocked as beaks pecked and clicked, feathers flying everywhere.

The teen was sure they were about to be knocked over by the wind alone, but before he could lose his balance an arm wrapped around their midsection and he was once again lifted. This one he could recognize though, and sure enough, when he glanced back they saw Techno. The pig adjusted his grip on them before taking off, hooves slamming onto the ground. Ranboo didn't even bother trying to escape the pig alien, anyway they wouldn't be able to and he was exhausted. All this chaos was tiring, how were they going to get use to this?

They could see the ship, and Techno was heading right for it. The alien didn't hesitate before entering the vessel, dropping Ranboo on one of the alien couch things. The pig rushed off, the slime slipping in after Techno was out of sight. Charlie was glancing around the room, poking at some random item that sat on one of the tables.

Sneeg hopped down onto their lap, huffing before looking to the human. They were just done with today, he's going to sleep for a week straight and no one was going to stop them. Not even giant bird aliens. After a few seconds Techno was walking quickly towards them, medical supplies in hand... well hoof.

The alien gently grabbed their wrist, grunting at the cuff before he huffed at the scratches and bruising skin around it. Ranboo didn't try to pull away, instead he just watched the alien do his work. It was when Techno turned their hand did he notice the newest addition to Ranboo's anatomy; the paw pads. The pig glanced over at Sneeg who was looking away, obviously trying to avoid a confrontation. It didn't work.

"Sneeg. I thought you said they were fine when you called. Now they have these and to make it worse they're injured, Phil's going to kill you."

"Look it's not my fault, they were fine when I left! I was just as shocked as you are! And Ranboo doesn't even know why they have them!"

"Ranboo?"

The human just sighed, groaning as they threw their head back. He didn't have the energy to explain his intelligence all over again, they were exhausted. Getting kidnapped and then rescued by a giant scary bird thing definitely tired them out, let them sleep already.

"Oh Yes! Ranboo from Earth!"

"Yeah, turns out Midnight here is actually Ranboo." Sneeg sounded like he was having fun explaining, so the ravenette was more than willing to let him do all the talking. "And that's Charlie, Ranboo invited him along."

"I am Cornel Cornelius Cornwall, but please call me Charlie or Slime!"

The slime bounced over happily, like literally bounced, every step had him bobbing up and down. Techno didn't seem super thrilled with the new addition but he didn't say anything about that, he just looked at Sneeg with a frown. The moth on the other hand was buzzing, wings flicking in excitement.

"Oh, and here's the best part." Sneeg paused for a second, leaning forward before finishing his sentence. "They're sentient."

"Heh!?"

Chapter End Notes

Birb Fight

Panic at the Disco

Chapter Summary

◊✧ Space Time ✧◊

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Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Kidnapping
Restraining/Being Restrained
Mentions of Needles
Mentions of Torture
Dehumanization
Panic Attack
Mentions of Amputation
Mentions of Self-Harm
Unconsensual Body Modification
Mentions of Drugs
Mentions of Hallucinations

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Was it really that shocking? He figured it would have been pretty obvious just by how they acted around the others. But then again if Tubbo's cat just started talking one day Ranboo would have believed he had been drugged or was simply hallucinating. So maybe it could be shocking to these aliens.

Charlie plopped down next to them, slime sticking to the furniture. He was glad they wouldn't have to clean that up, or at least he hoped they wouldn't. How would they even clean up the slime Charlie left behind? Wasn't that like a part of him? Would he eventually shrink after losing so much slime? The alien was an enigma to the human.

"Heh?"

"Yup. It's kind of hard to believe myself, but yeah Ranboo here can understand everything we've been saying."

"Yes Ranboo from Earth is a very nice person, they even helped me escape!"

The pig alien looked at the two aliens before glancing at Ranboo, the guy still had their wrist in his hand. The ravenette raised an eyebrow, trying to figure out if Techno would believe the other two or not. Ranboo would have said something if they didn't already know the other would have no idea what they were saying. So the only way they could prove anything was if the other two got Techno to adjust his communicator.

"So, let me get this straight... You're telling me that Midnight or Ranboo, whichever, is sentient. Which includes intelligence."

"Eh, the intelligence part is iffy."

The teen picked their head up to glare at Sneeg, they were rather smart considering how dumb some people could be. At least they could name all seven continents, some people couldn't do that.

"Rude. I'm plenty smart, I got straight A's in all of my classes."

"You wanted to break your hand less than twenty girfuws ago."

"Hold on, what?"

The two turned to face Techno when he spoke, the pig man seemed confused, which was fair since he only heard half of that conversation. Still, it was kind of funny to see this literal bipedal pig look confused, kind of made him less intimidating.

"Yeah, I swear they're suicidal or something. Ranboo suggested breaking their hand to escape, I made sure they didn't though."

The alien looked over their hand, pulling it closer and examining it for any damage. They were fine though, he didn't get to live out a common movie trope today, his hand would remain unbroken for now. Not that they want to break their hand now, he barely wanted to do it earlier but it seemed like the only option at the time. Once he found no broken bones Techno turned back to Sneeg.

"You can understand them. How?"

"Lemme see your communicator, it needs to be manually typed in."

The alien reluctantly released their hand to instead remove a golden earring from his floppy ear, the teen was only slightly tempted to smack it so it would flop more. They refrained though, mostly out of laziness and the rest because he didn't want to get on Techno's bad side. The moth took the earring, messing around with the thing before handing it back.

"There, that should do it. Ranboo say something."

"Something."

He blames his sass on the fact they are tired and his hands still kind of hurt, the tingling was now annoying. They wanted to scratch the pads, get rid of that itch, but it would hurt even more if they did so. They glanced at Techno who was just staring at them, what was up with this guy and staring at him? The two stared at each other for a few seconds before the alien spoke up.

"Okay, but how do we know that wasn't just them mimicking you like they did with Phil?"

"Because I'm not. See? Sentient." Now, this was the reaction they expected; shock. The pig man tensed up, looking over them as if they suddenly grew three heads. He wasn't some pet trained to say certain phrases, they had thoughts and such. "Do you need more proof? Here; the fitnessgram pacer test is a multistage aerobic capacity test that-"

"Yeah I get it, you can stop now."

The human shrugged before leaning back onto the couch, glancing over they noticed Charlie was contently looking around the room. When his head turned towards Ranboo the slime smiled widely, looking so positively happy that the teen couldn't help but smile in response.

"Does Phil know?"

"Nope, I figure as soon as they get back one of us would pry them off Ranboo and explain."

Well, that sounded fun. He wasn't looking forward to the bird alien clinging to them at the moment, maybe that was just because of how tired they were right now but hugs didn't sound pleasant.

"Before that, could someone take this off. I'm not a fan of jewelry, and while it's a beautiful piece I would like it off of me and thrown out into space."

The two aliens looked back to them, the human raising his still cuffed arm as if to remind them of it. Techno glanced at it before shuffling back over, having moved closer to Sneeg when they were fixing his communicator. Ranboo offered their arm back to the pig alien, watching as he turned the limb while looking over the cuff. They weren't sure what exactly he was looking for, the thing didn't have a keyhole or any seams. Techno grunted, he started tugging on the cuff.

"Well, looks like we have to cut it off."

"Oh so breaking my hand isn't okay but cutting my hand off is?"

"What? No. The cuff, I'm talking about cutting off the cuff. Sneeg wasn't joking about you being suicidal."

The human huffed, the alien should have specified. The moth alien climbed back up onto their shoulder, perching right between their neck and hood. He glanced over when Techno stood, hand still holding onto their wrist so they were kind of forced to stand as well.

"I think I have something in the medbay that can cut this."

"Oh hell no." The pig alien looked at them, ears flicking as if debating he heard them correctly. "I'm not going in there, either you bring the things out here or the cuff stays on." Their tail lashed behind them, anxiety growing stronger by the second.

"I can't. It's attached to the ship, specifically that room."

"Nope, I'm not going in there."

They had started attempting to push and pry Techno's hand off of them, he wasn't going to drag them to the white room. But of course, the alien's grip remained strong and unyielding, it also didn't help that their hands were still sore which made his attempts so much harder. The pig alien just looked at him before grabbing their hood and lifting them, the teen started thrashing instantly.

"Calm down, you're fine."

"Calm down?! Don't tell me to calm down Techno! I am within my right to panic right now!"

"It'll take less than two girfuws."

"I don't even know what that means!"

Still, the alien carried them towards the white room, drastic times call for drastic measures. So they slipped out of their hoodie, about to sprint away only to be picked up once more. This time a fluffy arm was wrapped around their midsection and arms, keeping them still. Again the human struggled, their trump card had failed and now he was screwed.

Once the aliens had him in the white room Ranboo's struggling picked up even more, now they had started trying to kick the pig man. It was only when the door was sealed did they even release the human, and the second he was free they booked it for the door. All they ended up doing though was smacking into the now solid wall. The ravenette tried scratching at the metal, looking for any seam that would let them pry the thing open.

"Ranboo, calm-"

"No! Let me out!"

They were panicking, he knew he was panicking. All they wanted to do was go take a nap, maybe get a snack or something. But he definitely didn't want this, they'd rather be back at Schlatt's weird museum thing than the white room. Hooved hands grabbed them again, pulling them back from the wall.

"We'll be quick, it won't even hurt." If he wasn't currently thrashing and panicking then Ranboo would have noticed the odd concerned tone coming from Techno, but of course, they weren't focused on that right now. "Sneeg, grab the *snort*. I'll hold out their arm and you cut the cuff."

Ranboo's cries and begging weren't working, the pig alien had them completely restrained. Their arm was held out, the teen was struggling to pull it back. Everyone paused though at the whoosh of the door, all three heads turning to see who just entered. Standing in the doorway was Phil, their feathers were ruffled but they otherwise looked uninjured.

"Uh... am I interrupting something?"

"Phil!"

The human struggled again, whistling sharply in hopes it would somehow translate to help for the bird alien. The blonde just cocked their head, glancing from Ranboo back to Techno and Sneeg. The pig man had the teen in a bear hug basically, free hand holding out their own. The moth on the other hand was holding some item that looked like a miniature chainsaw, a thick cable running from the device to the wall.

"They have a cuff stuck to them, so we're removing it."

The bird alien moved forward after listening to Sneeg, the door shutting behind them. "Midnight seems distressed." The teen nodded vigorously, they were extremely distressed right now. The alien

cupped his cheeks, cooing softly. "Aw, it's okay. You're okay chick." Phil was going to be no help to them it seems.

There was a whirring noise, he wanted to snap his head over to look but Phil kept their gaze away from whatever Sneeg was doing. That just made their anxiety even worse! Now he didn't know what was going on and they still panicking. The bird kept cooing at them while trying to calm him down, it wasn't working. They could feel a vibration against their wrist, fear flooding his system. He was begging them now, pleading with them to release him.

It was only after the whirring stopped that Techno's hold on them loosened, not letting them go just yet. Ranboo had stopped struggling, now they were just trembling. He could hear the aliens speaking to them but his brain wasn't processing their words, it sounded like gibberish. They were lowered to the ground, knees giving out almost immediately as they crashed. Taloned hands tried to reach for them but he flinched before scrambling away, avoiding the hooved hands that also tried to grab him.

They managed to push himself under a table and into the corner, curling up tightly as they took too shallow breaths. No one reached for him under here, they could see both Phil and Techno's legs only inches away from the table. The pig alien's voice was monotone as he spoke to the bird alien, the words were jumbled to him though. A cool feeling brushed up against them, head snapping to the side to see a small pile of slime. Two eyes and a mouth formed, a warm smile appearing on the green sludge. Charlie.

"Hello Ranboo from Earth, are you alright?"

They sniffed before shaking their head, pulling his knees even closer to himself, their tail curled around them as well. No, he wasn't okay. They were starting to calm down but he wasn't sure if they would be able to willingly leave the safety they had while under the table. Sure Sneeg could probably get under here, but the moth hadn't yet and Ranboo wanted it to stay that way.

"If it's alright with you Ranboo from Earth could you explain to me why you are distressed? Perhaps I, Cornel Cornelius Cornwall could be of assistance?"

"Thanks Charlie, but I don't think you can help." Their voice felt rough, probably from all the talking he's been doing these past few hours. Two months of barely uttering a word seemed to have taken its toll on his poor throat.

"Even if I can not be of help, would discussing why you are so distressed help?"

Would it? Probably not. But Ranboo hasn't been able to talk about what happened on sphere guy's ship with anyone, so maybe finally saying something could help?

"I... I don't like the white room. The other ship had a white room, or the medbay, whatever it's called. And every single time sphere guy dragged me into the white room I always got hurt. Needles, cuts, bruises, you name it. I don't want to get hurt again. But I keep getting hurt or kidnapped, and now I'm growing weird body parts. I didn't ask for this, I just wanted a bag of chips! And now I'm stuck in space with a bunch of aliens who scare the crap out of me, and I just want to go home. I just want to go home."

At some point during their venting tears started falling, words growing slurred with emotions. It was too much, holding all the fear and terror he had felt for the past two months were finally being released, leaving Ranboo a sobbing mess.

“Ranboo.”

They peeled their eyes up at the new voice, spotting the bird alien sitting in front of the table. Phil didn't try to grab them or crawl under the table with him, they just remained seated. Their wings were lowered and practically laid out on the floor, they looked small and unthreatening; well less so than normal.

“I'm sorry. We didn't take your feelings into account, we simply ignored them because we thought we knew what was best. It's obvious to us now that we were in the wrong. None of us want to harm you, we never have. No one will drag you back in here unless absolutely necessary, we won't force you to enter this room again.”

Phil made a sad cooing noise, wings falling even lower.

“I don't know the extent of what you've been through, only this small bit that you've shared. If it's alright with you, maybe we can start over?”

Ranboo wasn't sure about this, Phil could be lying. They could be trying to get him out with false promises and sweet words just to pin him down and jab needles into them. But the bird looked apologetic like they truly wanted to fix things. The human was stuck with these three for the foreseeable future, so maybe it would be best to try and make amends.

“Okay.”

“Wonderful, thank you. I'll start us off; hello Ranboo, my name is Philza but you may call me Phil. I am an Elytrian, we are native to the planet Aeythr. My friend here is Technoblade, he is a Pygmin from the planet Neithre. My other companion is Sneegsnag, he is an Inchling from the planet Origna.”

A lot of those words meant nothing to Ranboo, he didn't know any of those planets. Still, it was nice to know what the aliens' names were, made them feel more human to them. Irony isn't it?

“Hello, Phil. I'm Ranboo, Ranboo Belvoi... uh I'm a human, American specifically. I live on the planet called Earth.”

“Hello! I am Cornel Cornelius Cornwall, but please call me Charlie or Slime.”

Maybe he could coexist with these aliens, just until they got back to Earth.

Chapter End Notes

Not super proud of this chapter but hey, they are communicating!
So hopefully they'll work on boundaries next time

Ranboo's 'Human 101' class is now in session

Chapter Summary

◊+ Space Time +◊

Now with a bit of lesson on humans!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Mentions of Blood

Dysphoria (Marked with ✦ so it can be skipped)

Mentions of Misgendering

Mentions of Surgical Operations

Mentions of Transphobia

Mentions of Surgical Amputations

Mentions of Death

Nonconsensual Body Modification

Mentions of Kidnapping

Mentions of Panic Attacks

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Coaxing out a panicky and exhausted teenager was extremely difficult, especially for said teenager. Ranboo was ready to collapse and sleep for a million years, maybe even for eternity. But of course, this wasn't something they could do, they couldn't even go take a nap yet. Phil was excited to talk to them, wings puffed up and twitching with excitement. Even Techno looked interested to engage in conversation with the human, Sneeg seemed indifferent, while Charlie was more entranced by the interior of the ship.

The elytrian led them all back towards the alien living room, he'd probably start calling it the common room like the others did but for now, it was the alien living room. They had said they wanted to discuss some things since Ranboo was now considered intelligent life, which they tried not to find offense with. Phil had motioned for them to sit on the couch, which the ravenette did and practically melted into the thing. He couldn't remain sitting here for long or else he risked falling asleep right then and there.

"So Ranboo..." Funny how weird it was to hear their own name come out of someone else's mouth after 2 months of weird noises and then being called Midnight. "You said your species is called 'human'? None of us except for... uh..."

"Cornel Cornelius Cornwall! But please call me Charlie or Slime."

"Yes, uh except for Charlie. And your home planet is also something we haven't heard of before. Would you be willing to tell us more about your species and planet?"

How were they supposed to explain humanity to three and a half aliens, Charlie only slightly counted because he at least had some basic knowledge? Was he just supposed to recite the world's history? That would take forever, and the American schooling system focused mostly on the United States and how great and powerful they are, so Ranboo's knowledge of the world was limited. Maybe they should start with basic human anatomy.

"Sure I guess. Uh, humans are basically bipedal monkeys... wait you guys don't know what a monkey is do you?" The aliens' confused looks were enough of an answer for him. "Well humans usually look like me, minus the tail and these things." They held up a hand, showing off the pads. He should really wash off the dried blood later, maybe after a nap.

"Humans don't grow tails?"

"Well some people are born with a tail but it's usually removed-"

"Why would you remove someone's tail?!"

The ravenette raised an eyebrow at the winged alien, were they serious? Why else? It didn't belong and wasn't normal, so it was removed.

"Because it's not normal? They do it with extra fingers and toes too, well if the parents are okay with it at least. Sometimes they remove other things... it's just normal."

"What other things?"



Oh boy, they didn't want to get into this stuff with anyone let alone these three. He didn't even know if they had genders or sexes, would they need to give a bunch of aliens a simplified health class? How would they explain gender? Do any of them understand genders?

"Well uh, so humans are usually born with one of two sexes. Male and Female, but sometimes people are born with both sets of reproductive organs. And sometimes the parents of these people decide to remove one of the sets."

Ranboo had to stifle the snickers that formed in the back of their throat at the sight of the three. Phil looked completely shocked, Techno was all stiff and looked like he was trying extremely hard to not look shocked, and Sneeg... it was hard to tell what Sneeg was thinking.

"That's messed up."

"I agree Sneeg, but that's just how some things are, unfortunately. So while there are two biological sexes there are a bunch of different genders."

"There's a difference?"

The human huffed but nodded, here comes the fun part. "Yes, a huge difference. Some people who are born male are actually female but their body doesn't match their gender. It can also go the other

way, or someone might not feel like either gender. Some can feel like both or even switch genders depending on how they feel that day, there are also millions of different genders that use things called neopronouns."

"So someone born a male can actually be female? And what are neopronouns?"

"Yes, and well, they can be practically anything. It's just whatever someone feels comfortable being referred to as, I don't believe there are any rules to them. But again I'm not an expert on this stuff."

"How can you tell, are there certain differences between the two sexes or is it something else?" The elytrian seemed rather invested in this conversation.

"Well, there are a bunch of differences but the easiest way to tell is by someone's chest. Females have these lumps on their chests while males have flat chests, so when someone is born female but doesn't identify as such they will wrap tight fabric around the lumps to make them appear flat. I'm uh, not really sure what females who were born male do."

"Why would they do that? You don't do that but you have those lumps."

The human winced at Sneeg's comment, he would gladly bind if they still had their binder. But of course, he slipped on his oldest one when running to the convenience store, it wasn't supposed to be a long trip so they weren't worried about it ripping or anything. Of course, he didn't take into account kidnapping when he changed, and of course, the thing ripped after a week of almost non-stop wearing. He wonders if they can sue sphere guy for emotional distress, did they have a space court here?

"Wait you're female Ranboo? I'm sorry we didn't notice sooner we--"

"No, I'm not, I'm male."

His words were clipped, he wasn't going to put up with being misgendered by a bunch of aliens. They didn't put up with it from bigots on Earth and they wouldn't give aliens a free pass. He glared at them, daring them to try and say something; to tell him he's wrong about his own identity. Their tail smacked the side of the couch, adding to his agitation.

"But you said--"

"No. We aren't talking about me here, I'm explaining human things to you not explaining my identity."

They bared their teeth, a low rumble escaping them. If he wasn't focused on making his point clear they'd probably be concerned about how he made that noise and how they made it that loud. Either way, his agitation was clearly recognized; Phil's wings puffed up, Techno tensed and straightened up, Sneeg's antenna stopped their constant twitching and stood ramrod straight. Charlie was watching them, head tilting before he gasped and then started smiling.

"Oh, Ranboo from Earth! You are displaying aggressive behavior! Are you upset? I can recommend some breathing techniques!"

"No, thank you Charlie I'm fine." They took a deep breath before releasing it, tail slowing its motions. "Now to answer your question Sneeg, people bind because it helps their minds stop thinking something is constantly wrong. As for why I don't, it's because my binder broke on sphere

guy's ship and I haven't found an alternative solution yet. Oh, that reminds me, give me back my hoodie."

They held out their hand to the pygmin, Techno looked back at them confused. He knows he hasn't seen any of them wear hoodies before but how else was he supposed to describe his apparel?

"The purple piece of fabric I wear, you still have it and I would like it back now."

"Oh, yeah sure."

Techno handed over the hoodie, having kept it with him after they left the medbay. Once back in Ranboo's possession the teen slipped it on, feeling better with the thin protection it gave them; from eyes or just in general. The buzzing he hadn't even noticed at first calmed once their chest was hidden away under the baggy fabric, it was a small comfort but it was all they had at the current time.



"Now let's change the subject, back to things that don't belong normally on humans." They held up their hand again, having to do a double-take. "Oh, you've got to be kidding me! Really more?!"

They grumbled as he attempted to rub away the black spots that were now littered across his hands. What other body parts of his were going to change? And the better question; why were they changing?

"Ranboo? Are you-"

"I'm fine, just not too happy about all of these sudden changes."

"Do humans not change colors?"

"No-" Well technically they did but not like this, not unless they were dead. Shit was he dying? Was all of this just him dying super slowly with weird side effects? "Not like this... humans can change color sometimes but it's usually not permanent and only lasts a few minutes or so. Black though usually implies that body part is dying, but I can feel my hand and move it so I don't think it's dying?"

"You're dying?!"

That's what they got from this? Ranboo specifically said he doesn't think he was dying, wouldn't it hurt more than tingling if his hand was turning black and would probably need to be removed. Still his skin was darkening by the second, spots growing larger and connecting. At this rate his hand will be completely black, which would look kind of cool but also it was pretty scary. But after getting a freaking tail this seems like child's play, even the pads were worse than this.

"I said I don't think I'm dying, it doesn't hurt just tingles. I'm going to take a guess and say this isn't some weird alien disease?"

The elytrian shook their head, taloned fingers fidgeting on their lap. He sighed but held out his hand for the alien who took it quickly, looking over the limb curiously.

"Not that I know of, at least I've never heard of an illness like this. Most illnesses don't form extra limbs or extremities." Phil poked their paw pad, his fingers curling slightly at the pressure. The

blonde repeated the process a few times, watching in curiosity as Ranboo's fingers moved of their own accord. "But then again, maybe humans experience different symptoms. If anything else changes can you let us know?"

"I mean if it's anything like the previous times I'm pretty sure it'll be obvious, though I'm hoping nothing else shows up. But with my luck who knows, maybe I'll grow horns or wings next."

"If you grow wings can I preen them!? What color would the feathers be? I would guess black like mine, maybe some white like your hair!"

"Phil, I don't think I'm growing wings. But if I do I'm not going to be happy about it, they'll be leaving with the tail as soon as I can cut them off--"

The elytrian squawked in distress, grip on their hand tightening. Oh right, they were against the whole limb removal thing. Well, that was too bad, he'd be finding a weapon or something and removing this gods awful tail the second he could. They would need to figure out how to get rid of the pads without gouging out his fingertips and palms, as for the coloring... he wonders if bleaching their skin would work. Do aliens even have bleach?

"Why are you so willing to hurt yourself like this? Both Techno and Sneeg said you were suicidal but I didn't think it was this bad..."

"Whoa hold on, my mental health may not be the best but I am definitely not suicidal. Why do you guys keep thinking that?"

All four of the aliens looked at him like he asked the stupidest question possible, which they're pretty sure they didn't. The inchling huffed, gliding over to land on Ranboo's knee.

"Look, you keep suggesting you hurt yourself. You can't blame us for growing worried when you keep saying you're going to give yourself fatal wounds."

"Fatal? I mean maybe with the tail but I'm not stupid I know some basic medical stuff, I know how to not bleed out. But everything else I've said wasn't fatal?"

"You wanted to break your hand, how is that not fatal?!"

Did... did aliens just not break bones occasionally? Like we're their bones super strong or something? And how was that fatal?! Phil's hand held onto his like a lifeline, aqua blue eyes watching him closely.

"It's not? I've broken my arm before, sure it hurts but I didn't die from it? I don't think I've ever heard of someone dying from a broken bone, well except someone's neck or skull I'm pretty sure."

"You've broken a bone before?!"

Oh yeah, maybe he shouldn't have mentioned this. Techno was rumbling, and for some reason, Ranboo knew it wasn't like before. They could remember hearing the pygmin making that noise on the first day they were brought onto this ship when he was cleaning the slice on their arm. While that rumbling seemed calming this one was distressed like Techno was trying to calm himself instead of Ranboo. Sneeg's tiny hands were latched onto his leg, antennae pulled back as his wings twitched.

“Yeah? It’s actually pretty easy if you hit it in just the right place or hard enough. I’ve broken my arm, a finger, I think a toe, and probably my ribs before. The finger was because I slammed it in a door, ribs were because some guy decided to beat me up after school one day, I can’t remember what I did for the toe, and I broke my arm because Tubbo pushed me out of a tree in grade school.” They chuckled at the memory. “He felt so bad that he ended up jumping out of the tree and spraining his ankle, I told him I wouldn’t forgive him unless he married me when we got older. Needless to say, he proposed with a ring pop and an apology the next day, I hadn’t been serious but I couldn’t say no to him; he even got my favorite flavor so, of course, I accepted. We’ve been married ever since.”

Man talking about Tubbo just made him more homesick, great. They missed the chaotic brunette, no doubt Tubbo was probably concerned about where they were. He never texted him back after his midnight snack run. Tubbo probably thought he either left without saying goodbye or was dead in a ditch somewhere.

“Do humans just break bones like it’s nothing?!”

“I mean yeah, sometimes. We usually don’t do it on purpose though because it does hurt a lot and takes a while to heal but it’s a rather common injury.”

“Are humans just accident-prone? Are you such a fragile species?”

“Humans aren’t fragile in the slightest!” All eyes turned to Charlie as he spoke, the slime was practically vibrating in happiness at the chance to explain something. “While they are injured easily they are stubborn creatures! Humans have learned to adapt to harsh environments and how to survive fatal wounds. While something like broken bones or missing body parts are deadly to us a human can survive. I once saw a human missing their whole arm! It was very shocking and terrifying!”

“Humans can lose limbs and still survive?! How?!”

The teen shrugged, he didn’t know it was just something that could happen. Sure not everyone would survive an amputation but it was uncommon if they got the proper medical attention, not that he had any experience in this though.

“Humans are terrifying creatures.”

Ranboo nearly choked at that comment, chuckling at Sneeg’s assessment of his species. He wasn’t wrong though, humans were pretty scary when compared to other species.

“Honestly you guys are even scarier. I mean Techno is huge, Sneeg is scary strong for his size, and Phil just screams danger. Charlie is probably the least terror-inducing alien I’ve met these past couple of months.”

“Thank you Ranboo from Earth, I am glad I do not scare you.”

“Wait we scare you?”

Well duh! Did they not make that obvious? He was pretty sure his fear was clearly shone from day one but again it seemed no one picked up in it. They sighed but nodded, guess they’d have to explain why.

“Yeah, like a lot. Techno you pick me up with no warning, and I can’t escape you because you’re like insanely strong. I thought maybe if I had to I could fight Sneeg but I’m now positive he could snap me like a twig, so I don’t plan on testing his strength. And Phil can turn into a giant bird! They’re the most terrifying out of all of you but they’re also nice? It’s confusing. And none of you understand boundaries whatsoever.”

Phil released their hand by the end of his rant, and he only felt a bit bad about it. All three of them looked upset like they felt bad. And of course, being weak-willed as he was, they felt bad for even saying anything

“Look, at first I was scared shitless of you three. But I’ve kind of come to the conclusion that you aren’t going to actively hurt me, at least I hope not.”

“No! We won’t!”

He snickered slightly at how quickly Phil replied, they were obviously worried about how Ranboo saw them. It was kind of nice, being able to explain what they didn’t like and having someone else be willing to respect that.

“We will refrain from touching you or getting too close-“

“No!”

He paused, they didn’t mean to say that. He wanted space sure but they also craved the attention, but he hadn’t meant to admit it. They could feel their face heat up as they focused on the floor, Techno was waiting for them to explain their sudden denial.

“I don’t mind the touching I guess, it’s just... For the past two months anytime I was touched or manhandled it resulted in pain, so my brain has associated any touch will be hurtful. But I also like the attention, and Phil gives really nice hugs. It’s stupid and confusing, but I don’t actually mind it too much? Just warn me beforehand or ask I guess... I don’t know.”

“Humans are social creatures, they tend to form small packs or communities that rely heavily on each other. Some humans though prefer to be alone, actively avoiding others. But humans use touch as a way to communicate as well as speaking, certain actions mean different things. Like the baring of teeth like I informed Sneeg of Origna of! Sometimes it is a sign of happiness while others are a sign of aggression. Because humans don’t have tails or ears to show their emotions they use other ways to express them, which is usually by actions. Like sadness! When a human is sad they will leak liquid from their eyes and struggle to breathe! They can also leak liquid from their eyes when extremely happy or emotional, it’s strange but very fascinating.”

“It’s called crying, Charlie. Humans cry for a lot of reasons; happiness, sadness, anger, frustration, and sometimes they don’t even know why they are crying. Humans smile when happy, it’s like a natural reaction. Laughing too, it just kind of happens without having to think about doing it.”

Explaining a species to someone made their actions sound so weird like they were the abnormal ones. Glancing down to their hands they saw that their limbs were now almost pitch black, the hue fading around their wrists. Great, at least before his pads looked unnoticeable but now with the black backing they practically glowed. Wait were they actually glowing or was that his mind playing tricks on him? Oh, they hoped it was just their sleep-deprived mind showing them things that weren’t there.

“Humans are weird.”

“That we are Sneeg, that we are.”

Chapter End Notes

Philza squished the beans
They got the first bean squishes

Also

Some information isn't fully correct.

This is because Ranboo is not all-knowing on the subject so the information isn't fully correct!
(I am also not 100% knowledgeable of everything)

If something is extremely wrong to offensive please let me know so I can adjust it!

Side note:: the way Ranboo reacted to being accidentally misgendered was due to stress, if in better circumstances they would have explained it better. I don't want it to come across that people who are trans will snap at you for not knowing their preferred pronouns without being told or anything. Ranboo was just really moody and stressed and a lot of frustration came out of being accidentally misgendered. I hope that helps explain things!! /gen

Ranboo gets his nap

Chapter Summary

Heyo!!

Please be warned that this chapter can trigger dysphoria or can just be generally upsetting to some people.

Please use caution if female reproductive functions make you uncomfortable.

I've marked where to skip if this makes you uncomfortable with this symbol;; ♦

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Menstrual Cycle ((I've marked where to skip if this makes you uncomfortable with this symbol;; ♦))

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Nonconsensual Body Modification

Blood

Aftermath of Kidnapping

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had to have been another hour later before Ranboo finally put an end to the conversation, using the excuse of his head pounding with the need for sleep. Needless to say, the mention of their migraine worried all four aliens; including Charlie. Then they had to explain that sometimes human's brains just decided to hurt for various reasons or none at all, another twenty minutes of answering questions happened before he finally slinked off to their room. The teen ended up passing out seconds after flopping onto the beanbag bed, not even bothering to remove his shoes.

Ranboo had no idea how long they slept, it could have been minutes or hours, either way, they still felt exhausted but their body refused to let him drift back into the blissful state of unconsciousness. With their brain still fuzzy with sleep they shuffled their way to the weird alien bathroom, he was very thankful he was shown this room on their second day aboard the ship. It would have been confusing if they weren't already used to the weird alien toilet, sphere guy had one in the glass box and Ranboo spent plenty of time trying to figure the thing out; he wouldn't say they knew everything about the device but he knew how to work it and that's what mattered.



He was soon fully awake at the sight of red staining his underwear, mind starting to panic as they tried to think of a solution to the problem. The first month with sphere guy they had been on birth control before being kidnapped so this wasn't an issue, the second month they just figured they missed one due to stress, but now? Really now of all times? Did aliens even have menstrual products? What the hell was he supposed to do?

The answer to that question was to seek out Technoblade, Sneeg had mentioned he was the one with medical knowledge so he was the one who would most likely have a solution. So Ranboo's genius plan was to just ask for a shitload of gauze and hope he didn't ask too many questions. Of course, that's not how things worked.

"Why would you want gauze? Are you hurt?"

"No... but I need it."

"Do humans just collect gauze for no reason?"

"If I say yes will you give it to me?"

It wasn't that hard of a request, they had a whole medbay full of the stuff so surely he could spare a roll or two right? But the pygmin didn't seem convinced, arms crossed over his chest as he looked down at them. Ranboo shifted his weight from foot to foot, waiting for the alien to either deny them or go get the requested item.

"How much?"

"However much you're willing to give me. Preferably more than a roll."

"Fine, but if you're injured and hiding it--"

"I'm not, I'm fine."

After a second of staring at each other, the pygmin huffed before walking out of the room, most likely getting the requested gauze. Now they needed to figure out how to deal with the cramping and lack of appetite, he would have asked for pain relievers but that would just have the alien questioning how they were hurt, plus he really didn't want any weird side effects from alien drugs.

Technoblade soon returned, handing over three rolls of gauze. He also told them if they needed more to just come ask him, they thanked him profusely before scurrying back to the bathroom. It was a makeshift solution but it would have to do for now, at least until they returned to Earth. What if they couldn't return and were stuck dealing with this for the rest of their life?

He groaned before exiting the bathroom, almost running into Phil. They stared at each other for a few seconds, neither saying anything before the elytrian spoke.

"Are you okay? Tech mentioned you asking for gauze? Are you hurt?"

Of course, he snitched, they should have made the alien swear to secrecy. Still, he informed Phil that no he wasn't hurt and they were fine, nothing to worry about. But one thing Ranboo figured out even before he could understand the others was that Phil was a worrier, always hovering and constantly checking on him. So of course they didn't believe him whatsoever.

"If you're hurt you need to tell us Ranboo. We won't bring you to the medbay unless it's life-threatening. But if you're hurt we want to help."

"Phil I'm fine really, I just wanted it just in case ya know? Can't be too prepared and all."

That answer got the elytrian to calm down a bit, their once ruffled feathers no longer sticking out at strange angles. Still, Phil kept glancing over at them during the day, probably trying to make sure Ranboo wasn't hiding an injury from them.

They had been relaxing on one of the couches later in the day when Sneeg showed up, attempting to crawl into their hoodie pocket. Now while they usually didn't care if the inchling spent his time napping in their pocket, today they didn't want the tiny alien crawling over their gut and possibly pushing against them and causing their cramps to spike even more. He was doing a good job of ignoring them but he knew a sudden hiss or intake of air would not be hidden from the other aliens in the room. So they blocked off their pocket with a hand, effectively stopping the inchling.

This of course left Sneeg confused, they had yet to deny access to their pocket to the small alien. And since this was different it automatically made it obvious that something was up. The inchling was the next to question if something was wrong, and without even thinking Ranboo lied.

"I'm fine. Nothing is wrong."

Again their excuse was bought but the aliens were suspicious of them; eyes, or in Sneeg's case, attention was on them for the rest of the day. Was it even day? Again it was basically impossible to tell in space, the human just adapted to the others' sleep schedule so maybe it was actually night. Still, Ranboo ended up falling asleep, they were not looking forward to tomorrow.



They were awoken by the sound of the door opening, a whoosh of air ruffling their hair. He really didn't want to get up, they kept waking up last night. Between the cramps and the now splitting migraine he maybe got a total of two hours of sleep. Of course, none of the aliens knew this, but they were cranky and just wanted to remain cocooned in their space blanket all day.

"Ranboo? Are you sure you're feeling okay? You're usually up by now and-"

Phil cut themselves off, a squawk escaping them. The sound was loud and Ranboo was not a fan of it, it grated on his ears like nails on a chalkboard. They covered their head with the space pillow, groaning as they peeked out to see the elytrian come closer. Their wings were flitting with nerves as their taloned hands hovered as if they didn't know what to do with the limbs. Sad distressed warbles left the alien before they made eye contact with the human, his tail twitched with their own anxiety.

"You said you weren't hurt. But you're bleeding, and I understand you don't want to be in the medbay. We could help you in the common area, Ranboo we are just worried about you."

The teen groaned, these were their favorite pair of pants... well technically his only pair of pants but the point still stood. It was a shame though that Phil was the first to find out, now the alien was

going to demand an answer and hover around them. The ravenette pushed himself up, shuffling off the beanbag bed before attempting to walk past the elytrian. He didn't want to explain any of this, not while in pain and sleep-deprived, but of course, Philza had other plans.

Black wings cut them off and Ranboo got a face full of feathers, effectively startling them just enough that the blonde could get in front of him. Once feathers were no longer blocking his view they were met with an upset elytrian, wings now spread behind them to keep the human from escaping. Guess he'd need to explain if they planned on leaving the room, maybe then they could be left alone for the day.

"Phil, I swear I'm fine. Not hurt, not dying, perfectly healthy. Now can I please leave?"

"Then why are you bleeding if you aren't hurt?"

"If I tell you will you let me leave?"

"Maybe."

The human huffed, hand going to put pressure on their head. It was one of those migraines, the ones that make your ears and jaw hurt, and Ranboo was not about it. But if explaining periods to Phil will get them to leave and let Ranboo crawl back into bed then they'd explain in the simplest way possible.

"Some humans bleed monthly, it's normal and there's not much you can do about it. I'm not dying, a little sore but I'll be fine in a few days or so. Now can I please leave?"

Phil stared at him with wide eyes. "Humans bleed regularly? Why?"

"Simple answer? I didn't give my uterus a baby, so my uterus is unhappy about this and is getting revenge. I'd rather deal with a little blood than pregnancy and a kid. Does that answer your question?"

"That sounds absolutely horrifying. Why would a species do that?"

"I ask myself that question almost every day. Now I will be taking my leave."

As quickly as he could the teen slipped past Phil and towards the door, they were thankful Sneeg reprogrammed the door to open like those automatic store ones instead of the whole hand locking system. Ranboo made his way towards the bathroom, ignoring the following footsteps from behind them. And so it begins.

"Phil." The alien chirped in response, Ranboo glanced back at the alien as he stopped at the door. "Are you going to be waiting outside the door until I come back out?"

"Yes."

The ravenette sighed, guess he wasn't getting to crawl back under the covers and sleep the rest of the day away. He did his thing but ran into a small problem, they could get the blood out but then his pants would be soaked and freezing. He also didn't want to sit in the bathroom all day waiting for their pants to dry, guess they were lucky the elytrian was still outside the door.

"Phil?"

"Yeah mate?"

"Weird question but, can I borrow some pants? Just until mine dry."

They got a warble in reply, with footsteps soon following right afterward. Well, that solved one issue, now there was just the issue of Phil's hovering. He really didn't want to snap at the elytrian, he knew they were just trying to help but it was a bit much. The blonde soon returned, slipping a pile of cloth through the doorway to Ranboo. The pants were soft and flowy, there were elastic-like things that wrapped around their ankles and waist while the rest was left to do as it wished. He might have to steal these, they were very soft.

Exiting the bathroom they were met with Phil once more, the elytrian looked over at him before chirping. He tried not to wince at the noise, everything was just too loud for his head right now, but of course the other noticed.

"Are you alright? I know you said you were fine but I don't believe you."

"I am fine Phil, just sore and a migraine."



The elytrian was silent for a second, wings tucked close to themselves. Ranboo wasn't sure if he should just leave and head back to bed or attempt to prove he was perfectly fine. Their body screamed for rest but leaving might make Phil follow, then they'd stick around, and then the teen will get no sleep. So reluctantly he made his way towards the common room, for once they hoped Charlie wasn't there.

Don't get them wrong, he loved Charlie's company but the slime was rather loud and he would not be any help to the ravenette's head. Charlie had been spending most of his time in the common room, saying he was more than content to stay in a crack in the metal walls. Phil did offer him a room but the slime declined, gooping his way into the crack before disappearing. Thankfully the alien wasn't in the area, he was probably in the kitchen then. Unfortunately, the room wasn't empty, sat on one of the couches was the pygmin reading some scribble word book.

Techno glanced up at them, book lowering slightly as he looked to the two who just entered. Ranboo ignored the stare, falling onto the opposite couch face first. He'd stay out here with them but he refused to be social, they'd be napping on this couch and no one was getting them to move unless they physically made him; which was more than possible.

"Uh, Ranboo?" The ravenette hummed in acknowledgment, waiting for Technoblade to continue.
"Are you okay?"

Honestly, they were getting tired of that question, he's heard this single question more times today than ever in his life. They pulled his hand up, giving a thumbs-up to answer the alien's question. They heard Techno grunt before he started speaking with Phil.

"What does that mean?"

"No idea, but he said he's fine but I don't believe them. Apparently, humans bleed regularly and that's the reason they asked you for the gauze." He could hear Techno about to say something but the elytrian continued what they were saying. "They said they aren't dying, but I'm still concerned. He said he was in pain but I'm unsure what to do about it, what if we give them something and it just so happens to be something humans are allergic to?"

"What about potions?"

"You two are worrying over nothing, I'll be fine just please stop talking."

The two aliens stopped their conversation, Ranboo was grateful for that. They were given a few minutes of blissful silence before it was broken by Phil, though thankfully they kept their voice quiet.

"Ranboo, may I preen your tail?"

He picked up his head to glance at the alien, that was definitely not a question they expected. How did he answer that?

"Sure?"

They buried their head back into the couch, feeling it move as Phil took a seat. Taloned hands ran across the limb, the feeling was still strange but not bad per se, just weird. Silence soon returned, the ravenette was starting to drift off again but a rumbling noise was keeping him up. They figured it was coming from Techno or maybe even Phil, but then they took notice of how their chest and throat vibrated with the noise.

Ranboo's head shot up quickly, that was not a human noise. Moving so quickly did nothing to help their head, if anything it made their vision swim before he slumped back down.

"Ranboo? Are you alright? You stopped purring."

"Humans don't purr Phil, that is not a normal human noise."

Sure they could mimic purring but not near-perfectly like he had just been doing. It sounded close to a cat's purr but deeper and a bit more scratchy, either way, it was definitely not a noise they should be able to make.

"Oh? That's a shame, purring is a very common calming technique. Is this another weird thing that just appeared like the tail, paw pads, and ears?"

"I'd assume, I definitely couldn't purr before... wait ears?"

"Yes. I figured they grew in last night, did you not notice?"

Reaching up a hand their fingers brushed something soft, the appendages flicking at the touch. Well, at least this explains the migraine. He should probably freak out more about this, but this was what... the fourth new development in the past week or so? It was starting to get old. What was next? Wings? Extra arms? Maybe some extra eyes?

"Ranboo?"

"Nope. I'm ignoring this and going back to sleep. Wake me up when they are gone."

The human grumbled, one part of his tail curled around Phil's wrist while the other half sat contently on their lap. As they drifted off once again he overheard a bit of the aliens' hushed conversation.

"So are we just not going to wake them up or?"

"Shush, I'm really worried about them Techno. He mentioned someone he called 'sphere guy', and some of the things they said have me extremely concerned over them."

"You can't force him to talk though."

"I know, but if what I'm thinking happened actually did happen then I fear for Ranboo's safety."

Chapter End Notes

Being trans in space sucks

It also doesn't help that he's becoming more alien than human

:)

Humans are weird

Chapter Summary

◊+ Space Time +◊

More of an info/world-building chapter to build-up to the fun stuff in the next few chapters
Enjoy Aliens and Humans learning things about the other

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Teeth/Teeth Falling Out
Unconsensual Body Modification
Aftermath of Kidnapping

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Days were starting to blend together, more so than usual. Ranboo was getting used to life on Phil's ship, and in turn, getting used to living with said aliens. There was a lot they had to explain though, like showers. Turns out a lot of aliens didn't sweat or at the very least not a lot, so the concept of showering was not something they were used to. So when Ranboo exited the space bathroom with damp hair Sneeg tried to tease them about falling into the space toilet, but when the human mentioned showering the tiny alien just looked at them and with a confused tone asked what showering was.

The ravenette explained to the best of his ability what showering was and why it was pretty important. The inchling questioned how he even showered on the ship if they didn't have one, so Ranboo showed him the weird alien shower. Sneeg busted out laughing when they pointed it out, the teen had to wait until the alien calmed down before questioning what was so funny.

"That's a rehydrating station. It's used for aquatic species so they don't dry out, not weird human bathing."

"Water comes out of the ceiling, I can change the temperature, and it has a drain. That is all a shower really requires, so it is an alien shower, and I will be continuing to use it as such."

Sneeg found it absolutely hilarious and proceeded to tell the others about Ranboo's 'weird human bathing techniques', and of course, the human questioned how the others kept themselves clean if not by using water. Technoblade apparently just soaks himself in molten lava, like this was not something that would kill someone else. He stated the lava just burnt away any dirt or grime left on his fur and that he didn't need to do this regularly because his fur was coarse so things didn't really

stick to it, he even held out his arm so Ranboo could feel the fur lining it; it was pretty soft but more like a horse or cow's fur than dog or rabbit.

Phil's feathers were coated in some kind of wax, repelling basically everything and anything that attempted to stick to them; it was the same with their skin. They did admit that occasionally they would sit in a pool of water and wash off the old wax to replace it with new wax, Ranboo couldn't shake the image of Phil as a big bird in a huge birdbath; he had to suppress laughing at the image their brain created.

Sneeg just said he only needed to scrub off anything stuck to him with a bit of dust or gravel, almost like a chinchilla. Apparently, the inchling produces natural oil that keeps his skin relatively dirt-free, so bathing in water would wash off that oil and possibly damage his skin. Charlie was self-explanatory; he was slime, literally half liquid. So the slime alien didn't need to bathe, whatever got stuck to him got absorbed and just became a part of him. Charlie's biology was quite terrifying, his slime was somewhat corrosive so anything stuck inside him would eventually disintegrate into nothing.

During his explanation he proceed to pull off a piece of himself before handing over the small blob, claiming Ranboo could keep it. The human tried to politely decline but Charlie was rather insistent, and when they questioned how to keep it if it would just melt anything it touches the slime informed him it would take a very long time for that amount of slime to cause any real damage. Still, Techno ended up giving them a tiny vial to house the strange slime, he ended up attaching some string they snagged from the common room and turned it into a necklace of sorts. Needless to say, Charlie was ecstatic to see Ranboo carrying around a part of him, saying now the human would always have a part of Charlie with them; it was sweet while also extremely disturbing.

Another fun thing they had to explain was strange human traditions; specifically human folklore. Ranboo had been minding his business, just munching on a weird space fruit Techno called kilorisdal. It was similar to an apple, but like if the apple was the size of a mango and had a strange salty aftertaste; it was definitely different but not horrible. The teen had bitten into the fruit before recoiling, the taste of blood on their tongue, and left behind still submerged into the fruit was a single tooth. That was definitely not supposed to happen, especially at his age.

It also just so happened that this was the exact moment Technoblade decided to enter the kitchen, stopping dead in his tracks as he stared at the human. Ranboo stared right back, unsure what to do in this situation. The pygmin started moving again a second later, walking over before holding his hooved hand out. The ravenette had no idea what he wanted so they made a guess, they placed the fruit in the other's open hand. This seemed like the correct answer as Techno took the fruit and examined it, the pygmin's tail flicked curiously. Finding out Techno had a tail hidden under his cloak was definitely a shock, they wondered if any of the other aliens had tails hidden away. Their own tail mimicked the movement, swaying against the floor while he watched the other.

"You're not eating these anymore."

"Huh? Why not?"

Techno looked at him and snorted, their ears pinned back as they frowned. The human learned to associate that noise to mean something along the lines of 'Ranboo stop being dumb' or 'stop acting stupid', which apparently wasn't that far off. Techno had explained one day that it was commonly used with younger pygmins as a type of scolding, and so Techno started using this sound with them.

"Most species don't lose teeth commonly and I'm to assume humans don't either, so if this kilorisdal causes you to lose teeth you shouldn't be eating it."

"Humans lose teeth, just it's usually when we're younger and not at my age."

"So you're not eating this anymore."

The human tried to argue but the pygmin stood strong, not returning the fruit and instead moving said fruit higher up so the teen couldn't reach. Well jokes on him, Ranboo was an excellent climber and would be able to reach the hidden food within a few attempts. It was when Techno turned to leave that Ranboo requested their tooth back, joking about how they required the Tooth Fairy's money. The alien looked at him funny before questioning just what a Tooth Fairy was.

Ranboo followed after the pygmin as he tried to explain how some mythical being snuck into someone's house to take children's teeth and leave behind money in return, Techno looked more and more confused as they went on. Halfway in Sneeg joined the group, Phil and Charlie were already in the common room when they entered. So the five of them sat around and listened in on Ranboo's explanation. The inchling started questioning why humans allowed such a creature to exist instead of just getting rid of it since it was entering their homes without permission. Ranboo then had to explain that the Tooth Fairy was indeed not real and was instead just what parents told their children so they could take the teeth and leave money instead.

"Okay, so adult humans lie to their offspring to take their teeth? And proceed to replace it with currency? Why? What's the point of that?"

"Honestly? I have no idea. It's kind of just something people do. I mean not everyone does it but it's pretty common, the parents keep the teeth as like a reminder of when their kids were babies I guess? I don't know I only knew about this from kids at school and Tubbo. Wait 'til I tell you all about Santa Claus."

"Hold on, you said you didn't know about it except through others... did your guardians not do this strange tradition with you?"

"Nope. At least not that I can remember. My guardians, as you call them, didn't have enough time or money to give each and every kid a quarter so we just threw the teeth out. I do remember testing the theory though, I didn't tell anyone I lost a tooth and hid it under my pillow. Of course, it was still there when I woke up, I was a bit disappointed but I expected that outcome. Funny enough when I told Tubbo he invited me over for a sleepover, and when I woke up the next day there was a quarter under my pillow and a note. Tubbo told his mom and she felt bad so she played the role of the Tooth Fairy for me that night, I knew it was her because the note had her handwriting but I didn't say anything."

That's when more questions came up surrounding Ranboo's family life, or in the aliens' words; his goop, horde, sounder, and/or flock. Explaining how the system works and then into American government was difficult, especially since Ranboo wasn't an expert on the stuff. They did get to learn about how the others' family bond operated which was pretty neat.

Pygmins tended to group in large sounders or packs, usually, they stayed together but some decided to leave and go off-world; like Technoblade. Inchlings were kind of like bees, they had a queen at the head and then everyone else. Sneeg had left his horde because he was apparently too crude to the queen and got kicked out. Elytrians had small flocks, they could be either biological or not and involve any species. Phil explained that elytrians are very protective of their flock and how they

were picky about who was allowed to be flock versus not flock. Charlie mentioned that slimes didn't have family units, apparently, they just formed and gooped around as loners and nomads.

Ranboo had explained how human families were usually made up of biological parents and their children, or how sometimes parents would take in children who didn't have parents anymore due to whatever reason. He also explained that sometimes people cut off their parents and family, or how some people preferred to choose their own families. They didn't go much into their own family, he just gave brief answers when questioned about his own life. Just that they didn't have one, that the people who took care of him weren't considered family, and that Tubbo and his mom were who they'd consider family.

"Ranboo?" They glanced over at the elytrian. The human was leaning against Techno, the man was like a personal heater and did not seem to care when Ranboo clung to him like a koala. "You said you don't have a flock... or family as you put it. Well I know I consider you flock, Techno considers you a part of his sounder even if he won't admit it."

That got a chuff from the pygmin, Phil merely continued on as if they didn't hear anything. "I'm unsure how Charlie and Sneeg's horde and goop work but I know they care for you as well." The inchling on the elytrian's shoulder buzzed in reply while Charlie smiled at the ravenette. "None of us would force you to accept to be flock or anything else but... if you would like we could be your family."

The human sat up, unsure how to feel about this situation. On one hand, he didn't really know these aliens that well, but they've come to the conclusion that none of them are actively mean or willing to hurt them on purpose. He could definitely consider them friends at the very least, but family? Something inside him wanted to accept the offer, a content buzzing in their brain started up at the question. Ranboo didn't know if he'd ever be making it back to Earth, they had asked Phil about it but the elytrian had no idea where Earth was even located. So they were stuck in space for the foreseeable future, and they've been with other families before so this could be like that except he wouldn't be kicked out or returned for some bullshit reason; mostly because they literally couldn't return him, they were stuck with the human now.

"Well... uh... Didn't expect that question."

Their tail flicked, fingers pressing on the dual-colored paw pads. Even if he could go back to Earth would they even want to? Sure he missed the hell out of Tubbo and normal human things but if they returned, looking like this no less, could he even stay? Probably not, unless they wanted to live in Area fifty-one for the rest of their life and get experimented on again. So maybe weird space family wasn't such a bad option.

"Um... yeah. That kind of sounds pretty nice actually."

Chapter End Notes

Brain is going brrrr in the not-fun way so I apologize if this chapter isn't that great or anything~

Anyway, the next few chapters are when some real fun starts!!

Back at it again at Krispy Kreme

Chapter Summary

◊+ Space Time +◊

:)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Unconusual Body Modification

Mentions of Needles

Mentions of Insanity

Violence

Mentions of Amputaion

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Dehumanization

Kidnapping

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After getting basically adopted by aliens Ranboo's days didn't really change, some things did but most of the time it was just like before. If anything Ranboo changed more than any of them, more random parts showing up and leaving them beyond confused. Like take right now for example; Ranboo woke up and shuffled his way to the bathroom as they usually do, he did his thing before having to pause and do a double-take. The mirror wasn't showing his face, at least not the way they were used to seeing it.

Instead of dull green and brown eyes, there were olive green and maroon-ish brown eyes, even his sclera shifted to a more pale yellow than white. And that wasn't even the worst part; black spots appeared across his face, running under his eyes and across his nose. This was wonderful, he had alien freckles now, how fun. At least these didn't hurt, just like when his hands changed color.

The teen glanced at their hand, fingers curling to watch the dark skin shift and the pads squish. It was definitely a funny feeling like someone was poking or squishing his fingertips. They've kind of accepted that whatever this was it wasn't going to stop anytime soon, he wasn't human anymore.

They thumped their head against the mirror, letting out a deep sigh. This was his life now wasn't it? He couldn't be fully human again, at least he doubted it. They've heard enough about splicing DNA to know that once two things melded together it was practically impossible to fully separate them again. And that's what they were; human and something mixed together like playdoh. So they would need to start accepting this, accepting the new features as well. Starting with the tail.

Said limb swayed slightly when Ranboo glanced over to it. He stood straight again before grumbling, grabbing onto the thing. It was soft, Phil made sure to constantly groom the thing, the fur even had a silky shine to it now. The appendage twitched in his grip before one half curled around their arm while the other dangled, they sighed again.

“Look if you’re staying we need to lay down some ground rules.” The tail didn’t answer, not like he expected it to, but still, they continued on like this was a completely normal scenario and he wasn’t currently going crazy in an alien bathroom. “I’ll let you stay but the second you become an inconvenience I’m chopping you off, got it?”

The limb twitched and Ranboo took that as it agreed with them, good to know they understand each other. Oh my gods he’s losing his sanity. This was the end, wasn’t it? Their mind was finally breaking. He honestly expected that to happen sooner.

“Ranboo?”

They hummed at the sound of Sneeg’s voice, going to open the door. They glanced down at the inchling who was looking at him with a tilted head.

“You uh? You good buddy? You were threatening yourself...”

“Yup, perfectly fine. I’m just losing my mind, it’s a normal human thing don’t worry about it.”

“You say that but I really don’t believe you.”

“I’m sorry but who’s the expert on humans here?”

“Charlie.”

They opened their mouth to retort but instead closed it, yeah he got them there. The slime knew way too much about humans, Ranboo was kind of concerned about how he learned so much. The man knew things even Ranboo didn’t, like apparently human ears never stop growing.

The ravenette crouched before offering his hand to the alien, Sneeg climbed on immediately. Ranboo lifted him to their shoulder, letting the tiny alien perch there as they made their way to the kitchen. He’s figured out where basically everything they needed was, like what was edible and what looked more like a science experiment gone wrong. They didn’t understand how anyone could eat some of this stuff, one thing looked more like slime than Charlie did yet he’s seen the alien eat the stuff; was that cannibalism? Slime cannibalism?

Their thoughts were interrupted by Phil, the elytrian walked past the kitchen before pausing and backing up. They ‘smiled’, it looked more like someone was forcing an uncomfortable smile or was in extreme pain. Still, it was nice they were attempting to do common human things, they all were. Techno’s smiles were terrifying though, the man’s tusks were large when his mouth was shut but open? The things had to be at least nine inches and as thick as a decently sized branch, so you can imagine how terrifying the pygmin’s smile could be. Sneeg’s was just weird, with no eyes it left him looking more menacing than happy.

“Ah, Ranboo! I was looking for you.”

“Sorry, got distracted.”

“Phil he was talking to himself in the bathroom. I think they may be sick.”

“Sick in the brain maybe but no I’m fine. Going through a mid-life crisis right now.”

The elytrian looked confused, head tilted as their wings ruffled behind them. He should probably reassure the alien that he was perfectly fine and was not dying like they probably thought.

“Mid-life crisis? I thought you were an adolescent. Do humans not live older than thirty?!”

“Wha-? No no Phil it was a joke, I was kidding.”

“You shouldn’t be joking about death Ranboo.”

Now here is the part where Ranboo can either be respectful and agree or he can be a menace and proceed to joke about dying. We all know which one they chose.

“Phil I’m sorry to tell you this but we are all constantly dying, every second we get a bit closer to death. So having my mid-life crisis now is a good thing, it means if I die tomorrow or something I’ll have already had a major part of a human’s life goals done.”

“You are a terrifying creature.”

“Thank you Sneeg, I am very terrifying and fear-inducing.”

“I... you know what no I’m stopping this conversation. I was looking for you Ranboo because we were planning on stopping at a local planet to restock and give time for Sneeg to fix the cooling system he gunned up with prizes crumbs.”

“Uh no, that wasn’t me. That was Ranboo.”

The inchling nudged his elbow against their neck, trying to get them to play along. While tempting they did not even know what prizes were.

“I have no idea what those are, I’m guessing a type of food but I could be wrong.”

“Ranboo can’t fit that far back behind the control panel, they’re too big. He also hasn’t been in that part of the ship yet.”

“Phil, did you just call me fat?”

“What? No. If anything you are too skinny and it worries me. Are you eating enough? Is the food not satisfactory? Are-“

“Easy Phil, I was joking again. And yeah I’m fine, genetics just made my metabolism faster than others so I’m thin. Promise I’m eating fine and the food is good.”

The elytrian stared at them before huffing, wings lowering from their previous tense position.

“Anyway, we were stopping and I wanted to know if you would like to join us.”

“Are you going to make me wear the harness again?” They asked with narrowed eyes, tail flicking from side to side. “Because I will make sure you regret trying to force that thing on me again.”

“Wha- no! That was-“

“I mean if you try to run we have to have some way to drag you back.”

“Techno!”

Low and behold the pygmin came into view, standing behind the elytrian with crossed arms. He chuffed before plopping a hooved hand on the blonde’s head, shoving hair in their eyes as Phil squawked. The elytrian was batting at Technoblade’s hand, wings flapping slightly.

“Seriously though, no we won’t but do stay close. We don’t want a repeat of our last exhibition, you nearly made Phil lose all their feathers.”

“I wasn’t really planning on getting kidnapped again, at least not for a while. Who knows a man sometimes just needs to be yoinked for a bit of adventure.”

“Your words make no sense but no, you aren’t allowed to be kidnapped.”

“Hate to say it but uh I don’t really get a choice in the matter. But next time I do I will let them know that I am grounded from kidnapping.”

The pygmin huffed before releasing Phil, the elytrian hair was messed up and sticking out at random angles. The alien attempted to fix it, running taloned hands through it to smooth it down.

“We should be landing in a few minutes if you want to come meet us by the loading dock.”

“Aye aye, Captain.”

Technoblade just stared at them before grunting, leaving shortly afterward. Phil soon followed after him with a wave, the two disappearing out of sight. Sneeg nudged them again, wings twitching and a buzz leaving him.

“You owed me, man.”

“Actually you decided that yourself, I never agreed.”

“I’m never doing you any favors again.”



While the harness was no more it didn't mean Ranboo wasn't supervised. The second they stepped off the ship Techno told him to hold onto his big cloak, saying he didn't want them wandering off. Which, fair... the human didn't have the best track record of not sprinting away the seconds they could, but it was different this time. He couldn't help but feel like they were treating him like a little kid, a literal child. They were seventeen and could walk without needing someone holding his hand.

Still, they held onto the pygmin's cloak, quickly following behind the alien. Technoblade could definitely walk fast, though he did slow when he noticed Ranboo having to practically speedwalk just to keep pace. Phil had stayed back with Sneeg, something about how he was captain and needed to make sure the inchling did his job and didn't slack off. Which they could definitely see

Sneeg doing. The pygmin led them towards what looked like a marketplace, almost like a flea market.

"So... what exactly are we getting from here?"

"Just some rations, more clothes for you, and information."

The teen hummed in response, glancing around at the different wares aliens were trying to sell. A few aliens stared at them and he had to force down a rumbling growl that was building in their chest. They've found out he could now make a lot of noises that normal human vocal cords should not be able to make, which was a little cool but it also came with the sounds happening without their knowledge which was less fun. He stuck close to Techno, tail lashing behind him as they attempted to stay in the alien's shadow and out of view.

It had been maybe an hour or so of the two walking around getting things before Ranboo spotted something out of the corner of their eye, a blur of black and white. He paused, leaning over to see what had caught his attention. Low and behold on one of the farther tables sat what looked to be a plush, but the part that had them excited was the fact that it was a plush of a cat. Like a real legit earth feline! No extra legs or arms, no extra tails, just regular old cat.

"Ranboo? Why'd you stop?"

"Follow me."

The ravenette started forward, having the pygmin fumble to follow after them as they dragged him by the cloak. It didn't take long for the teen to stop in front of the stall, looking over the plush without touching it yet. It was definitely a cat, like no doubt about that. It was a tiny tuxedo cat, blue and green glass eyes, and a blue collar with a ribbon-shaped tag. It looked worn like it had belonged to a kid once upon a time, a few tears in the stitches were visible but it was nothing unfixable.

"What is that?"

"A c-"

"That my good sir is an Extran. It's a mythical creature that can be found in Endelescladle culture and folklore."

Ranboo huffed but stayed quiet, not wanting to draw the seller's attention. Technoblade nodded along to his words, hooved hand resting against his chin as he looked over the seller and then the plush.

"Did you want it?"

The teen glanced up at the pygmin, trying to ignore the other alien's eyes on them. Ranboo nodded, tail flicking behind him quickly. Sue them for getting excited over a plush, it's the first earth thing he's seen in two months, of course they would get excited over it. Techno huffed, turning back to the seller and discussing prices. Ranboo was glad both he and Charlie were able to teach the other three aliens what some simple human actions meant; like nodding. The human didn't pay much attention to the negotiation, eyes flicking from the plush to the surrounding people.

He's managed to keep himself hidden in Technoblade's shadow that not many aliens glanced their way, which was extremely nice. They hated eyes on them, but now it was getting worse. He was fine with the ship's crew as long as they didn't make eye contact for too long, but that was easy to avoid. Yet out here every eye that landed on them sent static through their body, growing their anxiety until the gaze left.

"Here."

The human glanced back at Technoblade, the pygmin was holding out the plush for them. Ranboo was quick to take it, holding it close as if someone would try and steal it from them. Their tail beat wildly behind them, ears pinned back as they looked away from the tall alien. He quietly thanked the alien, avoiding looking at Techno out of embarrassment.

They were continuing forward when Techno asked them why he wanted the plush cat, so Ranboo explained.

"I have no idea what an Extran is but it's not this. This is an animal from Earth, it's called a cat. They're these small four-legged creatures we keep as pets, they're soft and I really like them. But I wanted it because it's from Earth."

Well, now they were just homesick, or planet-sick? Was that a thing? Either way, he missed Earth. They missed their crummy bed, they missed gas station hot dogs, and he really missed Tubbo. So having something from Earth felt better than nothing.

Technoblade led them around for a while longer, saying he only needed to grab a few more things before they could return to the ship. Ranboo was ready to return, his feet were killing them and walking was becoming more of an annoyance than it should be. While Technoblade discussed with an alien behind one of the tables Ranboo decided to do some people watching, or alien watching. There were a bunch of different ones, some that looked like large deformed animals, some that looked more like jellyfish if given torsos and heads, some looked colorful and bright, while others looked duller or earth-toned. There were some made of water, of air, of fire, of plants, of- Wait... fire?

The teen glanced back at the fire alien, they tensed once spotting the flaming alien. They were talking to another alien, showing them something before the other alien pointed off in their direction. The fire alien looked over and froze, Ranboo felt locked in place. Now he wasn't the best at telling aliens apart but they are ninety-nine percent certain that this fire alien was the same one that was on sphere guy's ship. He had the weird ribbon around his head and everything! Their hand gripped onto Techno's cloak tighter, he wanted to get the bigger alien's attention but they still felt like his feet were glued to the ground.

Fire guy was approaching quickly, molten orange and gold eyes boring holes into their soul. Oh, he was screwed, flame guy looked pissed. His fire was bright and flickering around rapidly, hints of blue were visible in between the orange and yellow flames. Staticky noises built up in their mind, his whole body felt like pins and needles. He needed to move, to get away, to do anything except standing there like a petrified idiot.

A burning hot hand grabbed their wrist and yanked, startling them out of whatever had them pinned prior. He screeched, immediately trying to get the hand off of them. A hooved hand gripped onto fire guy's hand, the fire alien's grip tightened.

"What. Do. You. Think. You. Are. Doing?" Technoblade practically growled out, his nostrils were flared and his tusks were on full display. "Let. Go. Before I make you."

"No, you let go. This is a dangerous creature, it escaped a few prembes ago. I'm simply retrieving it."

Ranboo was about to start pleading with Technoblade to not believe fire guy, to not let the other alien take them away. Luckily they hadn't needed to, the pygmin growled before punching the fire alien. Flame guy released their wrist before attempting to block Technoblade's hits, the pygmin continued to attack the other while Ranboo scrambled back. Why was fire guy even looking for them? He had no idea what sphere guy wanted him for or why them specifically.

The teen hadn't noticed how far they backed up, bumping into something. He figured it was a stall or another alien fleeing from the brawl happening in front of them, but then a hand gripped their chin and tilted his head back. Their eyes locked onto blue and hazel, freezing them in place. Mushroom guy. Of course, it was mushroom guy. Where ever fire alien went mushroom man wasn't far behind.

They could feel themselves trembling, nerves alight with the need to get away yet being unable to. Something pricked into their neck, a cold feeling spreading from the area. His breathing picked up as their vision swam with black dots, their knees buckled but he was caught before falling to the ground. Mushroom guy picked them up like he weighed nothing, they tried to squirm away but his whole body felt like lead and their limbs refused to cooperate. The last thing he remembers before blacking out fully was the feeling of the cat plush falling from their loosened grip.

Then everything went *dark*.

Chapter End Notes

How many times now has Ranboo gotten yonked??

4 times??

Yeesh the kid needs a break

Too bad they won't get one anytime soon!!

:)

Oh shit, here we go again.

Chapter Summary

◊+ Space Time +◊

:)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Needles

Kidnapping

Unconsensual Body Modification

Science Experiments

Unconsensual Drug Use

Wounds/Injuries

Yelling

Torture

Summary can be found in the end notes!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The human woke up with a gasp, heart palpitating and eyes dilated. The floor beneath him was ice cold, stealing all their heat. His vision swam as they quickly sat up, black dots dancing across his eyes. They squeezed their eyes shut, willing his mind to stop spinning.

After a few seconds, the ravenette opened their eyes, taking in his surroundings. The room was practically empty, silver walls and flooring were all that could be seen. Well except for the walls of glass on every side of them, it looked exactly like it had before, even that one smudge on the left glass pane. Ranboo's head swiveled to look in every direction, looking for any exit but just like before there was none.

They were back, back on sphere guy's ship, back in the glass box. He shuffled back until they were against one of the walls, pushing themselves up to stand on shaky legs. The teen felt their tail smack against the glass, fur bristling as their nerves tingle under his skin. They shouldn't be back here, he got out, they've been out for a few weeks now. He was finally getting used to being in space, they were finally starting to accept their situation.

Ranboo growled as their hands curled into fists, he pushed himself forward and into the front glass wall. They smacked their fists against the translucent wall, the material vibrating with the force but refusing to crack or shatter. They collapsed to their knees, forehead pressed against the cool glass as he tried to hold back tears.

“Please, not again. Please, just let me go home.”

He knew their whispered pleas would be ignored, they always were. No matter how much Ranboo screamed or begged neither sphere guy nor the other two listened. Their ear twitched at the sound of footsteps, head snapping up to watch as a section of the wall slid open. In the doorway stood sphere guy, the white orb was as sinister as they remember.

Sphere guy had to be around twelve-foot, towering over the human, he didn't doubt sphere guy would be even taller than Techno. The alien wore a different green outfit than prior to Ranboo's escape. This green was not Phil's dark forest green, this green was bright and toxic. Arms floated around him, six limbs, and not a single one was attached to the alien's torso. Two hands held what Ranboo assumed were clipboards, one was typing on some type of hologram, two were shoved into pockets, and the last was spinning a tiny blade idly.

Ranboo had no idea where sphere guy was looking, the white ball he had for a head gave away no emotions or expressions, no eyes to track where the alien was looking. Static started up in their brain, causing them to bristle. His tail lashed behind him as their ears pinned back, pupils dilating to slivers as they growled. He didn't focus on the noise, it felt like the natural response so he went with it. Sphere guy's hands paused, hologram being wiped away before he took a few steps forward.

The human scrambled back, back pressing against the back glass wall. Their heart was racing, threatening to rip out of his chest at any moment. He knew if sphere guy entered the box then they were screwed, the alien would be able to grab him within seconds and drag them to the white room. The alien's one hand hovered over the lock mechanism, it was almost like a keypad but instead of numbers, there were weird symbols Ranboo would never be able to translate. They hissed, feeling the hair on their arms raise, he didn't know why but making these sounds helped him feel even the slightest bit in control of the situation.

Of course, sphere guy ignored him again, simply pushing buttons until the glass parted with a whooshing sound. Two arms flew forward, one hand wrapping around their wrist and pinning it to the back wall while the other wrapped around their throat. His free hand scratched at the limb, trying to remove it from their throat. The white orb was soon face to face with them, leaving Ranboo frozen other than the trembling of their body.

“Eyes are two different colors, not the typical purple this species possesses. Flesh on the face didn't shift completely like the extremities, only certain sections have turned black; spots going across the face.”

The sphere-headed alien spoke, his words sounded like two voices overlapping. Ranboo was trying to will himself to move, to escape the alien's grip. Another hand grabbed their tail, yanking it as sphere guy inspected the limb. They whined as another hand grabbed their ear, pinching the appendage between his fingers.

“Tail is split; a rare deformity uncommon in this species. Ear, paw pad, and eye pigmentation are discolored. These mutations shouldn't prove to be an issue but need to be documented for further study or if any abnormalities occur.”

The hand around their throat moved to instead grab their chin, fingers squeezing until his mouth was forced open. The alien made a humming sound, inching closer. Once the static feeling went away the human attempted to thrash, squirming to escape the hold that felt like iron was restraining them.

“Teeth are still growing in, duller than the species’ common sharp fangs.” The hand moved back to their throat, Ranboo’s jaw clicked shut the second he had control back. The hand holding his wrist pressed a finger against the paw pads, sphere guy wasn’t gentle. He pressed hard and the teen yelped, hand tensing and attempting to close to protect the paw pads. “Pads are sensitive, claws seem to have not grown in. Declawing is not needed yet, keep an eye on them for future development. Horns as well, while the DNA seems to have merged successfully it hasn’t finished the process. No matter, proceed on schedule.”

The static feeling started up again, the human’s limbs locking up as the alien’s attention landed back on their face. Ranboo bit the inside of their cheek as they stared down their captor, he was terrified. What did sphere guy mean by ‘hasn’t finished’? Horns? Claws? At least now he knew that this was all caused by the alien in front of him.

But what was this about proceeding with the schedule?! They did not want to continue whatever sphere guy had been doing prior, he refused to be used as a lab rat again; not that he got much of a choice in the matter but his point still stands.

The teen didn’t get a chance to question this for long, hands soon hauling them up and dragging them out of the glass box. The second his limbs were in their own control he started thrashing, attempting to rip himself from the alien’s hold. Hisses and snarls escaped him while he attempted to dig their heels into the ground, he was trying desperately to stop or at least slow the journey to the white room.

“Subject is no longer being compliant, a sedative may have to be added to the mixture for more accurate results.”

“How about we not do that and you just let me go? I’d prefer that a lot more actually.”

The alien paused, orb rotating to face them. They locked up again, heart rate spiking as the alien moved closer; inspecting them.

“So you can comprehend what I’m saying, that shouldn’t be happening.” The alien swiped one of their free hands through the air, a green hologram screen appeared. He typed something in while not turning away from Ranboo. “No matter, it changes nothing. It’s something I can easily fix, I already know where the issue stems from.”

“Wait... how are you understanding me? Don’t you need to input it or something before you can understand English?”

Sphere guy sighed, hologram fading away with a swipe of his hand.

“I’ve adjusted my communicator eons ago, back with subject two. I need to make sure I know when a subject plans an escape so issues don’t arise, you though? You got lucky sixteen, otherwise you would have remained here until I’ve finished my project. So to answer your question; yes I understand you, I’ve understood you the whole time, and no I did not care about your pleading or begging for freedom. Now we are continuing on the project since your little escape put us behind schedule.”

This time the hands lifted him up, pulling at their limbs uncomfortably. Sphere guy kept facing them, the static growing and now feeling like his whole body was made of pins and needles. He tried getting sphere guy to speak more, maybe to convince the alien to let him go again, but they got no response.

Once they were dragged into the white room he was practically slammed against one of the cold tables. The hands moved from their arms, one covering their mouth and keeping him pinned against the table. The static faded and they started writhing, hands scratching at the appendage; trying to pry it off. A second hand landed on their shoulder pressing it down, the pressure just made them panic more.

Their head was tilted and sphere guy disappeared from his sight, sending their already frazzled nerves into overdrive. A hand brushed against the back of their head, they flinched and attempted to get away from the touch with little success.

“Now let’s fix this little problem before continuing on.”

The human struggled as much as they could, breathing harshly through his nose. Pressure was pressing against their head before a sharp pain shot through them, a yelp came from him at the sudden pain. Whatever sphere guy was saying soon turned back into the weird echoey noises he remembered.

They strained to look over towards where sphere guy was, flinching when something cold brushed up against their neck. Oh hell no, they knew what was about to happen next. His thrashing picked up, tail whipping side to side as their legs kicked. It did little to help but the defiant action made him feel like they were doing something to help his situation.

A prick came from their neck, the jab of a needle being pressed in. A cold feeling spread from the area, stilling Ranboo for a second before he continued his squirming. Garbled growls and whines escaped him, only muffled by the hand over their mouth. After a second the needle was removed, a clattering was heard before he was being hauled up again. The hand around their mouth remained while more grabbed onto their arms and legs, effectively restraining him and forcing their struggling to become practically impossible.

One good thing though was that they were leaving the white room, that was probably the only positive thing Ranboo would be getting for a while. The trip back to his glass box, it was sad that they called it their glass box instead of the glass box now, felt both too quick and too slow. Sphere guy wasted no time unlocking the container and tossing him in, the human smacked the back wall before lunging forward. They were only stopped because of the glass pane in front of them, smacking into it before pounding on the thing.

Ranboo was screaming at the alien, now knowing he could understand them the teen made sure to let him know just how upset they were about everything. Sphere guy didn’t reply, merely watched him before turning to leave. Even after the alien was gone the teen continued yelling, even cursing at the alien. Ranboo tried to refrain from cursing, he didn’t enjoy it but right now seemed like the best time to scream out every horrible word he knew at sphere guy.

After ten minutes of this, they sunk to their knees, throat raw from nearly screaming his lungs out. They were trapped, stuck in the endless cycle of abuse at the hands of sphere guy again. There was the thread of hope that his new space family would come for them but it was thin and threatening to snap at any second. Ranboo’s thoughts turned against him, planting seeds of doubt into their head.

What if they didn't come? What if they realized Ranboo wasn't worth the time or energy to save? What if they were abandoned again? What if they were trying to find him but couldn't? What if they didn't care?

The ravenette growled under their breath, no he shouldn't focus on those thoughts. They would just drag them down further into depression, they need to be thinking of another escape plan. Maybe if he got out they could make it to a control room and get in contact with Phil and the rest of the crew? The plan had many flaws but it was a start so that was better than nothing.

Their mind felt fuzzy like his vision was blurred around the edges. That probably wasn't a good sign, it also probably wasn't good that he was starting to feel even colder than usual. Something was wrong and they didn't know what or how to fix it. The ravenette's body felt heavy like their limbs were made of lead and slowly dragging them down. Even his eyelids felt like they were closing on their own, and Ranboo could do little to stop it.

The last thing they remember was the rumbling of the ship around them and the building throbbing pain behind their eyes before darkness engulfed them.

Chapter End Notes

Fun times are gonna happen next chapter~
:)

Summary by the lovely;; [I_Thirst_For_Violence](#)

Ranboo reawakens in the glass box. He pounds on the glass and screams for a bit before "Sphere Guy" appears. Sphere Guy is roughly 12ft tall, with a white orb for a head. He has a toxic green outfit, with 6 floating arms, each arm doing its own thing. Sphere Guy then entered the box, effectively pinning Ranboo against the wall. He begins to make comments about Ranboo's change in appearance, pointing out Ranboo's eyes, skin, paws, tail, ears, and paw pads, effectively revealing that he is the cause behind the sudden changes. Sphere Guy brings up how Ranboo is 'No longer compliant' to which Ranboo makes a snarky comment. Sphere Guy questions why Ranboo can understand him, in the process revealing that Sphere Guy could understand him the whole time, and just didn't care. It is also revealed that Ranboo is not the first. He is then brought to the white room where shit happens. Ranboo loses his capability to understand Sphere Guy, and is in turn taken back to his box. The chapter ends as Ranboo finally give up on screaming at Sphere Guy.

Never skip leg day...

Chapter Summary

!! PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHILE READING THIS CHAPTER !!
((A summary can be found in the end notes))

◦✧ Space Time ✧◦

Chapter Notes

!! PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHILE READING THIS CHAPTER !!
((A summary can be found in the end notes))

TW's;;

Blood

Wounds/Injuries

Torture

Unconsensual Body Modification

Mentions of Infection

Vomiting

Needles

Imprisoning

Illness/Sickness

Mentions of Death/Murder

Cursing

Breaking Bones

Hallucinations

Passing out/Fainting

Claw/Nail Clipping (Torture)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Consciousness danced just out of their reach, twirling away right before he could grasp it. Whenever they felt like they brushed up against it they were met with pain, slow agonizing pain. And when he managed to grip the fickle thing everything felt more like a dream than reality, hazy and blurry.

Some moments he could remain awake for an hour or so before falling back into unconsciousness while other times they could only remain aware for a few minutes. Those bouts of consciousness were filled with pain, everything hurt.

His head throbbed to the beat of an invisible drum, their face felt like he had laid against a sun-heated rock for too long. Their limbs felt both like jelly and lead, the appendages shook with shivers but if Ranboo tried to lift them or move them at all he was met with uncooperative limbs. Even their tail laid motionless beside him, the once constantly moving limb was now limp; not even twitching randomly.

They were freezing, he thought space was cold before? Well now it was like they were surrounded by ice, not an ounce of heat seemed to stick to them. He wasn't sure when but somehow they migrated to the back corner, propping himself up between the two walls. Their shoes were discarded at some point, sitting innocently on the other side of the box. He remembers feeling like they were too constricting, hands fumbling to remove them; but it all felt like it wasn't him doing that, more so just a memory of the action.

They think sphere guy showed up a few times, he didn't enter the box but they could see his stupid white circle head out of the corner of their eye; his blindingly bright green apparel searing itself into their eyes. The only sounds they could hear were the ship's rumbling, their own harsh breathing, and the occasional pitiful whines that escaped him.

They didn't know what was wrong and that scared them. Were they dying? It didn't make sense, why would he be allowed to die if sphere guy went through the trouble of getting him back? Maybe the alien was just a sick creature who liked watching them suffer. Still, Ranboo would appreciate it if this hell could stop soon, they had no idea how long it's been going on but he's had enough of it. Whatever space version of yelp sphere guy had was going to get a bad review, one out of ten; never again.

Everything came to a climax when they woke up again for what, the ninth? Tenth time? Maybe more, the human didn't know. He awoke like usual, face pressed up against the translucent wall as if it was a soft pillow. Shudders and shivers ran through them like his body was desperately trying to keep them even somewhat warm. Their head still throbbed, scalp burning yet still freezing cold. But that was pale in comparison to the pure agony running up their legs, the limbs felt like they were on fire.

The ravenette pried an eye open to try and see what was causing the pain, he was met with the pants Phil let them keep and their socked feet. The once gray socks were soaked in blood, the red liquid almost had a pink tint to it, but that could have been their hazy mind playing tricks on him. His brain had conjured figures and voices that Ranboo knew weren't real, he was fooled once by the shadow people but the voices made it obvious they weren't real.

They heard many he could put a face to; Phil, Sneeg, Charlie, Techno, Q, Schlatt, but the one that made it obvious was Tubbo's. They knew he wasn't here, even if the brunette was here he would be causing a lot more of a fuss than whispering in Ranboo's ear about memories or jokes.

Their focus moved back to their feet, blood staining the floor beneath them and creating small puddles. He doesn't remember if he did something to cause this or if it was just another weird thing happening to them; he's going to lean towards the latter. Managing to lift one extremely heavy arm, having to focus solely on that task, they were able to slip a finger under the damp cloth and slide it off of him.

Their entire foot was black, the color blending in with their pants. He didn't know how far up the color traveled and he wasn't sure they had the energy to try and find out. Their arm dropped back

onto the ground, limp once more. The pain seemed to recede a bit once the sock was removed, but he couldn't find the energy to repeat the process with the other.

After that, they must have passed out again, from pain or just general exhaustion he didn't know. When they woke up it was to screaming, it took a second to register that it was them screaming. Their feet and legs burned, even worse than before. It felt like their limbs were trying to compress themselves or that an invisible force was squeezing them to the point of almost snapping them.

And snap they did.

Now Ranboo's broken an arm before, it sucked but he can confidently say it was child's play compared to this. It felt like each and every single bone in their legs were snapping into millions of pieces, the limbs shaking worse than any earthquake he's experienced. They'd pass out for a few minutes before waking again, repeating the process at least three times before he remained conscious.

Once the pain settled the teen took a hesitant glance at their legs, praying the things were still there and not missing. Lucky for him both were still attached to him, unluckily they didn't look correct. Their ankle bent weirdly, it felt too high up on their leg. Their toes were bigger, matching pads to their hands peeked out from under them. Sharp claws stuck out from each toe, there were four with a fifth a bit higher up almost like a dewclaw. Ranboo's had experience with cats, he loved the little furballs, and this looked like a large cat paw. They wanted to chalk it up to more hallucinations but he could flex the digits, and while still numb, they could feel how the muscles move under their skin.

His brain screamed that this was wrong, not normal whatsoever. And he agreed with it. But they still felt like shit and even just moving their toes felt like a chore and left him winded. He tried to go back to sleep, to let whatever this was finished doing whatever it wanted to them, but their head still throbbed. It now felt like their brain was trying to push itself out of their skull, even pressing their head against the glass did little to help relieve them from this pain.

Their vision remained blurry and hazy like a film was over their eyes. He could still see but everything was fuzzy around the edges like the colors couldn't stay within the lines that defined the shapes.

Things got even worse, the ravenette hadn't even thought that was possible. Just when they felt like they could actually move and not feel like he just lifted five times their body weight nausea started up. He remembers waking up to the feeling of bile climbing up their throat, having to scramble up before emptying their gut. He heaved and panted, tears streaming down their face and burning their skin. Their throat burned like acid was eating away at their skin; which technically was partially true.

No matter how much they threw up it never made them feel better, whatever his body was trying to expel was still trapped in them. His concern grew when pink started to show up, at first not much just a few dots but now it was almost mostly pink. They've concluded that for whatever reason their blood was pink now, he couldn't tell you why though. Whatever mush was given to him was ignored, even the thought of trying to stomach anything made them dry-heave. He'd pass out and wake up to clean floors, they didn't know when someone entered though which was beyond concerning.

Things escalated when sphere guy came in one day, some sharp object in one hand and a few needles in the others; though those were empty. Ranboo didn't fight much when he entered the box,

a half-assed growl vibrated their throat but it was quiet and rough; like their throat had been shredded. Sphere guy didn't seem to care though, he merely crouched before grabbing onto the teen's arm. He pulled the limb out, pushing up their hoodie's sleeve. The human growled again, a threat both parties knew wouldn't be fulfilled.

Thankfully nothing was injected into them this time, instead the alien just took blood from them; leaving him even more lightheaded than before. Another hand grabbed their hand and pushed on the pads, their hand being forced open and fingers spread. Ranboo isn't sure when exactly it happened but on each finger sat a sharp black claw, not super long but they seemed to be growing quickly.

Whatever sharp thing sphere guy brought was lined up with the claw, they almost looked like a pair of dog nail clippers; but if they had two extra blades and four handles. The thought of the alien's words drifted into their mind, mentions of declawing sticking enough to garner fear from the human. They attempted to struggle, to escape the alien's hold, but he was already weak and now with this added sickness his attempts were sluggish and probably nothing more than an annoyance than an actual issue.

Sphere guys made weird echoey sounds before snapping the things shut, effectively slicing through the nail. It hurt. So much so that the teen yelped loudly, struggles picking up. Pink oozed from the clipped claw, not that sphere guy seemed to care. No, the alien just kept going. Each clip resulted in pain, each finger growing damp with the blood as nail bits fell to the floor.

Ranboo sighed in relief when he was done, releasing their hands before standing again. He collected his blood vials before leaving, the glass door clicking shut behind him. Their fingers were numb but at least they were no longer bleeding anymore, small victories.

He got maybe a day of feeling relatively better before crashing again, everything getting worse than it had been before. They're pretty sure at least three of his claws are infected, they burned enough and the skin surrounding them was puffed up. Not a good sign but sphere guy didn't seem to care much so either they were fine or the alien didn't care if Ranboo died, he really hoped it wasn't the latter.

They awoke at some point, not remembering even falling asleep in the first place, to the jerk of the ship. The human, was he still considered human anymore? The ravenette was rudely jostled from their numb sleep, dull aches starting up. He knew it wouldn't be long for more pain to start up, the only reason they weren't in agony was that their body was still waking up and processing the fact that he was conscious.

They assumed either the ship was landing somewhere or leaving somewhere, for all he knew they could have landed at some point and his pain-filled brain didn't register it. Still, the movements were not welcome and if anything made their nausea grow, and he had finally seemed to get that mostly under control. Their head made a 'thunk' noise when it bumped the glass, a sharp noise following. They winced, lifting their head, he nearly forgot about those.

They woke up at some point to itchy patches on their face, scratching it revealed it to be dried blood. The pink had a bit of a blue tint now, making it more purple than pink; they wondered if his blood would go through the whole rainbow before settling on a color. When they follow the trail their hand brushed against something sharp and hard, pushing on it causing their dull headache to flare up before settling again.

Without a mirror, they couldn't be sure but two sharp things sat atop their head and he'd bet there were two horns now attached to his skull. It made sleeping a bit difficult. Their head had to be positioned a certain way so the sharp nubs didn't scratch the glass and make sharp stinging noises. It also hurt a lot whenever he banged them into the translucent walls by accident.

The ship shook again, this time forcing them even more off balance and making them smack into the wall. The teen hissed, inhaling air through their teeth as their hand pressed on the impact spot. His limbs were thankfully a lot less heavy, moving them too much was still a chore but at least now he didn't feel like a rusted-over robot. Again the ship rocked, this time Ranboo caught himself before they could knock themselves out by a blow to the head.

It was starting to become clear this shaking wasn't due to the ship lifting off, it was way too much turbulence for that. So that left two things; they were crashing again which was not going to be fun, they had enough spaceship crashing to last a lifetime thank you very much. Or two; someone was attacking the ship. Option two seemed nicer if he thought it was Phil and the rest of the crew but it could also be some other alien who would be a lot less friendly than any he's met so far. Still that small thread of hope seemed to braid itself with more, becoming a thin rope.

He just hoped it didn't snap and smack them in the face, he isn't sure how well they would react to that. They actually found themselves caring about the other aliens, wanting to be around them, to interact. Ranboo wasn't the most social, never has been, so finding people they actually wanted to actively be around was strange. They only felt that around Tubbo and his mom, other people they just tolerated but he never actively sought them out.

A low croon built in the back of their throat, rumbling out as if calling for someone. He didn't know who they were calling for but he hoped they answered. They shouldn't, who knows what these strange noises would summon. Yet another croon escaped them, louder this time. It cracked at the end but that didn't bother Ranboo, the need to keep repeating the sound was strong and he had little energy to fight it. So laying on the cold ground as shivers raked their body they continued to cry out for something, not expecting a response even if he hoped for one. Just as they opened their mouth to once again call out, voice already going hoarse they paused.

Something responded.

Chapter End Notes

Summary by the lovely;; [SR17740](#)

Ranboo wakes up in severe pain, unsure of what's happening. He blacks out and wakes up multiple times, Dream visits him but just watches. On about the tenth time of waking up then blacking out cycle, his legs are in unimaginable pain, feeling like the bones themselves are going to snap, they do. After passing out, when they wake up they inspect their legs. Their legs are similar to a cat (catboo let's gooooo), dewclaws and all. Their blood is now pink. Sphere guy comes in and takes some blood, also clips Ranboo's new claws (way too short so they cut the nail quick causing them to bleed). Ranboo's fingers, as a result, get infected. Ranboo also grows horns, and his blood turns a more purple color. The ship experiences a lot

of turbulence which Ranboo fears is them crashing again, but is also hopeful that it may be the syndicate crew rescuing him. He starts calling out, his voice is scratchy and hoarse. Something responds

I wonder what responded??

or who...??

Are we dead? Or is this Ohio?

Chapter Summary

◊✧ Space Time ✧✧

Long chapter today children

Enjoy

:)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Wounds/Injuries

Hallucinations

Cursing

Mentions of Death/Murder

Sickness/Illness/Disease

Mentions of Needles/Injections

Unconsensual Body Modification

Aftermath or Torture

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Mentions of Vomiting/Bile

Derealization

Disassociation

Mentions of Violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The noise made them pause, a sound they had yet to hear. Still, it was not real and Ranboo must have imagined it just like all the others, yet he couldn't help but call out again. Even if it was their brain playing tricks on him at least it was bringing their mind some comfort, some delusion of hope to keep them going. It happened again, louder, followed by another shake of the spacecraft.

It was low, gruff, and promised danger yet Ranboo kept calling for it. Even when their voice cracked when their throat felt like claws were scraped down it when they knew nothing was coming. He still made crooning noises and the sound responded.

It didn't take long for their voice to give, to no longer release the sounds. The low rumbling noise continued to reply, becoming more insistent on a reply that Ranboo just couldn't give it. He felt bad, even if the noise was just in their head it was still there and kept them company. They spoke

with the specter voices, held minor conversations with them, this new noise deserved the same courtesy.

The ship rocked again, slamming them back against one of the far walls. They groaned, not bothering trying to move, he knew he'd get thrown again on the next one. The noise that had been steadily getting louder started to instead grow quieter, like it decided that since the ravenette wasn't answering it anymore it would just leave. Ranboo didn't want the sound to leave, to disappear like the other voices would, he needed it to stay.

They attempted to cry out again, the noise is cut off as they started coughing. He felt like they were hacking out a lung, or his guts, maybe even both. Their brain spun as they tried to regain control of their spasming throat, sucking in as much air as they could. Once no longer feeling like they were being choked he pried his eyes open, the room was always too bright.

Sphere guy never turned off the lights, blinding white always shone down on them. He had grown somewhat used to it but now the light left their head reeling, the brightness searing into his eyes. So it was strange when they opened their eyes and he wasn't immediately shutting them again. While not pitch black the room was still dark, dim green lights dotted the ceiling giving just enough light to see.

This happened before, back when the ship crashed and Ranboo made his escape. The power must have gone out again, but why? The spaceship was still rumbling and shaking, so they haven't crashed yet. And there was no way the alien would just turn off the power to his own ship. The thought of the glass box being unlocked had them stirring, though he was only able to twist their head to look at the blinking light on the keypad.

Sphere guy must have changed it, the thing was still locked even with the power gone. It must have been hooked up to whatever kept the green lighting on. Not like Ranboo could even get himself over to the door let alone through it and off the ship.

Their cheek pressed against the cold metal, he practically felt numb to the cold now yet shivers still jolted them every few seconds. Their gaze was focused on the blinking keypad light, mind drifting off to who knows where.

He was quickly pulled back into reality when crashing, loud noises, and blaring alarms sounded. Their ears pinned back, tail twitching slightly at their annoyance. Couldn't sphere guy let him suffer in peace?

More crashing sounded, the noises getting closer. They hadn't noticed at first but that replying sound was much louder now, almost booming. It blended in with some of the other noises but Ranboo could hear it if they were searching for it. Another crash, loud noises he'd assume were from sphere guy's crew, more of that rumbling noise and alarms surrounded the teen.

A particularly loud bang came from what sounded like in front of the section of wall that opened whenever sphere guy arrived. The ravenette flinched and regretted it, muscles shrieking at the sudden movement. A much bigger flinch happened when the wall literally flung itself at his glass box, their whole body jolted at that one. But the strange thing was the thing that did the damage to the wall.

Honestly, it looked like a giant pig, and he means giant. This thing must be bigger than sphere guy, maybe almost as big as Phil when they are a big bird. Yet instead of fear of this giant beast that

could literally skewer him with their tusks, it was instead; how much bacon would this giant pig make?

The creature locked eyes with them and Ranboo felt the static fill their veins, pinning them to the spot. Not that they were going to get up anyway, sure he could but it would hurt and they felt pretty safe inside the box. If a metal wall smacking into it didn't shatter the glass they were pretty sure the big pig beast wouldn't be able to. The static faded quickly as the thing approached, it didn't take long for it to make it to the keypad. Ranboo was curious about what it would do, maybe it would try and ram the glass? Or maybe it would smack a giant hoof on the keypad like they were pressing the buttons. That would be kind of funny.

Ranboo was eighty percent sure... eighty-five percent sure that this giant pig was another hallucination brought on by whatever thing sphere guy injected them with. They don't know how long ago that was but judging by the weird things they saw and heard during their stay in the glass box he'd assume it was some type of drug. Ranboo's never been high before but he thinks this is what it would be like, or at least somewhat.

It was like they blinked for half a second and the giant pig was replaced with Technoblade. Huh, when did he show up? Oh, wait was the giant pig Techno the whole time?! What's next, giant moth Sneeg? Or maybe a big block of slime who was actually Charlie. The thought was funny, a scratchy snicker escaped them when he tried to picture a giant moth or slime block as their friends.

Techno was fumbling around the keypad, didn't he know it wouldn't work? Ranboo knew so wouldn't this made-up version of their friend know too? Yet hooved hands still punched buttons on the thing, the light turning red at each incorrect combination. As the seconds grew so did fake Techno's fumbling eventually, the pygmin just punched the thing before grabbing at the seal.

Was he going to try and pry it open now? The ravenette expected this to fail as well, a specter couldn't affect the real world. The crashing wall could be seen as both a visual and audio hallucination, the crashing was still going on so maybe it was one of those just a bit louder. What they didn't expect was for the glass to give into fake Techno's strength, the keypad's light blinked rapidly before stopping. Smoke billowed out of the thing as the glass door opened for the pygmin, and Technoblade wasted no time in entering Ranboo's clear prison.

Huh, maybe their brain was trying to make up some really elaborate rescue? Maybe this was just the sphere alien entering normally and Ranboo's brain decided to create a different picture. Snorts, grunts, and chuffs sounded above them. Their eyes flicked up at the pygmin, his hands were hovering around them like he wasn't sure if he could touch them. This may be a delusion, a cruel trick of his brain, but Ranboo wanted to play along for as long as possible. Maybe if they clung to this fairytale it would come true.

The teen whined and lifted their head to press against a hooved hand, heat flooding them instantly. Feelings of safety, of family, of home, filled their mind. This was a nice dream, he hoped more dreams like this would happen. Fake Techno pressed his hand against their cheek, a rumbling noise started up from him. Oh! That noise was the replying noise! So fake Technoblade was the one they were calling for, strange but not unwelcome.

The hand left them and he nearly cried out at its absence, though before they could the hand returned. Two hooved hands slid under him, pulling them close before lifting them. Well, that was new. It didn't matter though because as soon as Ranboo was pulled close to something nearly burning hot, the teen instantly buried himself closer. Now that they had something warm he could

feel how cold they truly were, shivers and shudders picking up even more as his body tried to steal whatever heat surrounded them.

More chuffs and grunts were heard, their eyes peeking open to look up at the alien that was carrying them. It was weird, the previous versions of Techno talked to them but this one only made noises. Their brain must have been too tired to think up conversation topics, that or Ranboo was just going insane; which was a high possibility.

One second they were exiting the glass box room and then the next he found himself being shifted onto what they recognized as the white room's bed table thing. While usually, it was cold and hard this one was softer, still horribly white though. They clung to fake Technoblade, wanting to hold onto this dream just a little longer. The pygmin chuffed at them and tried to place him down again, which in turn made them cling harder. Their fingers burned but he didn't want to give this up just yet, just a few more minutes, just until they pass out again.

"Please. Don't let go, stay just for a lil' longer. Cold. Please."

Their words were slurred and whispered out, he wasn't even sure if they spoke aloud or not. But fake Techno seemed to understand, pulling them closer. The alien sat on the white room table, circling them with furred arms and pulling him close to a warm fluffy chest. The teen sighed happily, curling closer to encase himself in the alien's heat. He had started drifting off but was pulled out of that haze by sharp whistles and angry buzzing.

The arms trapping them moved and the teen whined, mumbling out pleas for him to stay. The arms didn't leave but they did readjust, a small weight fell onto their shoulder. He glanced over and spotted the blurry image of Sneeg, the inchling had all four of his arms on display. Ranboo found that funny, why though? He couldn't tell you. Fake Sneeg didn't seem to agree, tiny hands pressing against their cheek. More buzzing started and Ranboo winced, the sound was loud and way too close to their ear.

"Stop buzzin', 's loud. Use words."

At least that stopped the buzzing, even the sharp whistles stopped. They figured the whistling noises came from a fake Phil he just hasn't spotted yet, maybe it was just a voice with no matching specter this time. That happened, once they heard Tubbo but couldn't spot him anywhere. Now he was thinking about Tubbo, he wanted the brunette to join the other dream versions of their family. But the brunette's voice never joined, instead a rumbling noise sounded.

The teen grumbled at it but didn't mind it too much, sure it was loud but not as painful as the other two's noises. A soft coo had them looking over, coming face to face with Phil. Oh, there they are. It was weird for a bunch of specters to show up at once, usually it was one or two he could name while the rest were just shadows. But they could see Phil, and Sneeg was still on their shoulder, he was also still surrounded by Techno's pink furred arms. Huh.

Another coo brought their focus back to Phil, the elytrian looked concerned. The feathers on their face were droopy and dull, not shiny like they should be. A taloned hand appeared and came close to their face, hovering just far enough away to not touch them. They didn't think much about it, instead they just pushed their face into the offered limb. A rumbling purr started up in their chest, this was a really nice dream and he didn't want it to end. It would be better if Tubbo was here though. Maybe they could ask the dream versions of his friends to bring Tubbo here with them.

Their question seemed to confuse the three, or at least Phil. He couldn't really see Techno or Sneeg's reaction from their position. The elytrian glanced up at Techno before looking back at him, a warble and chirp leaving them. Ranboo frowned, eyes half-lidded as he watched the alien. The lack of reaction just seems to worry Phil, their feathers puffed up a bit before the same noises left their mouth.

"I don't... why aren't you talkin'? I don't speak bird, s'rry..."

Phil looked over at his shoulder, more chirps and warbles being thrown in that direction. They followed the other's gaze to see Sneeg. They almost forgot he was there, huh. The inchling buzzed before messing with his funny bracelet thing, Ranboo knew what it was called but they couldn't think of what the word was. Sneeg's hand left the device to instead tap their cheek, gaining his attention quickly.

"Ranboo? Hey bud, can you understand me now?"

That was better. Ranboo liked Sneeg's low voice, it was close to the sound of cicadas while not being as obnoxious. They didn't bother to try and stifle the goofy grin that pulled at their face.

"Hi, Sneeg. M' understand you."

That got a better reaction, the inchling seemed to relax a bit at those words. Asking for Techno and Phil's own comm-something, he'd remember the word eventually. Once the things were returned Phil's hands cupped their cheeks, the teen was basically putty now and eagerly relished in the attention.

"Ranboo? Chick? What's wrong? What happened? Are you okay? What-"

"Phil easy, don't overwhelm them."

The teen's tail flicked slightly before laying limp on the bed once more, now Techno and Phil were talking correctly. Good job brain you fixed the issue. But why was Phil questioning what was wrong? Usually, the elytrian specter would talk about bird facts or point out smudges on the glass, Phil never asked if anything was wrong. None of the voices did, they already knew since his mind is the one to create them.

"Ranboo." They hummed as they opened their eyes to look over at Sneeg, his eyes kept closing without his consent; sleep was tugging at him now that they felt warm instead of the bone-chilling cold from earlier. "Do you know where you are?"

Oh, that was easy, the glass box. They haven't left it since sphere guy jabbed them and threw them in there. By Sneeg's immediate reply they realized he had said that out loud, huh wonder how long he's been doing that?

"No no, you're on the Syndicate. We got you back."

"Tha's nice..."

"Ranboo." Their attention flicked to Phil, purr growing louder as talons scratched behind their ears gently. "What do you think is happening right now?"

"Dream. Hall- halluc- the word for fake things, not real... hallucin-something."

“Hallucinations?”

“Yeah that, had lots of those. This one’s nice though, I like this one.”

Phil made a distressed warbling sound, their hand pausing. The ravenette huffed as they closed their eyes, ready to drift off. He didn’t want the dream to stop but they didn’t think he could keep his eyes open for much longer. Sadly they didn’t get to fall into the void of unconsciousness. Tiny hands tapped their cheek quickly like they were trying to keep him awake. Ranboo groaned but opened their eyes, glaring at Sneeg. Let them sleep, everything hurts and he’s so tired.

“You gotta stay awake Ranboo, we don’t know what that guy gave you. I haven’t gotten through all the files yet. So you have to stay awake okay?”

“Don’t wanna.”

“Chick, please. Just a little longer than you can sleep.”

Both Sneeg and Phil were pleading with them, asking him to remain. Ranboo would love to stay in this fantasy, but they were so tired. Tiny hands tapped their cheek again, oh he closed his eyes again... whoops. They looked at Sneeg, he was blurry, all the patterns on his wings swirled like they were moving of their own accord.

“Don’t go to sleep yet shoat. Sneeg you look through the files, Phil go look through the database and see if you can find anything that would cause them to act like this. Ranboo I need you to tell me everything that hurts, can you do that for me?”

Sneeg leaped from their shoulder, gliding out of sight. Phil’s hand left them as he too moved away, guess the dream was ending. At least Techno remained and they were still warm. But he asked them a question, one Ranboo could probably answer.

“Okay... uh everythin’.”

“Need you to be a little more specific.”

“Mhmm... m’ head hurts, legs, those hurt a lot... um...hands I think... I don’t- I don’t know what else.”

He felt bad for not giving the pygmin the answers he was looking for, words were hard. While in their head he could answer their tongue felt too big for his mouth and their lips felt like they couldn’t form the correct shapes for words. It didn’t help that their throat hurt... wait that was one!

“Thr- neck thing, tha’ hurts.”

“Okay, what are you feeling? Emotional, physical, anything, just tell me.”

“Naus-... nauwsss-“ The teen growled, why weren’t words working like they should. “Feel sick, I might be sick...”

“Anything else?”

Technoblade was asking a lot of questions, too many for them to focus on. He must have waited too long to reply or started drifting off again, a hooved hand tapped their cheek gently but still firmly.

He grumbled but focused back on what Techno was asking, the pygmin repeated his question thankfully; Ranboo had already forgotten what it was before.

“Tired... sad, numb, and uh... mhm...” Was it okay to admit that they were still terrified? This was just a delusion their mind created to try and keep him sane, so it wouldn’t be considered weak if they mentioned it right? “S-scared, ‘m scared Tech’.”

The arms around them tightened, pulling him even closer which Ranboo wasn’t sure was possible. Still, they snuggled into the warmth, the pygmin’s fur tickled their face but they couldn’t find the energy to move away. Technoblade inhaled as if he was about to start saying something else but before he could Sneeg’s voice rang out.

“Okay okay, I found something! It says here that Dream guy used Enderyan DNA. Should’ve realized it sooner, the eye contact thing was a dead giveaway. I swear if he wasn’t already-“

“Sneeg! Focus! What else?”

Ranboo flinched at the loud voice coming from Techno, they hadn’t noticed but the alien was speaking a lot softer to them than he’s ever heard from him.

“Right! Sorry! Uh... it’s saying stuff about a schedule and a bunch of medical terms. Techno I don’t know what I’m looking for here.”

“Look at the most recent stuff and just read it aloud.”

The sound of rustling papers could be heard, muttered curses falling from the inchling’s mouth. Technoblade started rumbling again, his chest vibrating. The ravenette snickered at the feeling, almost like he was laying on top of a washing machine. A hand ran up and down their shoulder, to keep them awake or for comfort, Ranboo didn’t know but it was doing a bit of both.

“Uh okay here; eight cc’s of somammis sedative, thirteen conjoids of djinnition, and... holy shit.”

Sneeg stopped talking instead angry buzzing replaced his voice, Ranboo wasn’t sure why though. They didn’t understand half of what Sneeg was talking about but the alien holding them tensed up so they’d assume something bad happened. Was this the part where the dream turns into a nightmare?

“Sneeg!”

“Fucking bastard! It was on purpose! He was trying to kill them!”

The grip on them tightened, the ravenette whimpered, the hold loosened immediately. The rumbling coming from Technoblade grew louder, but this time it wasn’t comforting. Now it sounded angry, like the sound of a large machine that promised danger if used incorrectly. It wasn’t directed at them, at least they don’t think so.

“He was... fucking injecting them with shit! The DNA was for this last ‘project’!” The word project was said with such anger that even Ranboo felt a bit scared of the tiny alien. Who knew such a small body could contain such fury. “Motherfucker was making cures for shit by using humans with altered DNA! He even killed some of them with the diseases!”

“Does it say what he gave Ranboo, if we know then we can figure out how to fix it-“

“That’s the thing Techno! There isn’t a cure yet! Fucker gave them some deadly illness to make a cure to sell off to the highest bidder! And now Ranboo’s going to fucking die because we weren’t fast enough! There’s nothing we can-“

“Sneeg stop! Enough! I get it! Just... stop.”

Hot air blew onto their head, something rubbing against their hair gently. It wasn’t hard to figure out what Techno was doing, the alien was rubbing his cheek against their head and making quiet chuffing noises. Ranboo could feel their own chest vibrate with purrs in response, the noise was scratchy and breathy but it was there which was the important part. They could hear Sneeg shuffling around out of sight, curses and colorful threats falling from his mouth.

He didn’t think he was dying, at least not anymore. Sure they considered it was a possibility when their legs did the whole transformation thing. Maybe even when he was throwing up more blood than vomit. But now? Everything just hurt and they just wanted to sleep. Ranboo’s never died before though, lots of close calls, but they never actually died. So for all he knew he could be dying right now.

The thought was terrifying, they didn’t want to die. But he also found himself too tired to truly panic, to rightfully freak out about this information. No, they just wanted to go to sleep and drift in the void for a while, but the others didn’t want him to.

He heard the door make a whooshing sound as it opened, elytrian rushing in shortly after. They were saying something, Ranboo was only catching a few words here and there. Something about records, something about future plans, something about medical knowledge... wait, what? They tuned back into the conversation happening above them.

“-we can go to Carpsice, they have to have something to help!”

“They won’t, it’ll take too long anyway. We don’t know how long he’s been infected, we don’t know how long they have left-“

“There has to be something Techno! Are we supposed to just wait?! No! I’m not losing a flock member!”

“Carpsice has professionals but this is different! Ranboo’s human! We don’t know anything about human medicine!”

“Tubbo knows.”

The two went silent, he could feel their stares on them. The ravenette squirmed slightly, trying to bury back into Technoblade and remain hidden.

“Ranboo what do you mean? What does Tubbo know?”

“Tubbo’s a med- medik- he knows stuff about being sick. He’s smart, love hm’, big brain, very smor- smart.”

“Tubbo knows about human medicine?”

The ravenette hummed and nodded, regretting it instantly as their head throbbed even harder. Note to self, no more nodding, better yet don’t move at all.

“Went t’ school for it.”

“Tubbo’s on Earth right?” Ranboo hummed in response, Phil seemed to understand Ranboo’s unspoken agreement. “Okay, we can work with that!”

“What? Phil, we don’t know where Earth is!”

“No, but that bastard’s ship does! I snagged the main data cube before we blew it up! And when I was looking in the database I saw cords to some planet not that far away! I’m positive that’s Earth!”

“And what if it’s not? Then what? We’ll be right back here again!”

“I’m the captain of this ship Technoblade, and I’m saying we are going to Earth and we are finding this Tubbo person, and we are going to save Ranboo. Now you can either help me or sit here and stay out of my way.”

Phil’s dark tone left no room for argument, not that Ranboo wanted to argue. He was more than happy to be returning to Earth, even if this was some elaborate dream they wouldn’t be passing up this chance. The pygmin snorted but agreed, Phil soon disappeared again.

Ranboo couldn’t hear Sneeg anymore, so either he left or his specter disappeared like the rest usually did. It didn’t matter, he’d probably be back later or they would hear him whispering words Ranboo wouldn’t be able to understand. One thing that was weird though was Charlie wasn’t here, usually the slime alien would show up by now. Then again maybe their brain just said ‘no Charlie today, sorry all out of goop’. It sounds like something their brain would say. Still, he wanted to know where the green goop man was.

“Tech?” The pygmin’s attention was on them instantly, hooved hand carding through their hair gently. “Where’s Charlie?”

The hand paused before continuing, a bit slower than before. He was silent for a while, Ranboo figured maybe he didn’t hear their question so he’d ask again. Yet before they could Technoblade’s monotone voice was speaking.

“He’s not here right now kid, he... he got hurt pretty badly. He should be fine but I don’t know how long it takes for slime to regenerate, and he lost a lot of it.”

That didn’t sound right. Charlie should be perfectly fine, just like all their other hallucinations. This simple statement left them confused, how did Charlie get hurt? He shouldn’t have been able to get hurt. A lightbulb seemed to click on at that moment, things connecting in his brain they hadn’t thought much about at the time. He was warm, they were never warm in the glass box. The specters could touch them, move him when before they didn’t even get close to Ranboo. They felt safe, he didn’t feel as scared as before. They could hear the ship rumbling but he didn’t feel the bumpiness of sphere guy’s ship, no this was smooth.

“Tech?”

“Yeah, kid?”

“Is this real?”

Techno's silence made them second guess himself, were they just thinking too hard about this? Was he wrong and this was truly a dream like they first thought?

"Yeah, it's real. You're really here Ranboo, you're safe now. You're back home."

Those three words had his heart clenching, throat tightening as tears threatened to spill. He was safe? This wasn't a dream? Or a hallucination? Not a delusion their brain created out of necessity? They were home?

Technoblade pulled them close, angling their head to bury into his collarbone. Their fingers tangled in his fur, clinging like he'd disappear if they didn't hold on. Whatever dams they created to keep his emotions in check was now cracking and overflowing, spilling his emotions everywhere. They were scared, happy, angry, upset, and so many others he couldn't even name. Techno simply held him close as they sobbed into him, form trembling. The pygmin shushed them gently, trying to calm them down, reminding them to breathe.

Ranboo couldn't tell you how long that lasted, it could have been seconds or it could have been hours. Either way they were now beyond exhausted, sleep clouded their vision and pulled on him. It felt like they were being dragged down by chains, unconsciousness trying to engulf them in any way possible. They tried to inform Technoblade, tried to make it clear that they were scared to sleep. Scared to wake up back in the box, scared this was truly a cruel dream all along. But Technoblade promised to stay here until Ranboo woke up again, that he'd protect Ranboo while they slept.

So Ranboo believed him, and as their eyes shut they clung onto the warmth of the pygmin, hoping to not wake up cold and alone.

Chapter End Notes

Welp guess we're going to Earth now~
Wonder if they'll find Tubbo??

New phone. Who dis??

Chapter Summary

◊+ Space Time +◊

Ayo who's this??

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Death/Murder
Kidnapping
Mentions of Abandonment
Depression
Mentions of Illness/Sickness
Cursing

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Seventy-seven days, fourteen hours, twenty-three minutes, and fifty-eight seconds.

It was like a clock was ticking away in his head, reminding him every second of every day how long his partner was gone. It's been over two months, almost three now since Ranboo disappeared. Almost like he just ceased to exist, just gone without a trace.

When Tubbo hadn't gotten his goodnight text, something Ranboo insisted on doing every night before bed, he knew something was wrong. The ravenette had messaged him saying they were 'literally starving' and that he was heading to the convenience store maybe five minutes away from the group home. The caretakers never cared if Ranboo or any of the other older teens came home or not, so many had run away that it was expected for anyone over the age of fourteen to leave and never return. But Ranboo wasn't like that.

So after an hour of nothing Tubbo started to get worried, spamming their phone with emojis and dumb puns. When those got no reply the brunette started asking where the other was, if something happened, if they were okay. He got no reply. Then Tubbo started calling, it was the last resort since neither enjoyed talking over the phone unless necessary; no discord calls were different! The two of them could spend days on a call if allowed, but phones gave both of them immeasurable anxiety.

His call would ring and ring before clicking to voicemail, that dorky message of his boyfriend's voice playing before the loud and long beep. Tubbo left a message, one claiming if the other didn't

answer him he would set fire to their homework or steal his kneecaps; he can't remember which threat he said.

Tubbo called four more times before giving up, deciding it would probably be best to go to the convenience store himself and see what was keeping his partner. His dad wouldn't care if he was out past midnight, he never cared what Tubbo did. No, Mr. Deruse just sat around the house drunk off his ass when not performing in front of cameras and paparazzi.

But when Tubbo arrived at the brightly lit shop there was no Ranboo in sight, even asking the cashier left him with no answers. The cashier, some teen girl who looked like she wanted to be anywhere but here, just told him she had seen Ranboo but they left after buying their snacks. So Tubbo followed Ranboo's usual trek home, looking for any signs of where the ravenette went.

What he found had his stomach sinking.

A ripped plastic bag with the convenience store's logo sat innocently off to the side of the road. A half-empty soda bottle lay on its side, puddle of bubbly liquid surrounding it. A bag of partially crushed chips, ketchup chips which were Ranboo's favorite, sat halfway out of the bag. The crumpled receipt was only a few feet away, partially submerged in a puddle, its ink running and spreading.

That was the last time Tubbo spoke with Ranboo, the last time anyone had seen the ravenette. Everyone said he ditched town, left without a word. They were full of bullshit. Tubbo knows Ranboo, and they'd never do something like this. Especially to Tubbo. People tried to placate him, telling him that Ranboo was just a jerk who left or abandoned Tubbo. The brunette punched every single one of them who dared say such things about his beloved.

There was a search party for about a week before they gave up, telling Tubbo to do the same. Which of course he didn't, why would he? If Tubbo was the one missing no doubt Ranboo would be desperately searching for him, so why wouldn't he do the same for them? Tubbo even took a medical leave from his schooling, stating something about grief and mourning. The professors allowed it, wishing him the best in his recovery. Tubbo didn't need to recover, he needed his boyfriend back.

Since it was obvious Ranboo didn't leave willingly that left two options; one he was taken or two... they were dead in a ditch somewhere. And if Tubbo combed through every section of the woods then no one but him needed to know. He didn't know if not finding a body was a good thing or not, almost like Schrödinger's cat. If he didn't find a body then Ranboo could still be alive but they could also be dead and Tubbo just didn't find him yet.

He spent every waking hour searching for Ranboo, creating a whole board with possible leads. It was like the ones you see in movies, red strings and all. Yet he was still no closer than before. He's checked Ranboo's bank statements, cell phone calls, he's even checked the convenience store's cameras. These may have been done illegally but Tubbo was the son of the mayor, he got away with most of his dubious activities. But still, there was nothing. He wishes he studied criminal law instead of medicine, maybe then he'd have a better chance of finding his beloved partner.

He pressed the last number, hitting the speaker button next. It rang, rang, and rang. Before...

Beep.

“Hey sorry can’t come to the phone right now, leave a message and I’ll get back to you as soon as possible! No Tubbo! Don’t eat that!-“

A long beep follows.

The brunette sniffled, hand running under his nose.

“Hey, Boo. It’s me again... I miss you.” He paused, curling up around the phone. “Please come home. I can’t- please. I love you-“

The phone beeped before stating the inbox was full. Tubbo’s been calling every day, praying the ravenette will answer. He’s left over fifty messages by now, he can’t even remember what half of them say anymore.

He shut the phone off before letting his head thump back against the wooded wall. He’s been spending most of his time here, in the little treehouse they made back in grade school. Neither Ranboo nor himself were great carpenters but they made it work, fixing it up as the years went by. It’s was theirs, their little house where only they knew. Some of Ranboo’s things were still scattered around the room, Tubbo reached for one of their shared possessions.

A stained pig plush was pulled onto his lap, Michael. Tubbo got it for Ranboo on Valentine’s Day, thought it would be a funny gag gift. The ravenette loved it, carried him everywhere. Tubbo stated it was their son, since they were married it seemed fitting to have a child as well. This is how Michael became part of the Belvoi-Deruse family, he’s been with them ever since.

His thumb ran over the stain, an accident that both felt horrible for. Michael lived in their treehouse, had his own little section and everything. But one day there was a really bad storm, and Michael got thrown from the sanctuary and into the mud. He was found the next day, half his face stained with dirt and grime. Try as they may the stain never fully disappeared, but they still loved their son; stain and all.

The teen brought the plush close, squeezing it to his chest. Once he found Ranboo he’d complain about child support, get on the ravenette’s case about abandoning their son. Honestly, he couldn’t care less about ‘child support’, he just wanted his husband back. Tubbo buried his face into the soft fabric, tears all dried up from the first month of crying. He shivered slightly, winter was coming soon which would mean he needed to start wearing more layers if he was going to spend all day outdoors.

Turning his head he looked at his sleeve, head still resting on top of Michael’s. He fiddled with the hem, the too-long sleeve nearly covered his whole hand. Tubbo had been stealing Ranboo’s hoodies, he grabbed them before the group home’s guardians threw them out. The ravenette left a few in Tubbo’s room but the brunette wanted to make sure he had all of Ranboo’s stuff for when they came back because he was coming back. Tubbo refused to believe otherwise.

There was the sound of buzzing, which he first assumed was some bug but it couldn’t be, it was too cold and all the insects had left weeks ago. His next thought was it was his phone, but no the screen was dark. The buzzing got louder and louder until it was practically right next to him. The brunette raised his head and looked towards the noise, a blob of blue and white was hovering in the opening to the treehouse. The opening was a hole in the floor they climbed through, since making a foot tall enough to fit Ranboo would be practically impossible.

The blob glided over to him, landing a few feet away. It looked like a tiny man, a tiny blue man with moth wings. Now Tubbo didn't believe in the supernatural, he was a man of science. So either he was hallucinating, dreaming, or finally insane. All were probable answers.

Then the weirdest thing happened, the thing talked. Like literally spoke, English and everything.

"Are you Tubbo?"

It even knew his name! So yeah this was something his brain made up. Might as well have a conversation with a tiny blue man while in the middle of a mental breakdown, this was completely normal. He was fine.

"Yeah?"

"Oh thank Prime! It took us way too long to find this place even with Ranboo's directions."

That had Tubbo's attention. Little blue man knew Ranboo, sure it's probably his brain but still, that hope flared in his chest. Should he be trusting little hallucination man? No, he should definitely not. But if this was a chance to find Ranboo he'd take it, what was the worst that could happen? Even if this was a dream, he just wanted to see his husband again.

"Can you take me to them? Please?"

"Yeah yeah! Uh, follow me I guess."

Tubbo scrambled after the tiny man, nearly launching himself down out of the tree fort. The only reason he didn't was because the tiny blue man wasn't alone. Standing there was a giant anthropomorphic pig, arms crossed as he looked around. The brunette dropped and stared up at the behemoth of a creature, it was huge.

"This Tubbo?"

"Yup! Now let's go!"

The tiny man perched on the pig guy's shoulder, and pig guy... pig guy fucking grabbed him! Tubbo struggled, okay maybe this wasn't some weird fever dream.

"Oi! Let me go you bitch!"

"It's quicker this way, just stay still."

"No! You prick! Are you the fuckers who took Ranboo?! I'll fucking kill you!"

He kicked and squirmed, fists smacking onto fuzzy arms. He had no idea who these pricks were or what they were. His first assumption was costumes but that tiny man was definitely not some guy in a suit, and pig guy was too tall.

"He's a lot feistier than Ranboo. Are all humans like this?"

"I swear if you hurt him! I'll fucking... I'll cut off every finger you have and then make you eat them!"

The pig guy huffed but didn't release him, he just kept heading deeper into the woods. This was how Tubbo died, taken deep into the woods to be killed. Was this how they killed Ranboo? He wasn't going down without a fight or answers, he'd take at least one of these guys with him.

Eventually, they came up to some large spacecraft, something Tubbo's only seen in movies. The thought that this was a weird dream came back because no way was that real. His squirming paused for a second, eyes taking in every piece of the craft.

He was jostled from his thoughts as pig man ran up to the ship, smacking his hand against the metal. The thing glowed before a rumbling started, a whole section of wall opening up. Oh, what the fuck?! The thing wasn't fully opened yet before the pig man jumped in, moving quickly and efficiently through the ship's interior.

"Look we don't have a lot of time to explain but Ranboo said you know medical stuff, and we don't know what to do. Just if you can do anything please do."

"You're kidnapping me to do medical shit? What the fuck man?! You could have, I don't know, asked maybe?! You don't need to grab me!"

"You're shorter than expected, it would have taken too long. Again we don't have the time to waste."

Tubbo was about to go on a rant about how this was completely unethical, how kidnapping him was a stupid idea if they wanted his help. But before he could the brunette was being placed on the ground in what looked like a pure white hospital room. The only color was the mound of black feathers, the things moved a bit and a blonde head peeled out.

"This is Tubbo?"

He didn't like this person, something screamed danger. His flight or fight instincts were starting to kick in, the need to escape was nearly overwhelming. But then the thing's wings lowered, there were four of them. Something was being cradled under them, a form curled up into a ball and shivering.

"Ranboo, we found him. Tubbo's here now."

The bird person's words were soft as if talking to a scared child. It didn't fit the dangerous aura leaking from the thing. And what did it mean? Ranboo? The thing it's holding? No way that was Ranboo.

The thing stirred at the other's words, two glowing mismatched eyes opening. Their gaze looked glassy, as if not fully focused. It glanced up at the bird person before looking over, eyes up to look at the pig guy who stood behind Tubbo, then at the little blue man on the pig guy's shoulder, and then finally the gaze landed on him.

"Bo?"

It's the man!
The long-awaited brunette
He's here to fuck shit up!!

Welcome to the jam!

Chapter Summary

◊ Space Time ◊

Some beeduo content for y'all

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Illness/Sickness

Unconsensual Body Modification

Mentions of Science Experiments

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Kidnapping

Wounds/Injuries

Cursing

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo spent most of the time either asleep or in a hazy dream-like state. He wasn't as cold as before, they think they remember clinging to something warm and fuzzy for a while before it changed to feathers. The feathers weren't as warm but it was still nice, comforting. He despised the few seconds where neither feather nor fur was encasing them, without either it felt like literal ice was forming on his skin.

There were some points where Ranboo was a bit more aware than before, more conscious. They were able to recognize where he was, who they were, and a general understanding of what was happening. It was during one of these lapses in awareness that they were informed of their current destination; Earth. The ravenette was pretty sure they misheard or that this was another weird fever dream, he had one earlier where they were being chased by an anthropomorphic jelly monster so going to Earth didn't seem that far-fetched of a dream.

There were points during their consciousness where either Phil or Techno tried to get them to drink some weird glowing liquid. The thing was bright pink and looked to have glitter in it, so of course, Ranboo refused to drink it. The liquid's scent was overly sweet, to the point it was nauseating; which didn't help his previous nausea.

The two had to trick him into drinking the stuff, and then into not spitting it out the second, it touched his tongue. The pink liquid was disgusting, sweetness and bitterness clung to their tastebuds. And to make things worse the stuff was thick, like cough syrup or molasses. Techno would have to literally hold their jaw shut so he didn't waste it, eventually forcing the teen to

swallow. Ranboo would whine and complain like a child whenever that stuff was brought in, yet neither let him not take the weird space medicine.

Even though it sucked at least it seemed to help a bit, the ravenette was now spending less time asleep than awake. He still felt like absolute shit but hey at least now they weren't passing out every other minute! Small victories.

With a more aware mind though brought about different issues, one being the absence of color in the room. It didn't take long for Ranboo's mind to figure out what room they were in, it took even less time for them to start panicking. The alien family he was a part of now, still, a bit weird thinking about them like that apologized profusely but refused to let him leave the room. Not like they really could, the one time the teen managed to escape the arms around them he literally fell face-first onto the ground.

Their legs were like noodles and shook with such intensity that they didn't even know was possible. Not to mention how cold it was, they didn't know why they were so chilled but it was obvious that they were only warm when Techno or Phil held them close. The pygmin's arms would cage them while his cloak would be wrapped around them, almost like a blanket. The elytrian would pull him close while their wings surrounded him in a cocoon, sharp talons detangling any knots in their hair or tail.

The two kept him up to date on their traveling, counting down how long it would take for them to reach Earth. They'd ask about Tubbo, usually just simple things like; what he looked like, where on Earth he would be, if he spoke the same language as Ranboo. The ravenette answered each question, seeing no harm in telling the others about his partner. Ranboo relayed the basic facts; that Tubbo had brown hair, that he was short compared to Ranboo, that he had blue-ish green eyes, that he would probably be at his home or in the tree fort the two built, how Tubbo did indeed speak English like Ranboo, and how Tubbo would probably freak out at the sight of any of them.

At some point, Ranboo was trying to explain how seasons change on Earth to Phil when Techno showed up. The two would take turns keeping Ranboo company and giving them warmth, Sneeg said he'd work on changing the ship's heating system to better accommodate Ranboo's species. They finally got an answer on where the extra parts attached to Ranboo came from, apparently, it was from a species called Enderyan.

Sneeg and Phil explained it one time; Enderyan or simply Ender were a species of cold-blooded bipedal aliens, native to a planet that could only be translated to 'End' which wasn't ominous at all. Phil brought up how Ranboo didn't look like a typical ender though, mentioning the same things sphere guy did.

"-usually they have purple extremities while you have red and green. And having a split tail isn't common either, it's no wonder we didn't figure this out sooner."

"Circle guy said the same, something about mu- muta- ab- abnor-..." He growled softly, certain words left them tongue-tied and it was getting annoying trying to find ways around them.

"Abnorm- different, he said they were different."

"Mutations?"

"Abnormalities?"

"Yeah those, he used those words."

The subject was dropped after that, no one wanted to talk about sphere guy. Which was fine with Ranboo, he'd like to pretend their second imprisonment on the alien's ship was just a bad dream.

Anyway, Techno showed up to take his shift on Ranboo babysitting duties. The teen tried to make that joke but Phil got concerned, saying stuff about how they wouldn't sit on their young and how dangerous that was. Ranboo tried to explain it was just a saying but Phil didn't seem to buy it, their feathers remained puffed the rest of the day. The pygmin adjusted them easily, wrapping his cloak around them like he was a burrito before pulling him close. Sometimes Techno brought a book with him, something to entertain himself if Ranboo drifted off. Occasionally he'd read to the teen, they had no idea how the pygmin could read the funny-looking squiggles.

It was on one of these shift changes that Techno didn't wrap them up like usual, instead the cloak was just draped over them. Ranboo didn't get to question it much since before they could even open their mouth he was being handed something soft. They took the item into their own hands, having been looked over by Techno earlier and rebandaged; their fingers still hurt, and holding anything hard or small was difficult. It took a second to click but the object Ranboo was handed was a plush, specifically a plush cat.

The thing had a couple of black stains, almost like soot, and it smelled of smoke but otherwise, it looked the same as when Techno bought it. And if Ranboo cried over a cat plushie then only he and Techno needed to know. The ravenette mentioned how humans kept soft things like the cat plush for comfort, and how he happened to be one of those humans.

"J-... Jjjj- Jjjjjjjeffery."

"Jeffery?"

"No, Jjjjjjjeffery. Eight 'J's'."

Honestly, he was going to name it Jeffery but man was it hard to say the simple word, so now it was Jjjjjjjeffery with eight j's. Techno seemed to accept the name and didn't question it, which helped Ranboo's own embarrassment over the whole interaction relax.

At some point Techno left, Phil taking his place. It wasn't anything abnormal at this point, but what was strange was that Sneeg left with him. The inchling had been working almost nonstop on the ship's inner wiring, trying to get the heat up as high as possible. While it was indeed warmer it wasn't enough, instead of ice now it felt like a cold wind. An improvement but Ranboo would still shake like a leaf if not encased in warmth.

Ranboo was drifting, fingers fiddling with the ribbon tag attached to Jjjjjjjeffery's collar. Phil made their weird cooing noises while talons scratched at their head gently. The darkness that the elytrian's wings created was enough to block out the blinding white of the room, both Techno and Phil figured out if Ranboo couldn't see the white room then they wouldn't panic as much. So Techno would have them buried into his chest while Phil kept their wings around him to block out the room, it was extremely comforting.

The teen was about two minutes away from falling asleep again when noise started up, the whoosh of the door alerted him that Techno was probably back. He didn't really want to be shifted yet but they weren't going to complain, some part of their brain would constantly tell him to not be any more of a burden on the others. They noticed how worried everyone was, how every movement Ranboo made was watched closely, and how they were constantly asked about how he felt.

“This is Tubbo?”

Phil’s voice sounded above them, confusion starting up in their sleep-filled brain. The elytrian was soon moving, jostling the teen a bit. Ranboo merely curled closer, attempting to go back to sleep. But apparently, Phil wanted something from them, the wings surrounding him were soon being pulled away and bright white light made their eyes squeeze shut. He didn’t want to wake up yet, they’d just keep their eyes shut until Techno and Phil switched. But the elytrian was still holding them, adjusting them so they would be less wrapped up.

“Ranboo, we found him. Tubbo’s here now.”

Tubbo?

That had them waking up a bit more. Tubbo was here? When did he get here? Did that mean they were on Earth? When did that happen? Was that why Techno and Sneeg left together? To get Tubbo?

The ravenette’s eyes opened slowly, adjusting to the light. He glanced up at Phil, their eyes were focused on him, a soft coo coming from them. Ranboo’s gaze then moved to Techno, spotting the pygmin easily since he was the tallest. Next was Sneeg, the inchling was perched on the other’s shoulder, wings buzzing behind him in either nerves or happiness; Ranboo couldn’t tell. Finally, their gaze drifted down to spot someone new, well not new but new to his current surroundings.

The brunette was staring back at him, looking beyond confused. He held himself stiffly as if he would need to run or fight at any second. Knowing Tubbo, the short teen would fight before fleeing. But still, that messy hair, those eyes with dark bruising under them, it was definitely Tubbo standing there.

“Bo?”

————— 「 卍 」 —————

“Bo?”

Tubbo wasn’t really sure what to feel at the moment. He was just kidnapped by weird creatures, he assumes aliens by the literal spacecraft he was now standing in. He was told his husband was here, who has been missing for over two months now. And now these aliens were trying to convince him that this other alien was his beloved. The worst part was that he kind of believed them.

The single word was said with such disbelief and confusion that it almost didn’t sound like his nickname, not to mention the staticky overlay the word was said with. But undeniably that was Ranboo’s voice, he should know he’s been listening to their voicemail every night before falling asleep. His husband’s voice has been playing on repeat in his head like he was scared he’d never hear it again or he’d forget what Ranboo sounded like. But here they were, curled up in some bird alien’s arms while staring at him in disbelief.

Tubbo stood frozen for a second, his mind whirling with millions of thoughts. His eyes flicked all over Ranboo, taking in the changes, growing even more concerned at each one. The first he noticed

was their eyes, they were brighter and held more color than they should. Next were the spots that dotted across his face, splotches that looked like overgrown freckles. Then he spotted the ears, they were pinned back and nearly hidden in the ravenette's hair, the only reason he spotted them was the red and green inner sections. His eyes traveled down and spotted their bandaged hands, the skin peeking out was pitch black. Farther down were two paw-like appendages where feet should be, both had red and green paw pads on the bottom. Lastly, he noticed the tail, tails? No, one tail, split. The tail was mostly still, curled close to Ranboo, yet the tips flicked occasionally.

“Tubbo?”

His attention was pulled from the abnormalities to instead focus on his beloved. Ranboo's own gaze was more focused now, pupils dilated as they stared at him. Their disbelief was now turning to fear, uncertainty, and Tubbo couldn't have that. No doubt the other was worried, Ranboo worried about everything, especially when people stared at them. And of course, Tubbo did that, stupid he knew better.

He inhaled deeply before exhaling, steeling himself. This was all new and strange, but that was Ranboo and Ranboo was familiar. So Tubbo started towards him, hesitating for a second when the bird-like alien tensed up. Sharp talons gripped onto Ranboo as four giant wings started spreading, a threat display. He could hear the pig-like alien behind him move, most likely also tensing like the bird. He ignored it and proceeded forward, stopping mere inches away from the bird and Ranboo.

The ravenette was staring at him with mismatched eyes, now closer Tubbo could see how even their sclera was more of a pale yellow instead of white like it should be. Ranboo looked flushed, pale, sickly. It definitely worried him, but before he could think too hard about it a hand reached out for him. He hated the fact he flinched, hated how Ranboo started to withdraw his hand, hated how hurt they looked.

Before the bandaged hand could be pulled back into their curled form Tubbo latched on, both hands holding onto theirs; almost like if he didn't hold onto them they would disappear again. This time Ranboo flinched, and Tubbo worried he held on too tight or somehow hurt the other, but instead of pulling away Ranboo merely held onto Tubbo's own hands. A staticky keen started up, it took a second for the brunette to figure out that it was Ranboo making that noise.

All three of the aliens seemed tense, ready to attack him if he did anything wrong. He didn't know what to expect from them, he didn't know who they were or why they had Ranboo. He had suspicions though, and none of them were good. But first, he needed to focus on Ranboo, his beloved looked to be on the brink of tears, and their breathing was shaky at best.

Then Ranboo started crying, and all hell broke loose. The bird alien became distressed, shushing the ravenette while running sharp talons across their hair. A loud buzzing started up behind the brunette, followed by a rumbling growl. The worst part though was that as the ravenette cried their skin sizzled, literal smoke trails forming.

Tubbo moved first, pulling his sleeves down over his hands and trying to limit the damage from the tears. The bird looked ready to tear him apart for daring to get close, but if they wanted to fight then he'd gladly fight the alien. But once Ranboo leaned closer to Tubbo the fight seemed to drain out of them, their wings lowering from their aggressive posture.

Getting Ranboo to calm down was a hassle, the teen seemed to cry more whenever Tubbo thought he might be done. Eventually, though the ravenette's tears stopped flowing, instead only a few

hiccup or sniffles were heard. Tubbo doesn't know when but he somehow got onto the weird hospital-like bed to get closer to Ranboo, and strangely enough, the bird alien let him close.

"Ranboo's sick." Tubbo's attention was soon on the bird alien, their voice almost had a melodic hint to it. "They mentioned you knew human medicine, we don't know how to help. Please help him."

Well, that explained the flushed appearance of the teen, it didn't help calm his nerves though. Tubbo's free hand pressed up against Ranboo's forehead, the ravenette leaning into the touch greedily. They were warm, not absolutely burning but hot enough to be a decently high fever. Tubbo's dealt with a sick Ranboo and while it's not fun he does know how to fix it, but now? Tubbo didn't know what gave Ranboo these changes and if it wasn't something he could fix, but he would do his absolute best to cure Ranboo of whatever space sickness this was. And then once Ranboo was healthy he'd demand answers on where they had been for the last seventy-seven days. But first, he needs to find out what's wrong, and Ranboo looked like he was already half asleep, so that meant he needed to talk with the aliens.

"Okay well you know who I am, I don't know who you three are or what you are but I can figure out some things. I'm going to assume you're some type of aliens and this is a spacecraft of some sort. I'm also going to assume that Ranboo has some space flu or something. But what I need to know before I continue is some answers, are you willing to provide them?"

Tubbo's tone was ice cold, if these three were the ones to take Ranboo then he'd fight tooth and nail to get both himself and his husband out of here. If they did some sick experiment to change Ranboo like this then he'd make sure they paid for it with insurance, he wouldn't let that slide.

"I'm Philza, just Phil is fine though. You are correct, I am the captain of this ship. The pygmin is Technoblade and the inchling is Sneegsnag, they prefer to be called Techno and Sneeg respectively. As for what Ranboo is sick with we have a general idea, but because they are human we don't know how to go about helping. I will attempt to answer any of your questions, all I ask is that you help Ranboo in return."

"We're you the ones to take Ranboo?"

The bird looked at him in confusion, feathers puffing up a bit at the question. The brunette watched Phil with a threatening glare, if they even tried to lie to him then he'd be destroying this entire ship.

"No. No, we didn't take Ranboo. Techno found them on a planet when we stopped to refuel, he brought them back. We didn't know what Ranboo was or who had them at first."

"You said at first. So you know who took them."

It wasn't a question, they both knew this. The small alien, Sneeg or something, was the one to answer.

"Ran got snatched from us a preme ago, by the same person who had him originally. We tracked the ship down and got them back, the draemon who had him was performing illegal experiments on sentient life forms. From the data, we stole from the ship we found out he was the one to kidnap Ranboo first. We also have information on what Dream, the draemon, was doing."

"So these experiments..."

“Yes, they are what has caused the mutations. Dream used enderyan DNA to change Ranboo’s biology, if the charts are up to date then they are fifty percent human and fifty percent enderyan now. There’s no way to separate the two, the DNA is woven itself perfectly around the human DNA.”

“And the reason?”

Tubbo wasn’t sure he wanted to know, sure his curious nature wanted answers but judging by the alien’s silence the answer wouldn’t be something good.

“Dream was looking to create medicine basically, cures for deadly diseases, to sell for profit. Ranboo wasn’t the first human to be taken, but he will be the last. Before we could get Ranboo back Dream finished his project, his plan was to inject them with a virus that was deadly to ender and hope their human immunity would fight the virus off. And once that was done he would take blood and create a cure from that...”

That wasn’t the full truth, something was being left out.

“Then what?”

“Then he’d dispose of them. He’d have no more use for Ranboo.”

“But you three got them out before that could happen. I don’t know if I believe you all, it sounds like a bad plot to some alien movie. But you have Ranboo and they seem okay around you so I’ll tolerate you three. Now you found me for medical purposes, what symptoms does Boo have? I also need to know what you’ve been doing to reduce these symptoms.”

Tubbo pulled the cold unfeeling persona out of retirement, he needed to focus on the issues without emotions. The pig- pygmin stepped forward then, he must have been the medical expert then.

“Lethargy, nausea, fever, chills, some of their nails were infected from being cut too short, sore throat, delusions, and a few other small things that haven’t shown up for a while. As for what we’ve done to treat them; potions mostly, keeping them close for warmth, making sure they don’t dehydrate, he said humans can die without water.”

“What are these potions? Like magic stuff? Give me one and tell me what’s in it. I also need you to tell me more about... what did you guys call it? End something? Whatever alien species Ranboo is part of. I need to know their biology and shit, I don’t want to accidentally kill them because of some dumb allergy or something.”

That had both Techno and Sneeg rushing off, both going to collect what Tubbo needed. Phil remained on the bed, still holding Ranboo close. He didn’t trust these aliens, for all he knew this could be some elaborate trick. But the three seemed genuinely worried about Ranboo, Phil was literally cradling them like he’d break if not held together. Tubbo would need to deal with the three at least until Ranboo was lucid enough to explain things better. He wouldn’t need to worry about the ravenette being pressured to lie or anything, Ranboo couldn’t lie to save his life; at least not with stuff like this. They could be a sarcastic prick but outright lying was not their strong suit.

Tubbo huffed as he looked over his beloved’s sleeping form, curled up and slightly trembling. His hand ran through their bangs, cupping his cheek as a thumb rubbed their skin gently. He swears this idiot gets themselves into so much trouble, even more than himself. One of these days they are going

to get themselves killed by just being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Yet Tubbo still loved the fucker and would make sure that didn't happen, not while he was around.

He wasn't going to let some space flu take away his husband, Ranboo still owed him child support for Michael.

Chapter End Notes

More things will get explained more next chapter!

The Doctor is in

Chapter Summary

◊+ Space Time +◊

!! Tubbo Time !!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Sickness/Illness

Mentions of Vomiting

Cursing

Unconsensual Body Modification

Somewhat Unconsensual Drug Usage ((Forcing the Boo to drink some medicine))

It didn't take long for the aliens to get what Tubbo had requested. Techno handed over a nearly fluorescent concoction in a glass container, the thing was practically glowing pink. The brunette popped off the lid to take a whiff of the stuff, recoiling almost immediately at the scent. Just the smell alone made him nauseous, how the hell were these guys getting Ranboo to drink this stuff?

"What is in this stuff? It smells like a dead possum who was doused in bubblegum and mint."

"Just netherwart and glistening meolan, a bit of water as well."

Tubbo just stared at the giant pig who stared right back. Either the brunette heard wrong or this guy just said a bunch of words he had no idea the meaning of, he'd assume it was the latter. But this posed a problem, he didn't know what this stuff was and what it could do.

"Okay well, what about the end things? Tell me some shit about them."

"Enderyan."

The bird, Phil was the one to answer. Their talons were running through Ranboo's two-toned hair, the teen was practically purring in his sleep. Tubbo would definitely be teasing them about that later.

"Enderyan are a species of cold-blooded *chirp*. They are a rather large species, some even reaching twenty decrges tall. The planet of End is relatively warm when compared to others, almost inhabitable to some of the more warm-blooded species. Ender are lithe and light on their feet, they

are nearly silent when moving. Some ender have the ability to teleport short distances, a special organ called a 'pearl' is what makes this possible."

"Okay, what about their biology? Any allergies? Weaknesses? Poisonous things I should steer clear of?"

Phil seemed to debate on this question, their feathers fluffing up in thought.

"Well, ender have sensitive skin when it comes to certain elements. Water is the main one, while it can be consumed it can't touch the skin of an ender. Water will leave burns if it makes contact with enderyans, water-based products will do similar if left on the skin for too long. They are susceptible to ghorbil though it's not deadly and causes no real harm. That's all I know though, there aren't a lot of articles on ender biology."

The brunette nodded, at least this gave him a starting point. No water or ointments could be used on Ranboo, they said ingesting water was fine but Tubbo didn't want to risk it. Now it was time to review his beloved's symptoms, hopefully, then he could figure out what would help.

The first thing was the fever. He'd need to get that down before the other symptoms could be fixed, but the quickest way would be equivalent of shoving Ranboo into a vat of acid so that was out. He could probably get some fever reducers and hope that helped break it, he could also work on fixing the other symptoms while their on those reducers.

Nausea, the biggest issue. Any medicine Tubbo was able to get into Ranboo could potentially be thrown up without even getting to do their job. He'd need to find something to help settle their stomach, that or keep shoving drugs down their throat until they started working.

Lethargy was normal, he'd be more concerned if Ranboo was full of energy instead. Chills could be due to the fever, so once broken those should ease up a bit. Also, Phil mentioned enderyan were cold-blooded so it would make sense he was so cold.

Delusions though, that could be due to the fever but it could also be something else. Something Tubbo may not be able to fix, at least not fully. Sure he knew medicine but he wasn't a psychiatrist, the human brain was an enigma to him.

A sore throat could be because of multiple reasons, a lot he could easily find medicine for. Techno mentioned their... claws were cut incorrectly which left some to get infected. He'd assume it was similar to dog nails with quicks. The only thing he could do there would be to keep the wounds clean and maybe some antibiotics to fight off the infection.

Now with a solid list of supplies he'd need, Tubbo felt less scared than before. Don't get him wrong he was still worried about his husband but at least now it didn't feel like they were dying as the aliens claimed. But he did have one more hurdle he needed to jump; getting the supplies.

Tubbo doubted they'd have what he needed, Phil literally said they didn't know anything about human medicine. So Tubbo would need to go get what he needed, which wouldn't have been an issue if he felt comfortable leaving Ranboo's side.

So he came up with a compromise.

“Don’t make any noise, just stay quiet and don’t draw attention to yourself got it?”

From an outside perspective, he would have looked crazy as he spoke to his hoodie pocket, but Tubbo knew there was a small alien hidden away in the fabric.

“Got it, got it, just get what you need so we can go back. I don’t like being away from the ship.”

Tubbo nodded even though Sneeg wouldn’t have been able to see, it was more to psych himself up anyway. So with one more deep breath, he turned out of the side alley and towards the convenience store. This was a ‘get in-get out’ situation, he just needed to grab the correct medicine and pay for it. He’d even grab a Gatorade for Boo because he is such a good husband, he’ll even get the best flavor; orange!

The bell jingled as the door swung open, the robotic tune signaling his arrival. The cashier didn’t even acknowledge him, too busy playing on their phone. That was fine with Tubbo, he’d rather not be watched while getting his supplies.

The brunette grabbed one of the plastic baskets before heading straight for the medicine aisle, looking over the generic brands for what he needed. He grabbed a few bottles of antibiotics, at least three boxes of fever reducers, two cough syrups, four bags of cough drops, one of those ‘no ice-ice packs’, and a thermometer.

Each one was dropped into his basket before he moved to the snack area. He’d grab some canned soup, some crackers, maybe some bread, and a thing of peanut butter. Who knows what Ranboo’s been eating these days.

“What’s that?”

Tubbo nearly dropped his basket, startled as his head whipped to the side. Sitting innocently in his hood was the tiny bug alien, he was mostly hidden by the fabric. How the hell did he even get up there without Tubbo noticing?!

“What happened to the no-talking rule?”

“No one’s around, plus I’m curious. So what is that?”

“The peanut butter?”

He held up the jar for the alien to see, could he even read English? Sneeg seemed to look over the object, at least Tubbo would assume since, now that he was looking closer, Sneeg lacked eyes.

“Is it some kind of medicine?”

“No? It’s a food, you smear it on stuff to make things taste better. Ranboo likes it though, the heathen eats it by itself with a spoon.”

Sneeg seemed to take this answer, going silent once more. Tubbo continued his shopping, grabbing some Gatorades and a few water bottles, even ginger ale. He was a wonderful husband and Ranboo was lucky to have him.

The brunette had to convince Sneeg to return to his pocket so that he could checkout without being questioned. The bug grumbled but complied, shuffling himself back into the pocket.

Checkout was as uneventful as one would assume. His items were rung up, bagged, paid for, and then Tubbo was leaving the store. He hoped his father wouldn't question the strange purchases on his card, he doubted he'd even notice though.

Making it back to the ship was easier, his arms were full of bags and now Sneeg was sitting on his shoulder. Tubbo wasn't sure when but at some point he was okay with the bug alien being so close, maybe it was stress and this was just how his mind was coping. Seemed logical, at least somewhat.

Soon enough the ship was in sight, the two wasting no time to board.



“Boo please, just open your mouth.”

Ranboo was being difficult, he knew he was yet the bastard didn't stop. Tubbo knew they hated cough syrup, they constantly complained about the numbing sting it left behind. But they needed to drink the shit or deal with a painful throat, Tubbo was not the bad guy here. None of the aliens seemed keen to help either.

Phil and Techno had switched while Sneeg and himself left for supplies again, so now his beloved was caged by a giant fuzzy pig man. Ranboo was whining and trying to avoid the tiny cup of grape-flavored syrup, he sounded like a kicked puppy. The only help Techno did was kept Ranboo from fleeing, which was helpful but not enough for the brunette.

“Ranboo I swear if you don't drink this goddamn medicine I will steal your kidneys and sell them on the black market.”

“No, you won't-“

The ravenette was cut off as Tubbo dumped the cough syrup down their throat, shoving a hand over their mouth. The pig alien tensed and looked ready to jump in and put a stop to this but before he could Tubbo was speaking.

“You're going to swallow this, if you don't I'm taking your toes too.”

Not even a second later Ranboo was swallowing the medicine. Tubbo moved his hand shortly after, the ravenette coughed and stuck out their tongue. Another strange thing that seemed to change, instead of pink their tongue was violet.

“It wasn't that bad, stop being a baby.”

It had been about two days since Tubbo boarded the ship for the first time, and Ranboo was steadily improving. Their fever broke last night, Tubbo had been staying since his father wouldn't even notice he was gone so what was the point of returning home... no not home, the house. That place wasn't his home.

Ranboo was also a lot more lucid than before, now awake for more than five minutes before dozing again. The first time they woke up after their fever broke they took one look at Tubbo and started crying, apologies pouring from their lips. The ravenette even apologized for getting kidnapped, like it was his fault. Tubbo shut that down quickly, telling him to shut up and go back to sleep.

Now though? Now Ranboo was being a literal toddler, they were refusing to take almost any of the medicine. He'd swallow pills easily enough but if it was any type of liquid they adamantly refused, which resulted in the prior situation.

"Was that really necessary?"

"I'm sorry but who's the human medical expert here?"

Technoblade didn't reply, only a chuff escaped him. Tubbo took that as a win. He's come to the conclusion that these aliens weren't as terrifying as he first thought. Sure Techno was fucking huge, Phil had literal talons as fingers, Sneeg... Sneeg was never really that scary honestly. It also helped that Ranboo was more than happy to remain cocooned by both the pig and bird alien. Phil practically doted on the ravenette, like an overprotective mother. Techno wasn't as obvious but even Tubbo could see how the pig was constantly watching for any sign of distress. Even Sneeg was practically glued to Ranboo's side or well pocket. The second Ranboo was more awake than asleep Sneeg made a home in their pocket and hood, even now he was curled up in their pocket most likely asleep.

This group of aliens were pretty okay, a decent group. It was obvious they cared about his beloved, they had to be at least friends. Still, something negative buzzed in the back of their brain.

What happens when Ranboo was healthy again? They couldn't stay here, not on Earth. Ranboo was so obviously not human, even the excuse of makeup and animatronics wouldn't work. Tubbo got a good look at their legs when he tried to help them up to stretch. Ranboo was like a baby deer, legs shaking, their tail pinwheeled as it tried to act as a counterweight to help balance them out. He claimed these were new and that they hadn't tried walking with them like this yet, which was pretty obvious.

Ranboo's legs bent almost like a dog's back legs, the ankle was set so much higher than a human's. Even their knee bent backward, it was very unnerving at first. But once they straightened up it was barely noticeable. There was no way to explain their legs, no way a human could get their legs to bend like that and not break their whole leg.

Another issue was the ears and tail, sure he could try and use the robotic excuse but they moved way too fluidly to be machines. Their eyes could be passed off as contacts, the skin discoloration could be makeup, but the paw pads? Tubbo didn't know how they would explain those.

So it seemed very unlikely they'd be remaining on Earth permanently. Which meant they'd be going back to space or wherever else they had been before. And Tubbo?

Tubbo refused to be left behind again.

Shopping Spree Gone Wrong *NOT CLICKBAIT*

Chapter Summary

◊+ Space Time +◊

Our oreo boi is feeling better!
Yay!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Sexual Harassment (Nothing sexual happens I swear)
Violence
Cursing
Mentions of Sickness/Illness
Mentions of Menstrual Products (Very Minor)
Aftermath of Unconsensual Body Modification

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After three more days of being forced to ingest foul-tasting medicine, Ranboo was finally free. They think they were well within his right to try and reject the stuff, even if in the end it was helpful. He would never admit that though, they would never hear the end of it from Tubbo.

Honestly, they thought the brunette was another delusion for the first two days. But then he dumped an ungodly amount of cough syrup down their throat and he knew this Tubbo was the real deal. They were thankful Tubbo stuck around and didn't freak out due to their companions. If anything the aliens seemed more scared of Tubbo than he was of them, which was hilarious to Ranboo.

As the days passed so did whatever illness Ranboo had been plagued with, symptoms slowly diminishing until fully gone. They were beyond happy when the nausea went away and they could partake in the snacks Tubbo brought back. He's pretty sure he made the brunette go back to get bread so they could make a whole loaf's worth of peanut butter sandwiches; which they inhaled. The teen was a little reluctant to share the food with the aliens, mainly because they didn't know if aliens could have peanut allergies.

Turns out he was worried over nothing.

Sneeg managed to shove three out of four hands into the jar and fly off before Ranboo even noticed. Later on the inchling returned asking for more, threatening to steal it if they didn't share with him. Techno didn't seem to like it as much, he complained it stuck to his mouth and stuck to his tusks. Phil seemed indifferent to the peanut butter but the ginger ale? They were obsessed with

the carbonation, and when Ranboo stated there were other bubbly drinks they asked for those as well.

Which brought them to this current situation.

After practically begging and a few unsuccessful escape missions the ravenette was finally getting off the ship. He'd been going stir crazy for the last two days, and now that they could successfully walk five feet without face planting he was granted access outside.

Technically they weren't supposed to go farther than 'twenty clusions' away from the ship, but because neither Ranboo nor Tubbo had any idea what that meant the two decided to do a bit of resource gathering.

The brunette left for maybe half an hour only to return with an oversized hoodie, a pair of gaudy shades, an floor-length skirt, a pair of gloves, and a split-dyed face mask. But best of all his wonderful and perfect boyfriend brought one of their binders. They swear they kissed the brunette's forehead at least five times before scurrying away with the items.

Oddly enough the binder didn't feel as tight as they remember, maybe they lost some weight? Either way, the familiar pressure itched a part of their brain perfectly and caused a rumble to vibrate through their chest. They were getting used to the weird noises they could make, finding it funny to spook Tubbo with them occasionally; even if they were mostly by accident.

Once fully covered the two were about to sneak off, but were stopped by a tiny alien.

"And where do you two think you're going?"

"Shopping?"

Ranboo shoved their elbow into Tubbo's side, earning an offended squawk from the brunette as he glared at them.

"Shopping." If Sneeg had eyebrows they'd be raised in suspicion. "By yourselves?"

"We're not children Sneegsnag."

"Technically you are both still adolescents by your species standards, so yes you are children."

The inchling wasn't going to let them go so easily, thankfully they knew of his newest weakness.

"We'll get more peanut butter if you let us go."

That made the alien pause, two arms crossed over his chest while the other two rested on his hips. He debated for a few moments, wings fluttering as he decided if he'd allow them to leave.

"Fine but I'm coming too, Phil would kill me if I let you two go without someone watching over you."

The inchling made a home in Ranboo's pocket, sitting comfortably within the confines of the fabric. Due to the weather being a lot cooler than it should have been it made Ranboo's attire look almost natural, it also had the added effect of keeping them warm.

Eventually, Sneeg had adjusted the ship's heating which helped the teen control their own temperature. It also helped that with their improved health it was a lot easier to stay warm and they no longer felt like they were being frozen alive. It was still chilly but it was manageable, and if they got too cold they could burrow under the heated blanket Phil pulled out for them. Turns out they had an unused one onboard for Techno in case he ever got sick or they visited a frozen planet.

But for now, the odd clothing would have to do, at least until they emptied Tubbo's credit card on junk food and whatever other materials they could need. The brunette's father had given him an unlimited credit card, a stupid decision on his part, so he wouldn't have to worry about whatever Tubbo may need. It worked for what they needed and both teens were already planning on how to either convince the others to bring Tubbo along or how to sneak the human onboard permanently.

The two made it to the local Walmart, each claiming a cart. They planned on having both full by the time they left, be it with food or other useful things. The first stop they made though was the food aisles, grabbing colorful packages and overly sweet treats, and dumping them into the cart. One thing Ranboo made sure to grab was at least three cases of cola, the twenty-four pack ones. He was getting their caffeine one way or another, they just preferred it this way than by coffee. They still grabbed some instant coffee, for emergencies.

Eventually, the carts had enough stuff in them that Sneeg could sit on top while still remaining mostly hidden from onlookers. Tubbo had already said they'd just claim he was some dog toy or something, which Ranboo found funny since Sneeg had no idea what they were talking about.

As they passed the toiletries aisle Ranboo reluctantly grabbed some menstrual products. While these would be a lot better than gauze it didn't mean he had to like the things, they may have glared at Sneeg when he questioned what they were. The poor alien was confused about the sudden hostility but after Tubbo told him to not talk about it the mood returned to normal once again.

They also grabbed the basic grooming products, he smacked Tubbo when the teen mentioned getting Ranboo one of those wired brushes for dogs. They may have pretended to not notice the brunette drop one in his cart as they passed the pet aisles.

Ranboo made sure both Tubbo and himself grabbed warmer clothes, they had no idea how much stuff Tubbo managed to grab before their stuff was thrown out. Plus space was cold, the warmer the clothes the better. He also made sure the brunette grabbed a few hoodies in Ranboo's size so hopefully, they'd get to keep their own clothes for once. Honestly, he didn't mind it when Tubbo 'borrowed' their hoodies or shirts, what he minded was not getting them back.

Tuboo had worn all of their hoodies at least once, and he's kept at least five of them for himself.

"Oh, Boo! Look at this one! It's your brand!"

The ravenette glanced over to spot the brunette holding up a split black and white hoodie, a wide grin on his face. The article of clothing was dropped unceremoniously into the cart, it was obvious Tubbo was buying this hoodie for them no matter what.

"Just because I had an oreo obsession in the eighth grade doesn't make black and white things my brand Tubbo."

The brunette looked him up and down with a raised eyebrow before pointing to his own mouth with a smirk. No doubt he was referring to the mask currently sitting on their face.

“Touche...”



Why were the lines always so long?

Currently, Ranboo was leaning against the cart's handle, a second cart was right next to them. Tubbo had run off to grab something he forgot, leaving Ranboo and Sneeg to hold their place in the line. They had been here for nearly two hours now, his feet were killing them. They hadn't had to walk around for that long, especially on these new weirdly shaped limbs.

Some pop song was playing over the loudspeaker, one he couldn't recognize. It was probably some new song that came out while they were off-planet. It was weird thinking like that, before and after space.

They were ripped from their thoughts as a hand landed on their shoulder, causing them to tense up. He knew this wasn't Tubbo, the brunette wouldn't be able to sneak up on them, and even if he did he would just tackle them, not grab their shoulder like this. The ravenette turned their head slightly, standing just slightly behind them was an older man. He wasn't anything remarkable, just an average Joe. Still, Ranboo wasn't thrilled about whatever was going to fall out of this guy's mouth.

“Hey sweetheart, that's an awful lot of stuff you got there. Ya skipping town or something?”

They opted to ignore the man, it was the best way since he'd eventually get bored and leave them alone. This wasn't Ranboo's first time being harassed for simply existing in public, though usually, it involved a lot more degrading comments.

“Aw, are ya shy or something? It's okay, I won't bite, not unless you want me to.”

Oh great, he was one of those people, the weirdos who hit on anything even remotely human. They could feel their tail puff up, they had to concentrate on making sure the limb didn't lash or flick around in anxiety. A quick glance over revealed that there were a few onlookers but none looked ready to jump in, as expected. Man, they forgot how selfish humanity really was, he's gotten too used to one of the crew members being around to direct the attention away from them.

Speaking of crew members, inside his pocket a quiet buzzing noise was starting up. They moved to shove their hand in their pocket and hopefully get Sneeg to stay quiet but before they could their wrist was grabbed.

“Don't answer your phone, we were having a conversation.”

He had to bite the inside of their cheek to stifle the growing growl from escaping his throat. Oh how they would love to punch this man, and he would if not for the fact that they still had two carts full of items that haven't been paid for yet.

“You're wearing a lot of clothes, ya cold or something? I could warm you up if ya want.”

The urge to punch this guy was a lot stronger now, how horrible would it really be if he just decked this guy? It's not like they would go to jail, he'd probably be back on the ship by the time police even showed up. But sadly they couldn't take that chance, if he got caught and the authorities got a good look at them then he'd be carted off to area fifty-one for the rest of their short life.

“Aw come on baby, don't ignore m-”

The man didn't even get to finish his sentence before a fist was colliding with his cheek. At first, Ranboo thought they lost whatever meager amount of control they had and decked the man, but no it was just Tubbo.

“Back off fucker! God, what's wrong with you?!”

The man sputtered before glaring, standing up from the ground; having fallen over from the brunette's punch.

“What's wrong with **you**?! I didn't do anything!”

“You were harassing my partner bitch!”

Tubbo looked ready to fully fight this guy, his fists were clenched as he glared at the man in full hatred. But Ranboo couldn't let the brunette teen fight a man in the middle of a Walmart checkout line, they really just wanted to go back to the ship already.

The onlookers soon became a crowd, attention falling on the three of them. Subtly the ravenette nudged their boyfriend, motioning that they should leave now before any cops were called. The brunette grumbled but slammed his card down onto the conveyor belt before pushing the carts and Ranboo forward, his glare still focused on the angry man.

Thankfully the rest of the checkout process went smoothly, the man having walked off grumbling. They got their stuff and were leaving the store when they noticed a police cruiser pulling up, the two made sure to head in the opposite direction with their overly full carts.

~~~~~ 「w」 ~~~~~

“***You what?!***”

Phil was not happy when they returned, feathers all puffed up and wings flapping in anxiety. Honestly, they hadn't expected to be gone so long, and anyway, Sneeg was with them so everything was fine.

Yet the inchling left the second Phil showed up to yell at them, flying off saying he was going to help Techno go through all the stuff they brought back. Sneeg literally left them at Phil's mercy, the coward.

“Calm down bossman, we were fine-”

“What if something happened?! What if someone tried to grab one of you two?!”

The brunette glanced at Ranboo as they removed the gloves from their hands, eyebrow raised. The excess amount of clothing was getting to be more suffocating than they were comfortable with, so the face coverings and gloves were being taken off. They merely shrugged, already understanding what the elytrian was referring to.

“It's happened before, apparently aliens like grabbing people and running off. I think I've been kidnapped at least three times now?”

“I really can't leave you alone for more than a minute without you somehow getting into trouble can I?”

The ravenette smirked, ears perking as their tail flicked. A lot of trouble seemed to find its way to Ranboo, and none of it usually ended well. But Tubbo was the opposite, he created trouble and put a stop to any trouble that Ranboo somehow got involved in. The brunette was practically Ranboo's good luck charm, that or their bodyguard, maybe both.

“Nope, guess you can't.”

## Chapter End Notes

I don't think I need to add a summary but if so please let me know!~

# In the End, Did it Really Even Matter?

## Chapter Summary

Guys wake up!

It's space time!

## Chapter Notes

TW's::

Cursing

Mentions of Sickness/Illness

Aftermath of Unconsensual Body Modification

Mention of Female Body Parts (Nothing Bad)

Mentions of Torture

Cursing

Mentions of Human Experimentation

Mentions of Death by Combustion

Mentions of Past Illness/Sickness

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Squish*

*Squish*

*Squish*

“Hey, Bee?” The brunette in question hummed. “Can you stop now?”

Tubbo merely glanced at the teen before going back to squishing Ranboo’s paw pads again. He has been doing so for the past twenty minutes and the ravenette’s hand was starting to cramp. He currently had the teen’s left hand, red pads giving in easily whenever the brunette pressed them.

“The beans Boo, I can’t just not squish the beans.”

He then proceeded to press down on the large pad in the center of their palm, their fingers involuntary curling in response. His fingers were no longer wrapped, with nails trimmed to be at mostly matching lengths. Tubbo was disappointed when he found out their claws weren't retractable, stating it would have been a lot cooler if he had murder beans.

Honestly, Ranboo was also disappointed in that fact, though not for the same reasons as his husband. Their claws weren't exactly friendly looking, even when trimmed rather short. Sharp, pointed black nails didn't give off the 'non-hostile' message they were going for. So having the option to hide them would have been preferred. Apparently from the limited information on Enderians they had, the species actually did have retractable claws on both their feet and hands. So Ranboo got the short end of the DNA lottery, which was probably due to their abysmal bad luck in life.

Ranboo's tail flicked, one half curling around his boyfriend's wrist while the other lay next to them. Tubbo had dragged them out to the common room, forcing them to sit on the couch while he examined their hands. Which then of course turned into whatever this was.

"Do you think your hands and feet work the same as a dog's or cat's?" At their look of confusion, Tubbo continued. "I mean like their paw pads are used to absorb shock and walk on rough terrain, do you think yours are similar?"

They hadn't really thought of that, honestly, he hasn't been thinking about their newer changes much if at all. Tubbo seemed fascinated with their new look, finding excitement whenever something 'nonhuman' happened. The brunette was especially partial to their hands, feet, or ears. He knew once the other had examined these parts of them he'd move onto their tail, and eventually their horns; once he even realized they had those.

There was one moment when Tubbo was messing with their ear and happened to scratch right where his ear connected to their head. After that Ranboo was basically putty for the next hour, their partner would definitely be using that to get his way in the future. Gods forbid he tell the others, Sneeg would definitely take advantage of Ranboo's 'off button' which was affectionately named by Tubbo of course.

"I mean maybe? I haven't really tried so I don't know."

"We should experiment!"

The teen groaned, their head falling onto the shorter's. "Do we have to? I don't really care what I can do with them, they're more annoying than anything." He knew Tubbo wouldn't let this go anytime soon, he was too curious and had a thirst for knowledge. Ranboo was doomed to be a lab rat for their curious husband.

"Please Boo! Think about it! What if we find out you can like... stick to walls or can jump really high, wouldn't that be cool?!"

The ravenette sighed, they honestly couldn't care less about sticking to walls or jumping higher than normal. He was still coming to terms with the changes, hell they had trouble looking at themselves in the mirror thing in the bathroom. They've already scared themselves multiple times by just seeing themselves, so he wasn't exactly thrilled to learn more strange things about himself.

But then again this was Tubbo, and Ranboo had the spine of a chocolate éclair or worse a limp noodle.

"Fine."

These experiments didn't last long, mostly because Tubbo was trying to get them to jump off the wing of the ship to see if his paw pads would absorb the shock only to be stopped by Phil. The

elytrian took one glance at the two before rushing over, feathers fluffed up and distressed chirps falling from their mouth. Four wings flapped sporadically as they rushed over demanding Ranboo get down before they hurt themselves. Eventually, Phil himself had to fly up to grab him, otherwise the only way Ranboo was getting back down was by jumping, which was exactly what Phil was trying to prevent.

Once standing on the ground again both Ranboo and Tubbo got scolded for recklessly endangering themselves. It was kind of nice, in a strange way. The elder's scolding and nagging proved they cared about the two wayward teens. Something about that knowledge made a part of their mind purr happily, they even had to push down the urge to actually purr aloud while listening to the elytrian talk about the dangers of jumping off of things. The brunette's excuses of 'experiments' didn't sway the elytrian's mind.

This meant that Tubbo's experiments needed to be done more privately and more discreetly, which was difficult since now Phil was keeping an eye on the two teens. But that didn't deter the brunette, if anything it only spurred him on. So if Ranboo made sure Phil or any of the others were nearby whenever alone with Tubbo, no one but him would know.



"So I've been wondering." Tubbo began, shoving a spoonful of off-brand Fruit Loops into his mouth. "You're all aliens."

"Very observant."

"Shut up prick." The brunette hissed out at Sneeg who merely smirked back at him. The three were starting to get the hang of the whole smiling thing, though it still looked forced and uncomfortable. Most of the time the 'smiles' looked more like grimaces or snarls, which always had the hair on the back of Ranboo's neck stand on edge. "My point is; how the hell are you guys speaking English?"

Honestly, Ranboo was also curious about this, he knew how they understood him. After the sphere guy messed with the chip on the back of their head things were fuzzy and they were pretty sure they couldn't understand any of the crew for a bit. That or their fever brain corrupted whatever memories they had of the event and Ranboo would never know for sure.

"If you mean human then no we are not," Phil replied, talons picking at something on the space table everyone had gathered around. They had already finished their weird fruit and birdseed-like breakfast. "Our communicators are translating our own languages and projecting that."

"See communicators have two functions." Sneeg began after swallowing a handful of what Ranboo named 'space chips'. He then stood up and gestured with all four of his hands as he spoke. "It takes in a species' language and usually projects the appropriate language back. In your case, the language needed to be manually programmed in. Thankfully Charlie was able to help us find a language that was close enough to your own so we could understand you both, though there are a few words that don't translate perfectly."

"Okay but that doesn't explain--"

“I’m getting there Tubbo, be patient. Now as I was saying; because of this factor, I had only turned on the input function. I didn’t think about turning on the output since Ranboo was able to communicate already and we could now understand.”

That made sense, but it still left some questions unanswered.

“Okay, but what about when you guys got me back? I’m pretty sure I remember not understanding any of you. Unless that was another drug-induced hallucination.” He questioned, legs crossed as they sat on the funny space barstool seats.

“No that happened, though you were still under the effect of your illness,” Techno stated, munching on what looked like an apple but was made of solid gold. How did that not break his teeth?! If it was edible does that mean Ranboo could also eat the shiny alien fruit? They’d have to snatch one later and find out.

“Actually that was an easy fix!” Sneeg answered, crossing his arms smugly. He was obviously proud of himself for figuring out the solution. “I figured out that your communicator got damaged which made it so yours couldn’t function correctly. Meaning you wouldn’t be able to understand us even though we could understand you, basically a reverse situation of before. So I just had to manually set up the output function and then you heard us speaking your language instead.”

“I don’t have a communicator though?”

“It’s in your head mate, it’s primitive technology but it’s still a communicator of sorts.” The elytrian replied, gesturing to their own head to emphasize their point.

“It’s more of a combination of things actually.” The inchling retorted, antenna twitching before he continued. “There are communicator pieces, just enough to function, but there are some other things thrown in. I can’t be sure unless I was able to actually open it up and take a look but…”

It was silent for a second, and honestly Ranboo expected the worst. Was there a bomb in their head? A machine that would take control of their mind? A way to track them down? The possibilities were endless.

“But?” They questioned, anxiety already eating at them. Tubbo must have noticed because soon his hand was entwined with their own.

“But, I don’t want to test it. I don’t know what tech is inside that device, and messing up could be deadly, even to a more durable species like yourself.” Sneeg explained, antennae flicking around as he thought. “It’s too close to important organs and such, even just poking the wrong place or moving a single wire could kill you.”

“Yeah, I actually prefer my husband alive thanks.” The brunette replied. “But like it won’t explode or anything if we leave it be right?”

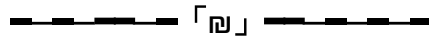
“Oh no, no! If anything it’s akin to a dead fluctuator, just a pile of metal.” Phil replied, feathers puffing up before falling flat against their back once again. Ranboo had no idea what a fluctuator was or what a dead one could do but they hoped it was like a battery, useless once dead. “It’s completely harmless, we just don’t want to accidentally change that.”

“So I’m not going to spontaneously combust or anything?” The teen asked, somewhat jokingly yet he was still concerned if that was a possibility.

“Can humans do that?”

“Yeah actually!” Tubbo replied, his mouth full of cereal. “It’s this weird phenomenon that just happens sometimes, though it’s pretty rare and I think there are only a few cases...”

The look of shock on the three aliens' faces had both humans cracking up and gasping for air, they can't imagine how shocked they'll be to hear of some other random human things that could happen.



It wasn't very hard to convince the rest of the crew to let Tubbo join them. One short conversation later had them all packing up everything so they could leave the planet. The kitchen was stacked with human foods and beverages, a game system and television were hooked up in the common room, multiple pillows and blankets were littered around the entire ship, and Ranboo had more than enough clothes to survive the coldness of space.

Everything was great actually. Tubbo was with them, they had the crew by their side, and he was actually happy. But something was still missing, or rather *someone*.

Techno had somewhat explained what happened while Ranboo was sick, though he was vague on what happened with Charlie. All he said was that the slime alien got hurt and that he needed to rest and recover, but Ranboo hasn't even seen a glimpse of Charlie and it's been days. Was he really okay? They weren't just lying to him to spare his feelings right?

Thankfully they hadn't needed to stew on these thoughts for long, because one morning the slime alien had returned as if he had never even left.

It was like any other normal morning on the ship; Ranboo was curled up on their bed, hands pawing at the soft sheets beneath him, when a familiar scream echoed throughout the ship. The teen crashed to the floor before scrambling out of the room, heading towards where the sound originated from. They skidded across the floor, nearly running into a few walls, before reaching the common room.

Tubbo was standing on one of the couches, what looked like a pole held in his hands, and pointed at a mass of what looked to be green jello sitting on the floor. The lump shifted before growing, changing to a familiar form that had Ranboo calming down instantly.

“Charlie!”

The blob turned to face him, two eyes and a wide smile beaming at them.

“Ranboo from Earth!”

The slime opened up his newly formed arms and Ranboo crashed into them, a minor mistake because Charlie was made of slime and it kind of stuck to them. They pulled away, regretting the next few hours of washing his clothes would need to go through, but he still smiled happily at the alien.

“What the fuck is going on?”

Oh right, Tubbo.

They glanced at the brunette with a smile, tugging him closer so they could properly introduce the two.

“Tubbo this is Charlie, he’s also a part of the crew. Charlie this is Tubbo, my partner.”

“Hello Tubbo from Earth, my name is Cornel Cornelius Cornwall, but I prefer to be called Charlie or Slimecicle, Slime is also an acceptable name for me.” The alien replied, his smile never wavering.

Tubbo on the other hand seemed unsure, “Uh nice to meet you?”

Charlie nodded happily, form jiggling with weird squelching sounds. It was then that Techno appeared, a large sword-like weapon in his hooves, he looked ready for a fight. Though he relaxed once he saw no actual threat had snuck onto the ship, eyes flicking between the three.

“I heard loud noises.” The pygmin explained, lowering the weapon to his side.

“Hello, Technoblade from Neithre, the loud noise you heard was from Tubbo from Earth.” The slime helpfully explained, as if it wasn’t really anything to be worried over.

“Man, I thought they were like some weird space goop. And that he would be like a parasite and just end up killing us all or something.” Tubbo huffed, throwing the pipe-like object across his shoulder. Techno soon snatched it from him, holding it high enough that the brunette couldn’t jump and grab it. “Hey!”

“I don’t even know how you found this but you don’t need to be touching it, who knows how you could end up hurting yourself with it.”

“It’s not me you should be worried about.” Tubbo retorted arms crossed as a truly dark look crossed his face. “I could take you all out with that pole alone, maybe even less-“

“Okay,” Ranboo said while grabbing the shorter’s shoulders and pulling him back. “Let’s not threaten each other before breakfast. Yeah? Sound good to everyone?”

Reluctantly Tubbo relaxed and allowed Ranboo to drag him to the kitchen, one slightly intimidated alien, and one oblivious alien following after them. Hopefully, this group wouldn’t kill each other before even leaving the planet.



It became pretty clear to him that the crew was getting ready to leave Earth. Sneeg was checking the ship, complaining about wires being tangled or bolts that were loose. Techno was taking inventory of their medical supplies, putting the earth products in their own separate section for safe keeping, he’d even started learning some basic human medicine from Tubbo for emergencies. Phil



spent most of their time in the cockpit, planning out routes or making sure the ship was ready for flight.

They had already spoken with the crew about Tubbo coming along, and surprisingly no one rejected the idea. Honestly, the crew of aliens seemed happy to welcome the brunette human aboard, and Ranboo wasn't going to complain. Tubbo had zero complaints about leaving, stating his dad wouldn't care and would probably believe he ran off like they believed Ranboo had.

As the days progressed Ranboo was able to get more comfortable with their new additions. Walking was easier, they even found out they could jump higher and climb easier with the clawed appendages. He's not sorry about the marks they left in the counters when Sneeg startled them, or the small hair tufts scattered across the space couches. The tail was still annoying but at least they didn't actively hate the thing anymore, plus Tubbo enjoyed stroking it.

But what was probably the strangest change only happened (or at least was noticed) after they woke up one morning.

Ranboo had entered the restroom drowsy only to leave it wide awake, nails skidding on the ship's floor as they ran out of the room. It didn't take them long to reach their destination; Tubbo. The brunette was fiddling with his phone, sitting on the floor in the common room, oblivious of Ranboo quickly approaching him.

Tubbo screeched as he was lifted, clinging to the arms around him. It took a second to recognize that the arms around his midsection belonged to his partner. Once he was released and placed back onto solid ground he truly took in the other's expression, the only way he could think to describe it was; ecstatic.

"Bee!" Ranboo said with a bright smile, tiny fangs showing. The teen's hands wrapped around his wrists. "I need you to touch my chest!"

... *huh?*

"Wait what?! Ran-"

Tubbo started only to get interrupted by his boyfriend practically pulling his hands forward to rest on their chest. Their first reaction was to pull back, cheeks bright red as he tried to figure out why Ranboo wanted him to do this. One thing he knew about his significant other was the fact they **despised** anything touching their chest that wasn't a binder, even accidental brushes had their mood souring in an instant. But now he wanted Tubbo to purposefully place his hands on their chest?

His second reaction was to pause, shock growing to confusion.

"Wha-?"

"It's flat!" Ranboo practically screeched, tail going a mile a minute as it wagged behind them quickly.

"Yeah... that's what binders do Boo, you know that."

The teen shook his head furiously, leaning closer with a giant grin before whispering five words that had Tubbo mirroring his partner's own excitement.

“I’m not wearing a binder.”

After a second of silence, Tubbo laughed before wrapping his arms around Ranboo, lifting them off their feet and spinning him. Both teens were practically drunk on happiness, laughter echoing through the ship.

Eventually, Tubbo stopped them but didn’t release the other, instead he cupped the ravenette’s face before peppering their cheeks and forehead in kisses.

“What? How?!” Tubbo asked as he wiped away the tears starting to fall from his husband’s eyes. “This shouldn’t-“

“Shouldn’t be possible I know!” Ranboo replied, leaning into Tubbo’s hands. “I don’t know why, but I don’t really care!”

Honestly, Tubbo didn’t really care about the whys and hows at the moment, later he’d probably start theorizing on how any of that was actually possible. But then again Ranboo was an enigma, alien DNA mixed together with human DNA surely changed some core elements in biology. For now, though he was more than content to be intoxicated by the utter joy his husband was expressing.

All the noise ended up attracting a very panicked elytrian, one who was quick to rush over to the pair. Phil was soon followed by a confused Technoblade, one carrying both bandages and a weird-looking dagger gun thing. Though once it was obvious there wasn’t an intruder or no one was actively dying they seemed to calm down, though it was slightly.

Explaining why both Ranboo and Tubbo were in tears was a tad difficult though, neither alien seemed to fully understand that crying could mean both sadness and happiness. Explaining the actual reason why they were crying in the first place was even harder than explaining why humans cried at all.

“Is that not a normal human function though? I remember you once stating it was possible for certain reproductive organs to be removed or changed.” Phil questioned, head tilted like a confused bird. “Was I wrong in understanding this?”

“Not exactly, but surgery is usually required to remove or replace those parts. And I can say with one hundred percent accuracy that I didn’t have one of those.”

Ranboo attempted to explain, body shaking with leftover excitement. They don’t remember sphere guy performing any major surgeries during their stay with him, and they would have noticed sooner if he had. Plus they didn’t have any scars, having checked as soon as they even noticed the lack of weight on their chest. So unless there was an alien serial boob thief then Ranboo is pretty certain no one intentionally gave him free top surgery.

“Well,” The pygmin muttered, hoof under his chin as he spoke. “Don’t some species have only one gender or sex? Perhaps Enderyans are the same? Maybe since you have enough Enderyan DNA inside you that it’s trying to make up for the differences?”

“Is that even possible?” The brunette questioned, his own face scrunching in thought. “Humanity hasn’t really experimented with splicing DNA, especially with human DNA because of moral ethics and such.”

“I’m not too knowledgeable in that area, I’m more of a medic than a scientist after all,” Techno explained, ears pinning back for a second before facing forward once again. “But it is possible, some species have mated with others outside of their own species and created what we refer to as hybrid species. Though they are usually born with both sets of DNA, unlike Ranboo here.”

“Wait, there are other people like Ranboo out there?” Tubbo questioned, leaning forward as if that would get him the information faster.

“Yes, it’s not too uncommon. Some species can procreate with different species if their DNA is compatible with each other. Though sometimes it’s hard to tell since one species’ DNA is usually dominant, leaving only certain aspects to tell that one isn’t pure-blooded so to say.”

“Back onto the issue at hand though,” Phil interrupted, wings fluffing up before they forced the feathers to settle. “If Ranboo’s DNA is still actively changing them should we start keeping a log? In case any complications start showing up? Prime forbid some chemical change happens inside them and we find out too late!”

“Unlikely,” Technoblade replied, arms crossed as he looked at his friend. “When we got them back I had a few tests done before we knew what was wrong with them. And at that time, plus with the information taken from that guy’s ship, there were no signs of Ranboo’s body rejecting the foreign DNA. So it’s safe to assume we are well past the need to worry about any complications like that.”

“So it’s safe to assume I’m not dying right?”

“Correct. As I theorized earlier, I assume your Enderyan genetics are trying to become the dominant DNA. Which means they are trying to ‘fix’ you for lack of a better term. If Enderyans only have one gender then it’s probably trying to fix what it sees as an anomaly in your DNA.” The pygmin explained, trying to use his hooves to explain his words better; though it wasn’t really working.

“Basically what I’m saying is it’s most likely just another change like your tail and ears. It shouldn’t be something worrying unless it’s causing pain... Is it causing pain?” Techno asked, concern evident in his tone.

“No? I actually feel better, it’s easier to breathe and I don’t need to wear a binder anymore. Plus I feel lighter which is really nice.”

“Yeah then nothing to worry about, if things change though and pain starts up you need to-“

“Need to tell one of you, I know I’m not that dumb.” The ravenette interrupted. Both aliens and Tubbo looked at Ranboo like they didn’t believe him whatsoever.

“You don’t have the best track record, mate.”

Just because they have attempted to cut off their tail a few times, or didn’t run to someone when they got a small scrape or cut, they were apparently distrustful when it came to their own health.

Even their own husband didn’t trust them in this regard!

It was finally the long-awaited day, the day they'd be leaving Earth to travel the stars. And in all honesty, they weren't sure how they felt about it. A part of them was excited, wanting to actually see space without the threat of some strange alien grabbing them and running off. They wanted to explore some of the markets Sneeg talked about, try some of the cool space food Techno had mentioned, and even Phil's offer of taking them flying was exciting.

Yet a part of him was hesitant.

Earth was their home, the only planet they really knew. Was he willing to leave that all behind? To know the only other human he'd probably ever see again would be Tubbo? Did Tubbo actually want to come or was he only joining because Ranboo had to?

The ravenette knew his partner wasn't going to just let Ranboo leave the planet, he had already expressed how boring and lonely it was without them there. But Ranboo knows firsthand how space treats humans, how to a majority of aliens they are an unknown species. And how was Tubbo going to understand anyone outside their group? He didn't have what Ranboo did...

Wait, how was Ranboo going to understand other aliens? His own chip had been damaged, and no one wanted to mess around with it and break it more. Or even worse, break Ranboo. Maybe they could convince Sneeg to make them communicators like the rest of the crew had. Or if that wasn't possible then if they could somehow get some elsewhere? He really didn't want to go back to not understanding those around him, especially if they were a threat to not just himself but also Tubbo now.

Their thoughts were interrupted as something, or more like someone, landed on their head. Soon enough fuzzy antennae were tickling their ears as tiny hands clung to his hair and horns.

"So explain to me again what exactly that thing is supposed to do?" The inchling asked, motioning to the device in the teen's hands.

Right, they were setting up the camera. He placed the tiny box onto the stand, fidgeting with the settings as he answered.

"So it's called a camera," Ranboo couldn't believe they had high-quality video recorders but not an actual camera. Did they just never take pictures? "It takes a picture, preserving that moment so you can look back on it and remember the good times."

"And why are you messing with it?"

"Cuz Tubbo had the genius idea of getting everyone together for a picture." They explained, tilting the Polaroid one last time before taking a step back. "Okay, I think that's center."

"But why are we taking the picture? You can see us whenever you want?" The moth alien asked, tiny legs tapping against Ranboo's skull.

"Well yeah, but this is different. Think of it as a weird human thing."

Sneeg was silent for a few seconds before huffing and flopping back so he was laying down instead of sitting.

“Okay whatever, I still think it’s weird.”

“And I think you collecting lint and fabric scraps is weird but when have I ever complained to you about that?”

“Fair point...” The inchling replied, crawling his way down to sit on the teen’s shoulder. “If you must know, it’s for my nest. Phil takes all the big blankets and leaves behind the smaller ones for you warm-blooded heathens. So I make do with scraps and lint.”

The image of Sneeg trying to burrow into a mountain of blankets ten times his size appeared in their mind. The teen had to hold back the instinctual bout of laughter that threatened to escape at that mental image. Instead, their tail whipped back and forth as their shoulders shook.

The tiny alien used Ranboo as a launchpad so he could glide over and sit atop the camera. Tiny hands poking and prodding at the dials on the device.

“Can I take this thing apart when you’re done with it? I wanna see what kind of tech you humans have.”

“Sorry but no,” They ignored Sneeg’s attempt at a pout, it didn’t really work without the matching puppy-dog eyes after all, and with mandibles. “I wanna document some of the places we go, and to do so I kinda need a camera.”

“... Okay but after that?”

The teen sighed, turning and walking away. He knew the inchling wouldn’t dismantle the camera while he was gone, not after the last time.

Tubbo had given his phone to Sneeg, expecting the alien to just mess around with the apps and such. Five minutes after leaving the inchling alone with the machine they came back to the phone in literal pieces. Sneeg sat surrounded by phone parts as he inspected what looked to be the SD card.

Sneeg had to hide in the vents for a few hours to avoid the other’s rampage, in the end, Tubbo only calmed down after Sneeg agreed to let the other examine him for an hour. Now the inchling asked to take apart any of the humans’ items, no matter what. It was a mistake no one wanted a repeat of.

So knowing their camera was safe they moved deeper into the ship, looking for the rest of its crew. He didn’t know exactly where everyone was, seeing as everyone was preparing to leave the planet.

Techno had been running back and forth from the medical area and common room, and Ranboo really only wanted to check one of those places. Phil was most likely wherever the control room was, a room Ranboo hadn’t seen yet. So they’d need to ask Techno or Sneeg to fetch the elytrian for them. Sneeg wouldn’t stray far from the camera, he seemed too interested in it to just wander away. Charlie was somewhere within the ship, most likely in a place Ranboo wouldn’t be able to reach even if he was Sneeg’s size.

And Tubbo... honestly they didn’t know where Tubbo was.

The common room was empty, the kitchen as well, and even Ranboo’s room (the room just kind of became his at some point and honestly they weren’t going to argue about it) was empty. Which meant there was only one other place Tubbo would have gone, off-ship.

The teen expected to have to look around more to find their partner but instead Tubbo was sitting in the grass, pulling pieces of grass up and fiddling with them. The brunette didn't look up as Ranboo came to sit with him, he only leaned into them, resting his head on their shoulder.

It was quiet for a moment before Tubbo broke the silence.

"Do you think we're making the right choice?"

They hummed, leaning back on their hands and looking up to the clouds.

"I mean, it's better than what we've got here right?" Ranboo replied, tails flicking beside him. "The crew are nice, and sure space is dangerous as hell, but it hasn't been *that* bad..."

That got a look from the brunette, narrowed eyes and a slight frown.

"I mean minus the whole multiple kidnappings and torture... and whatever this is." They stated with a huff, tail swinging up to brush against their partner's cheek. The action earned them a slight chuckle, which was better than the frown.

"I mean like, what if this doesn't last?" Tubbo muttered, twirling a blade of grass between his fingers. At Ranboo's inquisitive him he continued. "Like what if they get bored of us, it's not like we can just come back to Earth whenever we want."

"Tubbo-"

"No, no I know you," Tubbo grumbled, crunching up the grass before letting it fall. "You see the good in people, I mean otherwise why would you have chosen me of all people?"

Ranboo was about to respond but stopped when a hand was held up, Tubbo soon continued.

"Hypothetically, what if something happens and we get stranded? Boo neither of us knows anything about space, sure you've seen some of it but space is fucking huge. If we got dropped for whatever reason it would most likely mean death."

"I understand you're worried, I would be lying if I said I wasn't as well, but these guys?" They motioned back to the ship before locking eyes with Tubbo. "I trust them, I trust them with my life."

The teen sighed, leaning their own head down onto Tubbo's.

"They offered to be family, real family, they barely knew me and still they offered," Ranboo explained, hoping the gravity of their words were understood. "Only two other people have ever offered me that, and neither ever betrayed me or abandoned me like I expected them to. And you know who those two people were?"

"Me and Mom," Tubbo murmured, entwining his hand with theirs and giving it a squeeze.

"You and your mom." The ravenette agreed, "You both saved me from a really dark point in my life, showed me what a real family is like, and every day I'm beyond grateful."

"Dude you're gonna make me cry," Tubbo muttered with a chuckle, face nuzzling into their shoulder.

“Please don’t, I’d rather not have to use more of our dino bandaid supply than needed.” Ranboo snickered before regaining their composure. “Like you and your mom, these guys saved me. A lot actually, but they and you quite literally saved my life.”

Tubbo was aware, it was one of the most terrifying experiences in his life. One he specifically didn’t want to relive ever again.

“And I know it’ll take a while for you to warm up to them, but can you trust me on this?”

Ranboo was asking a lot from him, they knew, but they needed Tubbo to feel safe around the crew. (Especially since they’d be spending a lot of time together while on the ship)

“It’s not you I don’t trust Boo, it’s everyone else,” Tubbo explained, plucking another blade of grass. “But if these aliens are that important to you, I guess I can play nice.”

“Thanks Bo, really.” Ranboo replied, kissing the top of their head. Tubbo in response fake-gagged and called them sappy.

Both heads turned at the sound of whooshing, the ship’s main door opening up to reveal a fluffed-up Elytrian.

“Guess that’s our cue to get back on the ship.” Tubbo sighed, dropping whatever grass he still had in his hands.

Ranboo stood first, pulling the shorter brunette up with their entwined hands. Tubbo followed as his partner led them back onto the ship, friendly banter starting up between the two teens and Phil.



That night, while most of the world slept peacefully in their beds. A few who remained awake would look up into the sky, at all the twinkling stars, and see something akin to a shooting star.

And as those lucky few made their wishes for money or good fortune, another group would be posing in front of a camera.

As the stars flew by and everything became so small below them, the sound of a camera shutter would go off just as the ship broke through the atmosphere.

There was no set destination,

No big plan,

Just an unconventional family among the stars.

Their story may be over,

But it is also a new beginning.

And honestly?

Ranboo wouldn't have it any other way.

★+•+☆+•+★



[Image minus Sneeg :\).](#)

Chapter End Notes



Wow it's been a ride huh?

A whole year, it took an entire year for this fic to wrap up.

I left the ending open in case I ever want to make a sequel, and also so anyone can imagine what the gang is getting up to beyond the stars.

((Hint it's probably a lot of trouble))

Thanks for hanging around for so long (and apologies for the like 10+ months of waiting for this final chapter)

All your comments/kudos/bookmarks made writing this fic 10x more fun, so thank you!

I hope to see you all again, be it in another one of my fics or discord/twitter/instagram.

Thank you all again, without you all Beyond the Borealis wouldn't have become the fic it is today :D

★+•+☆+•+★

## End Notes

Thank you for reading my fics!

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